ORIGINAL LETTERS

of

CHARLES DICKENS

in the

DICKENS HOUSE

48 Doughty Street, London W.C.1.

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Introduction by

LESLIE C. STAPLES

Hon. Editor of the Dickensian

INTRODUCTION

by

Leslie C. Staples

Hon. Editor of The Dickensian

This collection of original letters of Charles Dickens is housed at the Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London W.C.1.

It was to 48 Doughty Street that the youthful Dickens brought his wife, and their first-born, in 1837, a year after their marriage. It was the first house he had rented, the first year of his marriage having been spent in what had previously been his bachelor chambers in Furnivals Inn. The change had been made possible by the sudden and enormous popularity of Pickwick Papers, occasioned by the appearance of Sam Weller in the fifth of the serial monthly parts. He remained not quite three years, finding the house too small for the growing needs of his family, and removed to Devonshire Terrace. In 1925 the house was purchased by the Dickens Fellowship, which equipped and opened it to the public as a Museum and Library, and had maintained it as such ever since, entirely without subsidies from public funds. In 1952, the year of its Jubilee, the Fellowship completed an Endowment Fund of £10,000 for the House, as a Memorial to the late Walter Dexter, second editor of The Dickensian.

Since its opening thirty-five years ago, the House has been the fortunate recipient of these letters from many generous donors especially the great French Dickens collector, the late Comte de Suzannet. None have been purchased.

Dickens was a most prolific letter writer and many letters contain passages that lack nothing of the great descriptive powers revealed in the novels, but in hardly any is his personality not reflected in great or lesser degree, not even in notes to tradespeople, as for instance the famous letter to a clockmaker informing him that a clock at Gad's Hill "has something on its works that it would gladly make a clean breast of."

The edition of the Letters published by his elder daughter and his sister-in-law in 1880-82, in three volumes, and later twice abridged for further editions, remains the only edition accessible to the ordinary reader, but it is highly unsatisfactory in many ways. Naturally there was need for drastic editing so soon after Dickens's death, but it is hard to excuse the telescoping of extracts of two and even three letters into one letter bearing a single date, and still less the introduction of words of which the originals are completely innocent. The Nonesuch Edition appeared in 1938, edited in three volumes by Walter Dexter, as part of that Press's edition of the complete works. They are unobtainable seperately and are therefore virtually inaccessible. About twelve hundered letters appear in them but the Pilgrim Edition, now in course of preparation will most probably contain more than double that number.

The earliest known Dickens letter is in the collection at Dickens House, a schoolboy note to a colleague at Wellington House Academy in Hampstead Road. Here also is preserved what is probably the longest series Dickens ever wrote to a single correspondent, his oldest friend, Thomas Beard, a colleague in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. The series begins several years before Dickens achieved fame, extends throughout his life and includes examples addressed from every house he occupied, ending only with his death in 1870. Another series is addressed to Dr. Frank Beard, the brother of Thomas, who was Dickens's medical adviser for some years. Both series were presented to Dickens House by Mrs. Dexter. A further series of miscellaneous letters was presented by Comte de Suzannet after the Second Great War, and yet another appears in the grangerised Life of Dickens, by Forster, which was once in the library of Sir Henry Irving. Among the further miscellaneous letters are several relating to Dickens's tenancy of the house.

Thus it will be seen that although several great American libraries possess greater collections of Dickens letters, that at the Dickens House is most distinctly important.

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SECTION I. - DICKENS LETTERS TO THOMAS BEARD.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
Nos 1 - 5	Thomas Beard	1832 - 1836	Furnival's Inn.
6 - 7	"	1839	48, Doughty Street.
8 - 9	"	-	Furnival's Inn.
10 - 13	"	1834	18, Bentinck Street.
14	"	-	Wincanton.
15	"	-	Bromptons.
16 - 18	"	1837	48, Doughty Street.
19	"	-	Twickenham Banks.
20	"	1836	-
21	"	-	Furnival's Inn.
22	"	1837	48, Doughty Street.
23 - 47	"	1841 - 1845	Devonshire Terrace.
48 - 49	"	1842	Broadstairs.
50 - 54	"	1842	Devonshire Terrace.
55	"	1846	90, Fleet Street.
56	"	1846	-
57	"	1846	-
58	"	1846	90, Fleet Street.
59	"	-	-
60	"	-	O. 2 Office.
61	"	-	-
62	"	-	Devonshire Terrace.
63	"	-	90, Fleet Street.

SECTION I - contd.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
Nos 64	Thomas Beard	1846	-
65 - 68	"	1846	Devonshire Terrace.
69	"	1846	90, Fleet Street.
70 - 73	"	1847	Broadstairs.
74	Josephine Beard	1847	"
75	Thomas Beard	1848	Devonshire Terrace.
76	Frank & Thos. Beard	1848	"
77 - 78	Thomas Beard	1848	"
79	Frank & Thos. Beard	1849	"
80	Editor of Morning Herald	1849	Isle of Wight.
81 - 82	Thomas Beard	1850	Devonshire Terrace.
83	"	1849	Isle of Wight.
84 - 85	"	1850	Broadstairs.
86 - 88	"	1851	Devonshire Terrace.
89	"	1851	Guild of Lit. and Art. 10, Lancaster Place.
90	"	1851	Sherborne, Dorset.
91	"	1851	Household Words Office.
92	"	1851	Broadstairs.
93 - 96	"	1851 - 1852	Tavistock House.
97	"	1852	10, Camden Crescent, Dover.
98 - 99	"	1852	Tavistock House.
100	"	1853	Boulogne.
101 - 102	"	1854	Tavistock House.
103 - 104	"	1854	Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne.
105 - 108	"	1854 - 1855	Tavistock House.

Nos	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
Nos 109	Thomas Beard	1855	Folkestone.
110	"	1856	Household Words Office.
111 - 114	"	1856	Tavistock House.
115 - 116	"	1853 - 1856	Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne.
117 - 122	"	1857	Tavistock House.
123	"	1857	16, Wellington St. Strand, London.
124 - 128	"	1857 - 1858	Tavistock House.
129 - 130	"	1858	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
131 - 133	"	1858 - 1859	Tavistock House.
134 - 135	Frank Beard	1859	11, Wellington St. North, Strand, London.
136 - 137	"	1859	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
138	Thomas Beard	1861	11, Wellington St. North, Strand, London.
139	"	1860	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
140	"	1862	11, Wellington St. North, Strand, London.
141	"	1862	Paris, Rue du Faubourg, St. Honors 27.
142 - 144	"	1863	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
145	"	1864	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
146 - 149	"	1862 - 1868	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
150	"	1862	Paris, Rue du Faubourg, St. Honors 27.
151	"	1859	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
152 - 153	"	1860	Tavistock House.
155	"	1860	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
156 - 158	"	1861	3, Hanover Terrace.
159	"	1861	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
160 - 161	"	1861	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.

SECTION 2. - DICKENS LETTERS TO FRANK BEARD.

No.				
No.	1	Frank Beard	1859	Tavistock House.
	2	"	1861	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
	3	"	1864	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
	4 - 7	"	1865 - 1866	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
	8 - 9	"	1866	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
	10	"	1866	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
	11	"	1867	Royal Hotel, Glasgow.
	12	"	1867	Great Western Hotel.
	13	"	1867	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
	14	"	1868	Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
	15	"	1869	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
	16	"	1869	Blackburn.
	17	"	1870	5, Hyde Park Place, London.

SECTION 3. - DICKENS LETTERS PRESENTED BY COUNT DE SUZANET.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
No. 1	Mr. Lord	1860	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
2	Jules Benedict Esq.	1855	Tavistock House.
3	Mr. Birtles	1868	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
4	Mr. Charles Manbey	1852	Tavistock House.
5	"	1846	Devonshire Terrace.
6	Rev. R. Daring	1850	"
7	Frederick Chapman Esq.	1886	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
8	Dr. Suggenbuhl	1853	Tavistock House.
9	Sir Roderick Murchison	1870	5, Hyde Park Place, W.
10	Henry Morley Esq.	1857	Tavistock House.
11	Sir Alexander Duff Gordon	1860	"
12	Henry Morley Esq.	1854	"
13	Madame Sainton	1868	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
14	Colonel Hamley	1860	"
15	Mr. Kent	1866	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
16	W.	1866	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
17	Mr. Kent	1869	"
18	Mr. Day	1869	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
19	Frederick Wilkinson Esq.	1843	Devonshire Terrace.
20	Proprietor of Angel Hotel Doncaster.	1857	Tavistock House.
21	Ebenezer Johnstone Esq.	1843	Devonshire Terrace.
22	T. Gorman Reed Esq.	1857	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
23	Mr. Lehmann	1869	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
24	"	1855	Tavistock House.
25	Mr. Hills	1870	5, Hyde Park Place, W.

SECTION 3. -cont.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
No. 26	J. Montgomery Esq	1845	Devonshire Terrace.
27	J.B. Cardale Esq.	1852	Tavistock House.
28	"	1853	Junction, Dardale.
29	"	1854	Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne.
30	"	1863	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
31	Messrs.P.Chapman & Hide	1864	20, Wellington St. Strand, London.
32	Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress	1866	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
33	The Writer of the Paper entitled "The Eldest Daughter"	1862	11, Wellington St. North, Strand, London.
34	Count Strzelecki	1860	Tavistock House.
35	Dr. Johnson	1867	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
36	Mr. Evans	1849	Devonshire Terrace.
37		1861	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
38	Mr. Fields	1869	St. James Hotel.
39	Rev. Dr. Redhead	1869	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
40	Miss Charlotte	1863	"
41	B. Homer, Dixon Esq.	1858	Tavistock House.
42	J. Monasieff Esq.	1860	Devonshire Terrace.
43	Mr. Blockley	1860	Broadstairs, Kent.
44	Mr. Edward Coles	1850	Devonshire Terrace.
45	Lady Rose Fane	1863	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
46	Charles F. Ellerman	1849	Devonshire Terrace.
47	"	1850	"
48	"	1852	Tavistock House
49	Chandos Wren Hoskins Esq.	1866	Glasgow.
50	George Cruikshank	1845	Devonshire Terrace.
51	F.O. Ward Esq.	1845	"
52	Frederick Chapman Esq.	1866	28, Wellington St. Strand, London.

SECTION 3. - cont.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written .
No. 53	Lady Molesnorth	1864	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
54	J.P. Hartley Esq.	1843	Devonshire Terrace.
55	Mr. Arnold	1865	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
56	William Downe Esq.	1857	Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street.
57	W.H. Bunde Esq.	1857	Tavistock House.
58	"	1857	"
59	"	1848	Brining Lane.
60	Mr. Adams	1864	57, Gloster Place, Hyde Park Gardens, London.
61 -62	Mrs. Jennings	1855	Folkestone, Kent.
63	Miss Gillies	1843	Devonshire Terrace.
64	Mrs. Laing	1844	"
65	Rev. W. Brackenly	1865	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
66	Mv. Hogarth	1841	Devonshire Terrace.
67	Frederick Gates Esq.	-	"
68	--	1841	"
69	Mrs. Hogarth	-	-
70	--	-	48, Doughty Street.
71	William Benham Esq.	1866	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
72	--	1847	48, Rue de Courcelles,Paris.
73	--	1866	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
74	Messrs. Bradbury & Ward	1855	Tavistock House.
75	Mr. Kent	1866	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
76	Professor Atturll	1857	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
77	Mrs. Horne	1857	Tavistock House.
78	Mrs. Gate	1863	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
79	Messrs. Bradbury & Evans	1856	49, Champs Elysees, Paris.
80	Mr. Lawrence	1858	Wolverhampton.
81	Mr. Holsworth	1858	Station Hotel, York.
82	Charles Black Esq.	-	Hotel Meloni.
83	W. Smith Esq. Jnr.	1848	Devonshire Terrace.

SECTION 4. - DICKENS LETTERS TO BRADBURY AND EVANS PRESENTED BY MR. W.L. BRADBURY.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
Nos. 1 - 5	Bradbury & Evans	1845	Devonshire Terrace.
6	" "	1845	At the home of Mr. Forster.
7 - 8	" "	1845	Devonshire Terrace.
9	Mr. Evans	1846	"
10	Bradbury & Evans	1846	"
11 - 13	Mr. Evans	1849	"
14	"	1849	Albion Hotel, Broadstairs.
15	"	1849	Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.
16 - 20	"	1850 - 1851	Devonshire Terrace.
21 - 23	"	1851	Broadstairs, Kent.
24	Publication notice for a new Story by C. Dickens	1851	Fleet Street.
25 - 30	Mr. Evans	1851 - 1852	Tavistock House.
31	Bradbury & Evans	1853	Folkestone.
32	Mr. Evans	1852	Tavistock House.
33	Bradbury & Evans	1851	"
34	" "	1843	Devonshire Terrace.

DICKENS LETTERS PRESENTED BY MRS. WALTER DEXTER.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
No. 1	-	1853	Chateau des Moulineaux Rue-Beaurefaire, Boulogne.
2	Thomas Beard	1857	Waites Hotel, Gravesend.
3	"	1843	Finchley.
4	"	-	"
5	Mr. Cunningham	1856	16, Wellington St. North, Strand, London.
6	Thomas Beard	1847	1, Chester Place, Regents Park.
7	"	1857	Broadstairs.
8	Thomas Powell	1845	Devonshire Terrace.
9	Mr. Pollock	1870	5, Hyde Park Place, W.
10	Thomas Beard	1804	--
11	Frank Beard	1861	3, Hanover Terrace.
12	"	1865	16, Somers Place.
13	"	1869	Blackpool.
14	Mr. Cunningham	1848	Broadstairs, Kent.
15	"	1851	Guild of Literature & Art 10, Lancaster Pl. Strand, London.
16	Dr. Chapman	1866	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
17	Mr. Cunningham	1865	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
18	"	1854	Tavistock House.
19	"	1855	16, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
20	"	1849	Devonshire Terrace.
21	Thomas Beard	1852	10, Camden Cresc. Dover.
22	Messrs. Beards	1855	Folkestone.
23	"	-	18, Bentinck Street.
24	-	-	Furnivals Inn.
25	Thomas Beard	1835	Black Boy Hotel, Chelsford.
26	"	-	13, Furnivals Inn.
27	"	-	Petersham, Surrey.
28	"	-	15, Furnivals Inn.
29 - 30	"	-	Doughty Street.
31 - 32	"	-	Petersham, Surrey.
33	Dickens Uncle, Thomas Barrow Esq.	1836	15, Furnivals Inn.

SECTION 6.

DICKENS LETTERS - MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
No. 1	Dr. Thompson	1867	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
2 -3	Mr. Boyd	1847	Devonshire Terrace.
4	Mr. Cartwright	1868	26, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
5	Charles A. Cole Esq.	1862	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
6	Mr. Costello	1849	Devonshire Terrace.
7	Mr. Reynolds	1860	11, Wellington St. North, Strand, London.
8	Mr. Hankey	1863	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
9	Messrs. Johnson & Sons	1868	"
10	Edward Bankes Esq.	1839	Petersham, Surrey.
11	Rev. J.S. Banks	1839	Doughty Street.
12	A. Thomas Esq.	-	-
13	Dickens Sister, Fanny	1844	Athenaeum Club.
14	Mr. Thomas Hill	-	48, Doughty Street.
15	Mr. Phelps	1847	Broadstairs, Kent.
16	Bradbury & Evans	-	-
17	J.P. Harley Esq.	-	Furnivals Inn.
18	J.P. Harley Esq.	-	Doughty Street.
19	Mr. John Kenny	1856	Tavistock House.
20	Mr. Carlin	1870	Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
21	Mr. Lylton	1866	"
22	-	-	Tavistock House.
23	Mr. Gaskell	1856	49, Avenue de Champs D'Elysee, Paris.
24	Lord Clarence Paget	1860	Tavistock House.
25	Mr. Macaulay	1868	Springfield, Mass.

SECTION 6 - contd.

	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
No. 26	William Phillips Esq.	1846	Devonshire Terrace.
27	Mr. Hicks	-	Elm Cottage, Petersham, Surrey.
28	Samuel Lover Esq.	-	48, Doughty Street.
29	Miss. Kelly	1845	Devonshire Terrace.
30	Mr. Nightingale	1870	5, Hyde Park Place, London, W.
31	Mr. Bradbury	1850	148, Kings Road, Brighton.
32	Rev.Whitwell Elwin	1855	Tavistock House.
33	Messrs.Bradbury & Evans	1840	Devonshire Terrace.
34	Mr. Bradbury	1849	Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.
35	Mr. Simpson	1845	Devonshire Terrace.
36	Tom Taylor Esq.	1850	"

SECTION 7

DICKENS LETTERS TO MRS GASKELL - PRESENTED BY MRS. WALTER DEXTER.

1	Mrs. Gaskell	1850	Devonshire Terrace.
2	"	1852	Tavistock House.
3	"	1856	49, Avenue des Champs D'Elysees, Paris.
4	"	1861	--

SECTION 8.

DICKENS LETTERS TO GEORGINA HOGARTH PRESENTED BY COUNTY DE SUZANNET.

	To Whom	Date.	Place Written
No. 1	Miss. G. Hogarth	1850	16, Wellington St. Strand, London.
2	"	1853	Hotel de la Villa, Milan.
3 - 6	"	1856	Household Words Office.
7	"	1856	Tavistock House.
8 - 9	"	1856 - 1857	Household Words Office.
10	"	1858	--
11	"	1858	Tavistock House.
12	"	1858	Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
13	"	1858	Dublin.
14	"	1858	Royal Hotel, Scarborough.
15	"	1858	16, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
16	"	1858	King's Head, Sheffield.
17	"	1858	Wolverhampton.
18	"	1858	Tavistock House.
19	"	1859	Eagle Hotel, Cambridge.
20	"	1859	Eagle Hotel, Cambridge.
21	"	a copy of No. 19	
22	"	1860	26, Wellington St. Strand, London.
23	"	1860	--
24	"	1860	11, Wellington St. Strand, London.
25	"	1860	"
26	"	1860	Bideford, North Devon.
27 - 31	"	1860 - 1861	11, Wellington St. Strand, London.

SECTION 8 - contd.

No.	To Whom.	Date.	Place Written.
No. 32 - 34	Miss. G. Hogarth	1861	26, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
35	"	1861	11, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
36	"	1861	26, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
37	"	1861	Lord Warden Hotel, Dover.
38	"	1861	26, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
39	"	1861	26, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
40	"	1861	11, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
41	"	1861	26, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
42	"	1861	Bedford Hotel, Brighton.
43	"	1861	Queen's Hotel, Newcastle.
44	"	1866	--
45	"	1867	26, Wellington Street, Strand, London.
46	"	1868	--

Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Evening

Dear Tom.

On returning from the city to-day, I found, contrary to my expectation, that my man had not sent. As I have no dishes, no curtains, and no french polish, I think we had better, for all our comforts, defer the projected flare until Saturday — on one condition; namely that my seeing you on that Evening, will not

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prejudice your dining with me on Sunday.

Will you do me the favor to mention this, to your father, & Kate Frank, and Wills — I should have said Thursday, but as I presume there is a chance of one of us going to Maidstone, I think it better to fix our conviviality for an evening which I hope will be beyond the reach of disappointment.

Pray tell your
Father, that I place
implicit reliance upon
him; and be kind
enough to remember on
your own account
that I have got some
really extraordinary
French brandy

Believe me
Dear Tom
Most Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esq

6

C D

Dec [illegible]

MORN 8
DE 17
1834

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Holborn

Thomas Beard Esqre
42 Portman Place
Edgware Road

1835.

Furnival's Inn.
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

If you are in cash at present, and can lend me a couple of sovereigns until Saturday Week, you will oblige me very greatly. I would say Saturday next, but I have got a bill to make up, which anticipates my receipts for this week both from The Chronicle and Dowling, and I therefore think it better to name the latest day to prevent any disappointment. You will perhaps send me

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LONDON.

a reply by the Bearer.

I am in great distress of mind just now. Both Catherine, and Mrs. Hogarth are laid up with the scarlet fever, which they both took in an extraordinarily sudden manner on Sunday last, after spending the preceding evening with me. – I suppose in the ordinary course of things, I shall have it next, as I am, you will readily believe, by the bed-side of the former every day.

Believe me
Very Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

Furnival's Inn.

Wednesday Night

My dear Beard.

We propose sitting the Turkey until 4 tomorrow, in order that he may be well done. Be punctual and don't place too much reliance on our excellent friend Warburton. I arrived home at one o'Clock this morning dead drunk, & was put to bed by my loving missis. We are just going to Chapman's sister's quadrille party, for which you may imagine

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48. DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

I feel remarkably disposed

Believe me ever

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

C. D.
Furnivals Inn
1836

Thomas Beard Esqre
42 Portman Place
Edgeware Road.

Furnivals Inn
Monday Morng

My dear Beard

A part of my adventures you will have heard from Kelson. The remainder is comprised in three words. We were the first out. The Express arrived by 4 o'clock: we had a much much longer account than any other paper & the whole "affair is considered one of complete & signal success" & has been noticed as a feat by the Spectator & another Sunday Paper.

I feel the effects of the rain severely. I came up by the slow coach: left Wincanton at 9 on Saturday Evening & reached town at 11 Yesterday Morning. I have a slight touch of rheumatism & am perfectly *deaf* - I hope to God I shall soon get rid of the latter complaint. What have you done about my bag? It is lying at the Mail Office to be called for. For Heaven's sake, forward it immediately, for I have not a clean shirt to put on, & am really in a state of the greatest distress.

I am in great haste having scarce time to get this letter in the Post. Let me know directly your charges

Believe me

Most Sincerely Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esqre

C. D.
Furnival's Inn
May - 1835

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

R
MY - 4

11

Thomas Beard Esqre
New London Inn
Exeter.

1832

Dear Beard.

Many thanks for the Tamarinds. Is it of any use asking you and "a Brother or two" to look in and take a Glass of Punch and a cigar tomorrow Evening? If you are not better engaged and will honor me I need not say I shall be most happy to see you

Believe me

Truly Yours

C.D.

Saturday

C. D. 2

1832

Dear Beard. Get you all the signatures
you can to the book there's a good fellow.
If you see Fisher or Mr Ross there is money for you in
my drawer.

Thomas Beard Esqre

②

Doughty Street
Thursday Morning

My Dear Beard

I am in a manner obliged to dine with Lord Jeffrey next Sunday, for he has just come to town and makes but a short stay.

As you are a much older acquaintance than he or any other Lords I shall use you as one and ask you to say Sunday *Week* at half past four for dining here, instead of next Sunday. I hope by that time I shall be enabled to report final arrangements relative to the Twickenham matter, which is still in abeyance.

I long to be in the fields again.

I am so unsettled with hope that I can scarcely work.

Best remembrances

always My Dear Beard

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

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LONDON.

Thomas Beard Esquire

3

2 AN 2
AP 12
1839

C. D.
Doughty St
April 1839

34

LAMBS CONDUIT S.

Thomas Beard Esquire
42 Portman Place
Edgeware Road.

3

Charles Dickens.

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Doughty Street.

Wednesday Night

My Dear Beard

I haven't seen anything of you (except at the buttonless party) for time out of mind. Can you dine with us next Sunday - quite alone - at half past four? And if you can, will you come at Two and ride out with us in the morning? I want your opinion of the new turn-out, which I take to be — but I won't go on.

I have made some arrangements concerning the settling-down for life of the governor which will

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a little surprise you.

With best remembrances believe me ever,

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Do you know that a disgusting idea connected with the glass shade of Browne's table lamp is constantly present to my imagination? It is exactly like the pan of a tavern water closet and haunts me, waking and sleeping.

Furnivals Inn
Saturday Night

Dear Beard.

I inclose the tickets, and shall see you please God, on Monday Evening.

I met my old Editor Holland, to-day, and asked him to dine with us on Wednesday at half after four. Will you join us? We shall just be a rubber [redacted]

Thomas Beard Esqre:

Furnival's Inn.
Friday Morning

My Dear Ward—

I was very sorry we were out when you called last night—the more so, as we had a large private box at the Saint James's, and could have accomodated you, well. I should like to have a chat and a glass of grog with you. We shall be at home tomorrow evening, and Monday, and I hope we shall see you. I have received a card from Whiffen for Godwin's rowing match. Of course you have one, and I should like to arrange for going with *you*.

I have not been able to bring that Sunday Times affair to bear:—I could not get enough, and I saw no reason for doing it *cheap*. As matters stand at present, therefore, I think I shall exhibit in the Gallery next session—the Easter at all events, unless I see cause, good and sufficient, to change my mind, between this and then. We dine at *half*

1834

Bentinck Street.
Thursday Morning

Dear Tom.

With some difficulty I have fortunately persuaded the Bill Broker to renew the bill for two months, on paying the usual moderate bonus tomorrow. My salary for a week or two is so completely mortgaged by the expences consequent on our removal, that I really have no resource but

Thos Beard Esqre

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your kind offer. If your expectation of receiving some money has been realized, will you lend me £5 for a short time? — If you have been disappointed, I shall esteem your kindness quite as highly as if you had had the money, and if you have not, it will be of the most essential service to me.

I had intended to call upon you this morning, but I have to go to a meeting in the Afternoon, and have so much todo at home, that I cannot contrive to get out before. In the evening, after leaving the office I shall have to find Edward Barrow, and get his signature afresh. I shall however, certainly be home by ten at

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the latest. If business or leisure bring you in this Neighbourhood, will you look in about that time? – of course we shall be alone and happy to see you

Believe me
Most Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

7

Bentinck Street.
Saturday Evening

Dear Tom.

I arrived from Birmingham at 7 this morning and remained at the office until 10, correcting the proofs of the "*Whack*" for a Second Edition — I am rather fagged as you may suppose, having perpetrated four columns in as many hours before I left the town of dirt, ironworks; radicals, and hardware.

If I had not a little business to transact on my own account to-night, I should, tired as I am, run the chance of finding you at home, for the purpose of saying a few words to you on a very distressing subject. My mother appears most anxious that your sister and yourself should be made acquainted with the situation in which she is placed. Knowing the anxiety of her

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feelings on this head, and concurring most sincerely with her, in valuing the friendship of yourself and family, most highly, I think it better to spare her the pain of making any communication, by writing to you myself at once. I do this with the less reluctance as I have already, more than once, hinted to you my fears that the state of my father's affairs, and his want of attention to them, would render a change in our situation, imperative.

The fact is simply this — for a time, at all events, we must disperse ourselves as best we can, consistently with a reasonable hope of consulting the interests of all. My father I apprehend will not re-join his family for some time; my mother and two sisters will reside in the immediate neighbourhood of our present Lodgings — I hope in comfortable quarters, where they are not Strangers — and I, taking Frederick with me, to instruct and provide for as I best can, shall repair to Chambers in Furnivals Inn.

This is no great mystery after all, and perhaps will prove a source of but little surprise to you; but as I wish you to know the real state of the case without delay, and as I know my Mother does the same, I have no hesitation in confiding it to you, to disclose just as much, or as little of, as you think proper. There may be something of selfishness in this; for one never values friends so highly as in seasons of adversity, when their good feeling is best remembered, and ~~their~~ when their loss would be most felt. You may attribute this communication to what cause you please — as far as I

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am concerned I can have no wish for concealment, and to my mother and sisters I know it will be a relief to find that you, and yours, know the worst.

I will conclude this long and gloomy epistle by saying that after much trouble and anxiety, I think I have, in conjunction with a friend of ours, succeeded in making the best general arrangement that could possibly be effected. We have much more cause for cheerfulness than despondency after all; and as I for one am determined to see everything in as bright a light as possible, having thank God little at present to fear on my own score, and not much on theirs, I will not add another word on the subject.

I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before long — I shall be at home all tomorrow.

All here desire loves and so forth. Will you add my remembrances, and accept my assurance that I am. Most Sincerely Yours Charles Dickens

Bentinck Street
Saturday mng.

My dear Bird.

In case I should not see you this evening I think it better to write and say that I fear in consequence of my mother's illness (to say nothing of the calomel) I shall be compelled to postpone the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow, regretting alike the cause and the necessity.

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I am so delighted with Barrow's note on the qualities of Tobacco (communicated by Harfield) that I can think of nothing else.

Believe me (in haste)
Yours truly
Charles Dickens

Saturday Morning

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LONDON.

4 .

18

Dear Beard –

Will the inclo
to forego the determina
have formed never to a
our little parties?

Yours Tru
Cha

Thomas Beard Esqre

Bentinck St.
Monday Morning

closed Bill induce you
ation you appear to
accept Invitations to

Truly
harles Dickens

10

Wincanton. Saturday May

Dear Tom. I arrived here (57 miles from Exeter) at 8 yesterday Evening having ~~[illegible]~~ finished my whack of [illegible] previous stage. I arranged with Nealson, whom I occasionally saw in the course of my journey, that I would stop where he did; & finding him housed here, I ordered dinner, beds, & breakfasts for two. I am happy to say that our friend Symons, when on duty, is the most zealous, active, and indefatigable little fellow I ever saw. I have now not the slightest doubt (God willing) of the success of our Express on our first stage we beat nearly seven hours: at the termination of the second. The Times and I

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changed horses together; they had the start two or three minutes; I bribed the post boys tremendously & we came in literally neck and neck – the most beautiful sight I ever saw. The next stage, your humble, caught them before they had changed; & the next division preceded them in about two minutes, leaving Neilson here written to Exeter tomorrow Evening & I to set up by the Telegraph at 11. The roads were extremely heavy, & as they had 4, I ordered the same at every stage & empowered Unwin to do the same until he met his horses; indorsing on the parcel that the [illegible] rendered it a matter of absolute necessity.

I have stitched, my dear fellow, in a dozen most hasty words, our prospects yesterday-night, which I hope, but can scarcely believe, you [illegible] will be able to understand.

I have only time to add that I trust you ~~will~~ will not forget my packages & cream: that I received the hare & your kindness remembered: that I shall hope to hear from you the day of your return: that I shall impress on Powell the necessity of expressing the declaration: that I think Lyons & Rooney will fail; and that I am (it's an old story, but a true one)

Sincerely Yours

Charles Dickens

Thos Beard Esqre

Brompton
Saturday Morning

My dear Tom. — I inclose you the proof we spoke of, agreeably to your request. Keep it, *as long as you like*; — I fear I must ask you to return it some day, as it belongs to Mr. Hogarth and is the only one I have left (my own copy excepted)

Believe me
Most Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esqre.

8 Doughty Street.

Monday Morning

My Dear Beard.

I want to avail myself of your friendly services in a rather delicate matter — don't be alarmed; not in a duel.

My dispute with Bentley is still pending. He, merely as a colourable proceeding and to gain time, wishes a friend of mine to meet a friend of his, to discuss the subject. Now, as any reasonable man will feel convinced that my proposal is a most fair

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and moderate one. I merely want to concede this to him for the sake of appearances, without in the slightest degree departing from my point. Will you do this for me? It will oblige me most highly, and relieve me of a great difficulty, because as my acquaintance lies chiefly with people intimately connected with literature, I cannot find anybody else who would be supposed to feel with strict impartiality.

If I may rely upon your

friendly feeling to undertake this task (as I think I may) will you call upon me tomorrow at 12 at noon? We will walk down to Forster's chambers, put you in possession of all the facts and documents, and determine exactly on the course to be pursued. If you are at home, write me one word in reply.

Believe me Ever
My Dear Beard
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

C. D.

Doughty St

1837

Dispute with Bentley.

I.

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Doughty Street.
Friday Morning

My Dear Edward.

Now as upon every possible occasion, believe in my sincere and anxious desire to testify my friendship by every means in my power; and let me entreat you not to turn your thoughts to this small enclosure until you have devoted every ten pounds you have, to every demand that presses upon it.

Believe me Ever
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

You dine with us tomorrow, recollect. ½ p 4

48 Doughty Street.
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

John Ross dines with us on Saturday. Will you do the same at 5 o'clock? Let me know.

Tell Edward Barrow if you see him this evening, that I was sitting for my portrait to George Cruikshank when he called to-day, and George being a ticklish subject could not leave him.

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Twickenham Park
Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Beard

I hasten to reply to your note. I will come up to town tomorrow, and going first to Doughty Street to get a cargo of books for your amusement while I am at work, will be with you at *three exactly*. We shall then get down here to dinner. N.B. We have a very unseemly-looking back to the front seat of the chaise, for country rides, which shall be put on specially for your ease and comfort.

Burnett and his wife

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are coming down on Saturday
but Mrs. D and I have taken
council this morning, and find
that the resources of the establishment
are more than sufficient
for a greater number of
visitors. We therefore lay violent
hands on you until some days
after you are perfectly restored,
and assure you with great
sincerity that the longer you
stay, the better you will
please us. You must forget
in the present crisis that
there is such a thing as a
Chronicle (except on Saturdays)

content that there is no chance
of their forgetting you.

Kate desires her best love
to your sisters, and I beg my best
remembrances to all

Believe me, Ever,
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

My dear Beard. I have just received the enclosed. as I do not recollect one word in the agreement, for God's sake do nothing until they shew you the original with my signature.

Ever yours CD.

Wednesday Morng ½ p 11

28

C. D.

1836

This refers to a disputed agreement with Bentley about "Barnaby Rudge".

28

Thomas Beard

2

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Furnivals Inn
Tuesday afternoon

My Dear Beard.

LeMaitre called on me this morning about the "resolution" and after some consideration, I proposed the following course, to which he at once assented. The parties dissenting, are you, I, LeMaitre, Hatfield, and Watts. Tomorrow afternoon when the preliminaries for the session have been adjusted, let one of us (I have no objection to do it myself) say that the five wish to speak to Easthope — of course with the fellows who have signed, we have nothing to do. Let us then say that as

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there is some difference of
opinion amongst us on the
subject, we wish to understand
distinctly, Yes or No, whether
a refusal to sign, will be
followed by dismissal at
the termination of the present
engagement. If the reply be
in the affirmative, then
we sign it under protest, and
declaring our intention to
accept the first annual
Engagement elsewhere, we can
get. If in the negative, then
we refuse to sign, but
express our readiness to
conform to any ar=
rangement (if such a

ICKENS HOUSE
IBRARY
OUGHTY ST.
NDON.

one can be suggested (which while it does not interfere with the tenure of our engagements, will protect them against a recurrence of the annoyances of which they complain.

I have to go to the Adelphi tomorrow Night. They have sent the office a Private Box in which I shall have room for you, if you like to accompany me & the Hogarths'. At all events as the meeting is at 5, dine with me at *3 precisely*.

Believe me
Ever Yours
Charles Dickens

1837

Doughty Street.

Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

We christen the living wonder on Saturday at 12, at New Pancridge, and shall expect you here at half past 11.

We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you and your sisters to meet a few friends in the evening, or shall be much disappointed.

Always yours most faithfully

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esqre

Devonshire Terrace

Saturday 25th April

My dear Beard

Behold the little horse. As I have only taken one observation ~~for~~ of him from a staircase window, while Topping industriously trotted him out of sight, pray don't spare him on my account.

We dine at 6 tomorrow, as I have to write and to take exercise, first. If I call for you at 4 will you come Willesden-wards in the phaeton?

The beer is in a high state of perfection. The port is — but we will not anticipate.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

Devonshire Terrace.

Friday Morning.

My dear Beard.

Will you dine with us on Sunday – alone? I have made a purchase of Port which I should like you to taste. It is *rather* uncommon.

I am riding, at present, a pony which is something too slight for me. A friend of Topping's has a cob (warranted sound) rising six year old, and price £20 – described as a good trotter and everything about him "in a concatenation accordingly." He is in an awfully rough state at this minute, but curry-combable of course. I should like to know what you say about him. If

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Topping brought him up to you at about 10 or 11 tomorrow morning, would you give me your opinion – aspect and leg –?

Faithfully Always

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

I don't care about his being "demnition fast" as long as he can keep on.

1 Devonshire Terrace

Tuesday Morning.

My dear Beard.

Will you dine with us on Sunday? As we shall be quite alone, you needn't "mind your eye" — speaking of which reminds me to ask how you got it. Did you take it naturally, or ~~[illegible]~~ bacchanalially?

We have been very sorry to hear of your sister's ill health. Our best remembrances and wishes wait upon her.

War to the knife and with no quarter on either side, has commenced with the Burlington Street Brigand.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens

P. T. O

Wellington Street

Tuesday Afternoon

My dear [illegible]

[illegible]

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48. DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

When you go down Oxford Street (for I forget his precise whereabouts) will you order me from the immortal Harris a one pound box of the unrivalled cubas?

1 Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday 1st July

My dear Beard.

If you have nothing better to do, will you come and dine with us next Sunday? The hour is six, but if you are for a walk beforehand, I am your man.

Faithfully always

Charles Dickens.

Thomas Beard Esquire

Loves and regards.

Devonshire Terrace

Sunday July Twenty Fifth 1841.

My Dear Beard.

This is to give you notice that I am safe at home — that the children and other valuables repair to Broadstairs next Saturday — and that self and Kate follow them, this day week.

You have not changed your mind, I hope, in respect of our weekly visits, dips, and airings? If not, come and dine with me (alone) at 5 on Thursday, and we'll enjoy everything in anticipation. It'll freshen you up and make a man of you till next autumn, so break it out to Easthope forthwith.

always Faithfully

CD.

Devonshire Terrace

Thirteenth March 1843

My Dear Beard.

Coming in, in due course, to the first vacant Saturday, I send you the unforgotten Drury Lane order.

Always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace
Twenty first March 1843

My Dear Beard.

I write you with mingled feelings of Pride and Shame — of honest pride, for that I have discovered a sequestered Farm House at Finchley, five miles and a half from the Regents Park, whereat I do beseech the honor of your company to dinner, next Sunday; and to which retreat I will myself conduct you, if you will be here at a quarter before two. Beds on the premises, or close at hand.

Now for the bitter, bitter shame.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you at the Theatre, that a

THE DICKEN
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LONDO

Finchley Postman, meeting me in the road accompanied by an animal I brought from America, made proposals of marriage, having reference to that creature — in short, to Timber: for I must write his name, sooner or later. Having my doubts ~~upon~~ certain points of consummation, I avoided the subject (ran away, in fact) but yesterday, of all evil days in the year, I met this demon Postman in a solitary lane. Again he proposed; and I think I saw distinctly, something fiendish in his face. The result was, that the settlements (involving all possible contingencies of probable puppies) were arranged, and Timber was taken by Topping to the demon's cave: I

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dining meanwhile, at a rural tavern in the neighbourhood.

The female appeared to be of his own breed - in the full glow of youth and passion - and in every point of view, in the highest state of perfection.

He was absent one hour and a half.

He returned, covered with disgrace and mortification. He had done nothing. The official report was, that he had tried, but was considered to be weak in his loins.

I am in a distracted frame of mind. Dreadful thoughts come over me at times, of taking his life; at other times I think of only taking his — but I will not anticipate. Heaven send him a safe deliverance. He is at present in a basket on the top of the bookcase, pending the decision of the particular kind of torture to which he shall be exposed.

Yours despondingly

Charles Dickens

C. D.
Devonshire Ter
March 31. 1843

My dear Beard

As I am obliged to attend a meeting of authors in town tomorrow, at 2 o'Clock, wouldn't it be as well for us to dine somewhere and walk out afterwards? If you will call on me as you go by in the morning, we can arrange in a second, about place and time.

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Devonshire Terrace

Friday. Seventh April 1843

Broadstairs

Monday. August The Second

1841.

My Dear Beard.

You cannot (as you know) come too soon, or too often, or stay too long. I am alone, and anxiously expecting you.

The Ramsgate boat starts from the wharf at London Bridge, every morning at 9 to the moment. All you have to do, is to go aboard of her, and when you come off Margate or thereabouts, tell the captain you want to go ashore at Broadstairs.

When you know, write and tell me the day, that I may be on the look out for you. And may I ask

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LONDON.

You to stop your cab at No 1 Devonshire Terrace, and bring down a small basket Topping shall have ready packed and waiting for you - together with any letters he may ~~you~~ have on hand?

The Sea, with long creation, seems some to get fresher every year.

Always my dear Daniel

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Best regards from Kate, and from Fred, who is here_in tight boots of course. Love from children

Devonshire Terrace

Eighteenth July [1843]

My Dear Beard

I have been in Yorkshire all the month, and am only just now in the receipt of your note. I address my answer to the Red house: hoping that by this time you have come home, round and sound. You know who has always treated you successfully; and you know where that great physician is to be found, during the months of August and September. Kate agrees with me that to make your cure complete, there would be nothing like Eight

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undisturbed weeks at Broadstairs with that distinguished man. Now, do think of this. There are a hundred things you could do for the paper on the margin of the Sea — abstracting Parliamentary reports and so forth — matters of great use in the recess. The bedroom you had last year, is ready for you. The bathing machine beckons its wooden finger, and cocks its preposterous eye on the sands. The tide rushes in, demanding to be breasted. Dick is all joviality, and very brown in the face from Northern roasting. Mac swears "he'll swim to the Goodwin Sands if he's able — there!" Forster asserts with dignified emphasis that "it is the very sort of

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thing my dear boy that Beard requires but him on his legs": Timber makes himself as unlike a dog as possible, in confirmation of these sentiments. Topping forgets even "Mount Consumions" at the Surrey Zoological Gardens (his crack subject just now) and overhearing these discussions, really remarks to me that "a little pickling 'ud make Mister Beard wot he used to be, wen he was down at what's his name" – meaning Petersham – in short, everything and everybody are decisive on the subject; so take the door card off your Portmanteau, and label it afresh Pashangermarjit.

Have you come back? If so, will you ride out on Sunday, and dine here afterwards? Say yes: and

I will call for you at half past two.

I am so full of Broadstairs and Tom going there, that I have scarcely left room to say, with my regards to Mr Blackburn, that we have sent out Powers of Attorney to divers parts of India, for the enforcement of the new Law as far as my books are concerned; and that I don't think I can entertain any proposal for an arrangement, after handing the matter over to others by these means. But if he would like to make a distinct proposal, I will take counsel with the Publishers upon it.

Regards from all to all. Ever
Faithfully My Dear Beard : CD

Aug - 1843

C.D.

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

Fourteenth February 1844.

My Dear Beard

I need not tell you how truly glad I am at any time to comply with any wish of yours. And although that disposition cannot be strengthened by any circumstance, I should be really glad to oblige Mr McCabe in so small a matter: for I entertain (I think I do, at least?) a very pleasant recollection of him as an especially cheerful and good natured old colleague. But I am in this difficulty – that I have recently stood in relations towards Chapman

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as a little or as much of this, as you think proper; merely bearing in mind that I mention the plain truth in confidence, because I do not wish him to suppose that I evade or slight his wish.

I have every reason to believe — I may add — that they are surrounded by translators. There is the whole corps of the Foreign quarters; and there are other linguists who do not write in it, to my personal knowledge.

My Dear Beard
always Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

and Hall, which are not perfectly agreeable, and which have limited our correspondence to affairs of business. I have had no distinct quarrel with them; but this vague kind of [illegible] barrier has arisen between us; and I do not entertain the least desire to throw it down.

To the best of my recollection it is more than a year since I introduced anybody to them, and my doing so, now, would consequently seem an unusual proceeding - rather out of my way, and against my ordinary course.

I leave it to you to tell Mr McCabe

9 Osnaburgh Terrace.

Tenth June 1844

My Dear Beard. Many many thanks for your interest and recollection. The Sanatorium was exceedingly well done in the Herald – to the great delight of its committee – and I have no doubt the Institution will derive great benefit from that account.

Miss Weller plays tomorrow, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at one Maras's Morning Concert. And she plays on Thursday, at the same place, at a Concert of her own – evening.

Will you book yourself to come and dine with us on the last Sunday in this month, at half after five? It will be the day before our

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LONDO

departure. Kate begs her love to your sister, and desires me to say how happy she will be, if she will join you.

Come about an hour before dinner. We will then go over to the stable at Devonshire Terrace, to see the wonderful carriage. The price whereof shall on that tremendous occasion be made known.

Ever My Dear Beard
Heartily Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

CKENS HOUSE
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LONDON.

Devonshire Terrace

Sixth August 1845.

My Dear Beard

Here is a point at issue: and I am *determined* to be right!

Will you tell me (in the strictest confidence, of course) what is the gross expence of the Foreign department of the Herald: Expences, Correspondents' Salaries, and everything included: for any given period that may be fairly taken as representing a portion of the round year. And will you tell me, over and above, how much more you may suppose it to be in amount than the similar expences of

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our friend the Great Baronet.

It seems an odd question, but I will tell you bye and bye how it came about.

Ever Cordially Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace.

Thursday Fourth September
1845.

My Dear Beard.

This will be presented to you by Mr Sidney Blanchard — a son of poor Blanchard whom you knew; and to whose melancholy history you are no stranger.

He is anxious (as you may have already heard from Hazlitt, who is much interested in his behalf) to obtain an engagement on the Herald, in some reporting capacity. He is not untried:

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having attended Railway committees
for the Globe in the course of last
Session: and having given, as I
am assured, every satisfaction.

You know how very much
interested I am, my dear Beard, in
all that relates to this family –
and if you can render them any
service in this regard, it will be
the very greatest satisfaction to me.
I need say no more; for I am sure
it would be a satisfaction to

yourself also.

I sent you a prodigious formal and unique document to Portman Place this morning

always My Dear Beard
Cordially Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace.

Monday Twelfth October
1845.

My Dear Beard. I have a confidential question to ask you. One that may rather amaze you. If you can come round to me tonight — do. If not — tomorrow morning.

Ever Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace.

Twentieth October 1845.

My Dear Beard. If I don't hear from you to the contrary, I shall take it for granted that you will dine with me at the Parthenon (that will be best, I think; Kate being in a state of tribulation) on Wednesday next, at a quarter past 6. There is some rather choice claret in that Establishment just now.

Ever Yours affecy.

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace

Sunday Night

My dear Master Beard

Resolve me this question. – These small correspondents at Madras, Ceylon, and Aden – do they make separate parcels of their newspapers, addressed to the agent at Malta; or do they open the parcel on its way from Calcutta and put them in it? If so, how is the parcel addressed when it leaves Calcutta? – To the agent at the next place? This seems to me to be a query essential to the right working of things.

THE DICK
LIBR
DOU

Here's a pretty kettle of Fish! Prince Albert is coming to our next performance, and it will be at the St James's Theatre on the 15th of next month.

Mrs Dickens in statu quo. — I call her Joanna Southcote.

The freshness of my mental faculties on the day after the claret, exceeds description. That must be done again, my friend!

Ever affectionately
Charles Dickens

THE DICK OSE LIBRARY DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

P.S. Forster is already getting deep dents in his nose, by reason of the workings of the coming kites.

Devonshire Terrace

Friday Night.

My Dear Beard. On five minutes notice, I am obliged to go into Derbyshire, on matters of great moment connected with my scheme. You know my punctuality, and that nothing of slight import would induce me to postpone anything — much less, a dinner with you.

Forgive me, my dear fellow, for putting it off until my return. I expect to be back on Sunday night (I leave Kate in a most

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LONDON.

critical condition, so strong is my receipt of — and immediately on my return, I will write to you.

Ever Yours affecy.

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

My dear Beard.

I wish you would look at the enclosed letter, and give me your opinion of it when we meet tomorrow. This is the case (there are two such) of a man taken from the chronicle, on an engagement for three years at 8 Guineas pr week. I am curious to know what you think they expect in such instances: being able to get another engagement — £200?

Ever affecy CD

Devonshire Terrace
Saturday.

P.S. Don't forget to bring the letters with you.

My Dear Beard

Mile's haunch is scientifically carved by your humble, next Sabbath Day at 5. Come and try it. And Kate desires me to say (with all manner of loves and remembrances, wherein I join) that if your sister will join you, we shall be delighted to see her.

always My Dear Beard
Heartily Yours
Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace.
Twenty First January 1841.

Devonshire Terrace.

Saturday Night

January Twenty Third

1841.

My Dear Beard.

I am sorry to say that the Haunch must be presented before a solitary carver tomorrow, and not to a jovial half dozen as I had hoped.

Kate was taken very unwell at Four o'Clock this morning, and has remained so ever since. Nothing has come of it so far, and all appearances indicate another night of watching and suspense.

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I expected some such state of things about this time, and am resignedly putting the best face possible (a very sleepy one though) upon it.

My regards to your sister - and always believe me

Dear Beard

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace.

June the Second 1841.

My Dear Beard.

If you have not yet stirred in the matter of the Newspaper Dinner — don't. I feel that I ought to be at work on Saturday Evening, for I have much to do before going to Edinburgh and but a little time to do it in.

Kate tells me to say that we shall expect your sister Marian to dinner also on Sunday. So none of your nonsense, but bring her

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens

If you go to the Welcoming dinner, or have pledged yourself in any way — write.

Devonshire Terrace.
Eleventh July 1842.

My Dear Beard.

Alfred has written me to say that the line of railway he is employed on, being nearly finished the Head thereof (under whom he has been some years) has given him a letter of Introduction to Mr Locke: Engineer of the Southampton - Havre and Rouen - and divers other works. He has it in his head (with some reason I dare say) that a word from Sir John Easthope would do his business - and has written to me for a Letter of Introduction to the Baronet; which I have given him.

If it comes in your way,

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P. S.

Directly I have concluded the Broadstairs arrangements, I will send you timely notice. Prepare the Baronet for an ENORMOUS absence. No half measures.

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LONDON.

help him or keep him in mind at the right time, I know you will do so.

You are acquainted with the business that kept me away from the Chronicle last Saturday. – George Cruikshank came home in my phaeton on his head – to the great delight of the loose midnight loungers in Regent street. He was last seen, taking Gin with a waterman

Faithfully Yours always
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace.

Nineteenth July 1842.

My Dear Beard.

I have been thinking about a breast of Venison next Sunday at half past 5 — and about making the Falstaffe Tread in the evening, our passage out, which I have just finished writing — what do you say?

Kate begs her love to your sister Catherine, and desires me to say, that she counts upon seeing her, along with You. Mind you give that message.

I have at present, some Port Wine, called "Crofts' London Particular": It is worthy of notice.

The Broadstairs arrangements being now concluded, I beg to give you notice that I have taken last Year's

Devonshire Terrace

[illegible]

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[illegible]

house at Broadstairs, for the months of August and September. Make your arrangements accordingly; but don't chip such a small piece as a week out of the Baronet. Cut a slice from him.

Always My Dear Beard
Heartily Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace.

Friday First July 1842.

My Dear Beard.

I have consulted Mr Groves of Charing Cross. His suggestive mind gave birth to this remarkable expression — "then why not consider this here breast o' wenson, off — and let me git another prime 'un in good eatin' order for you, for Sunday week? What" — continued Mr Groves — "is the odds to a day?"

Mr Groves slapped a piece of venison as he spoke, with the palm of his hands; and plainly signified, by his manner no less than by his words, that this was wisdom. What

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do you say to it? _ and what your sister?

Faithfully always

Charles Dickens

If I don't come, this autumn, may I _ but we will not anticipate.

Broadstairs
Thursday Fourth August
1842.

My Dear Beard.

Thank you heartily for your thoughtfulness and consideration in the matter of Alfred. I have sent your note to him - by this Post.

I am looking out anxiously for your definite notice about that month's holiday - for I say a month, and down with the Baronet. This place is most beautiful just now: the weather being past all description powerful. Heavens, how crisp the water

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is – I bottled yesterday.

Ballard too has got me some Port Wine which is quite remarkable – for a place like this, really astonishing.

Regards from all.

Faithfully Yours always
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Broadstairs
Thursday Eighth September 1842

My Dear Beard

When is that jolly old Baronet (may Jackasses sit upon his Grandfather's grave!) coming home? There is the bathing, in a most unprecedented state—the Punch booth-some beyond description—the Ranelagh Gardens exulting in the Proprietorship of a family of Tumblers, called "The First Patagonians"—the Theatre open at Margate—all manner of wickedness, freshness, and waviness going on—and no Beard! Again I ask, when does Fir Grove come on to Dunkirk?—and pause for a reply.

Faithfully Yours ever

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace
Saturday Fifth November

My Dear Beard

If you are not at the Barron Knights' tomorrow, or otherwise better engaged, there is a leg of delicate Welsh Mutton in the Pantry (to be served up at half past five) which deserves attention.

always faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace
Fifteenth November 1842.

My Dear Beard.

I should have been truly glad (I need not tell you) to serve any friend of yours, if my sympathy and interest had not been strongly enlisted beforehand, in behalf of a niece of Miss Edgeworth, whose testimonials are immeasurably better than those of any other candidate; and who has learned tenderness and patience, in the bitterest of schools.

I shall expect to see you towards the close of the week, if the Barrow Knight acts up to his title, and gives you leisure.

Best Regards and Loves

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from everybody to everybody else.

I am working away upon my new book like — like a brick. I don't know why, [illegible] it is, but that popular simile *seems* a good one

always faithfully

Your friend

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

Eighteenth November 1842.

My Dear Beard

I quite forgot yesterday, that I am engaged tomorrow. Wherefore, let our Prison trip stand over until your next Day of leisure.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Eighteenth December
Sunday

My Dear Beard

I want your help in a pious fraud — such a pious one, that I have no doubt you will give it me.

I am very anxious for many reasons, to possess a little picture which Maclise is at this minute painting; and I know very well, that if I were to say so, he would either insist upon giving it to me, or would set some preposterous price upon it. which he can by no means afford to take. Now, I think I may purchase it without his knowing I am the purchaser; and if I can, he is a cleverer fellow than I take him to be (highly as I estimate his abilities), if he can ever return the money some afterwards.

Behold my project.

I want you to write him a note, and say that Mr So and so of such and such a place in Sussex – one of your country friends – is enthusiastic in his admiration of him, and is very anxious to possess a small picture (he can't afford a large one) of his painting. That he has commissioned you to ask him what he has now by him, and has empowered

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you to purchase: any subject, with One
figure in it. That you have spoken
to me on the subject, and I have mentioned
privately to you, his having a most
charming picture of a girl at a
Waterfall. That you wish to buy
the girl at the Waterfall, forthwith.
That you will take it as a personal
favor, if he will sell you the girl
at the Waterfall. And that you
are prepared to give him the
money down, for the girl at the
Waterfall, if he will let you
know what sum you shall
forward to him as her ransom from
his damned uncomfortable studio.

a hundred, or a hundred and

Decr. 19. 1842

fifty Guineas, will most likely be the mark. If you can only buy it, I will give you the needful instantly wherewith to close the bargain; and a hundred and fifty thousand thanks in.

All minor points I leave to your discretion. — I suppose you aint at home, and couldn't dine here today at half past five — could you?

always faithfully
CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

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Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Second December
1842.

My Dear Beard.

I have a few people coming to dine here tomorrow at a quarter past Six, on a short notice, to meet a gentleman's wife from Quebec from whom I received some attentions who is going away directly. Join us at that hour, and try the Vintages. Ever Faithfully

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

90 Fleet Street.

New Year's Day 1846.

My dear Bardolph.

The same to you – many on 'em – and a long life to both of us, and our jolly old friendship!

They are printing the book: and no copies are to be had until Saturday, when they will be in the Theatre. I would send you mine, *but it has only my part in it*; and the exquisite unintelligibility of such a document

(–

to all but the Initiated, named (I am afraid) chiefly Mr Hastings made.

Enclosed is your private ticket. Kate will leave Devonshire Terrace at 1/4 before 7. If you don't appear, they will look for you at the Theatre. She, Georgy, You, Mac, and his sister sit together.

When I am bullied through those four acts, - always regard

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

me as being ready (in serious earnest) to stab Forster to the heart. It makes me so damned savage that I could rend him limb from limb.

Ever affectionately

CD.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS
WHITEFRIARS

Saturday Morning

My dear Maard

I have altered the plan very much, and made it one that is more likely, I think, to suit you. I can't come over, but if you see your Governor tonight, will you give me a call in Devonshire Terrace? It's important.

Ever

CD.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS
WHITEFRIARS

Sixteenth January 1846

My Dear Beard.

— Two points for you to mention to Mr Baldwin, who I hope is better of that accursed rheumatism.

There is a meeting at Norwich on Tuesday night — a free trade meeting — which has this novelty that Wodehouse (I think that's the way to spell his name; it looks like a Saxon God's) has challenged Cobden to a discussion, and they will go at it like a couple of Crichtons. We are all powerful on that Railway, and mean, if possible to have a special train in

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which our man or men can come up long
before the mail - write out, on the way -
and give us his or their couple of columns or
so, in time for the first Edition.
I don't think we should do this, but
for a preliminary splash; and it is
possible, therefore, that you may not
think it worth while to join. But
in the Spirit of the alliance, I think
it right to tell you exactly what
we mean to do.

About the Queen's Speech. -
Can you help us to any outline?

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I merely ask the question, as your information may be uncommunicable. The Times will have it, I hear; and there are prophets who foretell its imparting the same to the drowsy but comparatively virtuous old Chronicle.

Ever My Dear Beard
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

90 Fleet Street.

New Year's Day 1846.

My dear Bardolph.

The same to you – many on 'em – and a long life to both of us, and our jolly old friendship!

They are printing the book: and no copies are to be had until Saturday, when they will be in the Theatre. I would send you mine, but it has only my part in it; and the exquisite unintelligibility of such a document whole but the Initiated, named (I am afraid I think Mr Hastings mad.

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me as being ready (in serious earnest) to stab Forster to the heart. It makes me so damned savage that I could rend him limb from limb.

Ever affectionately

CD.

D. N. Office

Sunday

[illegible] Beard .. [illegible]

I send you back

adred £100 to be forwarded When

I have retained for the edification of

Bowle will come ov

West Riding Election tomorrow.

He insists on my te

never once stopped for the D. N.; and th

they took in water, & changed engines.

Baldwin (but I didn't mention the po

that by our influence at Birkenhea

one hour. [illegible] The Express has don

going ahead of ourselves. tree fu

e

day Night

k Mr Walter's letter, and have

m immediately. The Calcutta letters

of Crowe and Cortkes.

e over Town, and arrange for the

telling you that the Express was

d that the only stoppages were when

is. I may as well say Town and Mr

probability than Walter that nightly

head at detained the Irish Mail

done us a world of good. We are

Faithfully & truly D

Whitefriars

My dear Heard

I am very sorry to find you gone. I had the Leader-Writing men here, and cd not get rid of them. Shall I come round to you?

Faithfully thine

Devonshire Terrace

Thursday

My Dear Beard

Tomorrow at 4.

I am delighted to say we have a capital paper today. I sat at the Office, and made it up with my own hands.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

90 Fleet Street

Monday morning

My Dear Beard

although I mentioned a' Becketts' engagement at the Times yesterday, it didn't occur to me to mention a very distinct and unmistakeable way of putting the case to the fierce Doctor. We stand, with reference to the Punch men, in exactly the same position as the Times and Chronicle. Jerrold is engaged with us – Thackeray is engaged by the Chronicle – a'Beckett

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by the Times. We have no other association with Punch of any kind or sort. To which I may add that the interests and doings of more than one of the Proprietors of the D.N. have been, on more than one occasion, very distinctly and plainly attacked in it.

So much trust as you will.

Ever faithfully

CD

I see your Overland Expedn. triumphant this morning.

HOUSE
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ITY ST.
DON.

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS
WHITEFRIARS

Monday Afternoon
Second February
1846

My Dear Beard

We contemplate expressing the whole Corn Law Debate down the Great Northern Railways — and publishing that Edition at 4 every morning. This is, of course, a Dead Secret. Would you like to join?

Ever Heartily Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

26th March 1846

Thursday

My Dear Beard.

Will you call here in the morning, on your way to the office either tomorrow or Saturday as may be most convenient to you? I shall be at home and delighted to see you on either day.

Affecy always

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

Saturday 11th April 1846

My Dear Beard

Those dissenters ("may they be damned", as Maclise would say) demanded ten days more to consider, which will bring them to some time next week. Forster attended the last meeting, which lasted six hours. Some of the dissenters, I believe, fell prostrate on the floor, and foamed at the mouth ~~with~~ exhaustion

Faithfully Ever

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday Twenty Second April
1846

My Dear Beard.

I discovered, just in time, that Saturday Week is the day of the Royal Academy Dinner. I must substitute some other day. We will take counsel on Sunday

Ever Cordially Yours

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

Friday

My Dear Beard

We are so beset and worried by engagements in this next last week before our departure, that we are most unwillingly obliged to declare off in respect of that Derby engagement.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

90 Fleet Street

Tenth January 1846

My Dear Beard.

If you be at leisure to see my Secretary Mr Wills who bears this, for a minute or two, will you kindly do so? I have charged him with a business enquiry.

He is a very good fellow, and late Editor of Chambers's Journal.

about the dinner to our

friend (who I thought spoke very
manfully and honestly, yesterday). What
would you recommend? Shall I write
and ask him at once: giving him
a week's notice?

Ever Yours
CD.

The Dickens House Library 48 Doughty St. London.

Broadstairs

Fourteenth July 1847.

My Dear Beard

What are you a thinking on? ain't we coming to London (Victoria Hotel Euston Square) on Friday, to attend Rehearsals of charitable plays at Manchester and Liverpool? Shan't I be absent from here, until the 1st of August ~~July~~? Isn't my life weary along o' these dragmeers? That you should have been and gone and missed last Saturday! Wild beasts too, at Ramsgate, and a young lady in armour, as goes into

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LONDON.

the dens, while a snake keeper who speaks through his nose, exclaims, "Behold the abanich power of woobbuck!"

Never mind, never mind. The Margate Theatre's a going to open—but there is no Conway Cuningham. We will try the other actors. I understand there are some Beshangermanjits amongst 'em from whom much may be expected. We will discourse of all this, in the great metropolis

Ever Heartily

Broadstairs

Monday Second August 1847.

My Dear Beard

We are returned after a most brilliant and successful trip; and are now anchored in this port - as we seafaring men observe - and hoping to see you. If you don't come down on Saturday, my opinion is that you are done for, so far as your character for reliability is concerned.

Ever Yours Heartily

CD.

Loves from all

Thomas Beard Esquire

Broadstairs.

Twelfth August 1847.

My Dear Beard

You have been prepared for and expected, ever since we have been here; and unless you do come next Saturday, my opinion is that it's all up with you in this family. Therefore the Express had better produce you in Ramsgate at half past 7 on that evening, or I won't answer for the consequences.

You will find Costello and his wife here, I think. We will endeavour to be jolly

I am happy to say that I

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have discovered old Lingham (Conway's father) at the Margate Theatre. The son's style, and massive manner, ripened and matured in the father by excessive age: presents a spectacle of the most astonishing and perplexing nature to a contemplative mind.

Ever Heartily

CD.

Broadstairs

Wednesday Sept 8th: 1847.

My Dear Beard

We shall be delighted to see you on Friday. The sea will be noble for noon bathing, and the Demon Shower Bath is in full force.

May I trouble you with two commissions. One, to bring me from Twinberrow's, chemist, 2 Edwards Street Portman Square, a half crown bottle of his Essence of Wormwood. The other, to go to my study in Devonshire Terrace, twist round the revolving table in the middle of the room, open all

the drawers — there is alternately a real drawer
and a sham. and the key is in one of them —
until you find a half bound Diary for
1847, which bring untouched. I left it
there t'other day.

Ever Heartily

CD.

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an authority to the Duenna in charge, may
be necessary. I write it on the other side.

Broadstairs
8th. September 1847.

Josephine.

Mr Beard, the gentleman who shews this Note, is to go into my Study, and look in my table drawers for a book he is good enough to promise to bring down for me. Let the gentleman into the house as if he were myself

Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday Tenth May 1848.

My Dear Beard

Will you come and dine with us (alone) at 5 on ~~[illegible]~~ Sunday? We can then crack a peaceful bottle of the Port, and arrange about next night.

—

Would you like to have a young unicorn, a little griffin, or a small dragon? Timber is at length giving such frightful and horribly unnatural tokens of ~~[illegible]~~ virility, in connexion with an insignificant, drivelling, blear-eyed little tame rabbit of the

Devonshire Terrace

Saturday [illegible]

My Dear [illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible] is being

female sex, that I am in constant expectation of a litter of monsters.— Excuse my concluding abruptly. but he has just sneaked past the window, sniffing after this deplorable animal and making stupid attempts to mount — and I *must* go out and whop him.

Ever affectionately

CD.

P.S. Having whopped him, I may mention that the Company are all nearly worked to death. Stone is affected with congestion of the kidneys which he attributes to being forced to do the same thing twenty times over, when he forgets it once. Blacks break out all over Forster's head, and *boil* there, visibly and audibly. Frank says upon his soul he never saw anything like it in all his life.

h with being bullied.

Devonshire Terrace.

Twentyeighth July 1848.

Friday

My Dear Mrs. Beard.

We have, for a novelty, fixed, as our autumnal abiding-place, on

(I must go over leaf to write it)

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LONDON.

Broadstairs!

—where, in a larger house than usual, is a bed (and bedstead) perpetually at your service, and where you are expected every Saturday for the next eight or ten weeks.

N. B. A boat for Margate every Saturday afternoon, at half past three. On Sunday next, ribs of venison. On Sunday week, a haunch of ditto, just sent up from Northamptonshire.

Poor Fanny still lingers on, to the amazement of the doctors and all who see how worn and wasted she is. I am going down to Broadstairs tomorrow, but shall probably run up again on Monday to see her.

Do make arrangements to benefit by the air and water, regularly.

Loves from all

Ever Affecty

CD

Devonshire Terrace

Sixth September 1848.

My Dear Beard

Many thanks for your kind note, which is quite a relief to me, as I feared you must be ill. We shall certainly remain at Broadstairs until the end of the month, and shall be delighted to see you whenever you come. But I hope you will defy the Baldwinians, and stay at least a fortnight.

Poor Fanny is the

buried on Friday. I begin to think, like the monk who spoke to Wilkie, that we are the shadows, and pictures the more robust realities.

Affectionately always

CD.

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LONDON.

es

Devonshire Terrace

Tuesday Twelfth December

1848.

My Dear Beard

I want to ask you a question. Will you give me a call as you go by, tomorrow morning, on your way to Shoe Lane and the great Propagator?

Faithfully Ever

CD.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty First June 1849.

My dear old Mus'a Beard.

No! The villain Bentley has been true to himself and false to Cockram and the inimitable. The book has never come. I imagine it must have reached Forster, for he noticed it (or I am greatly mistaken) in the Examiner. But the inimitable B has it not.

Come and dine with us at 5 on Sunday week — next Sunday we are going out. We will have out the Battledores, leaping-poles, and

THE DIC
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48 DOU
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other athletic instruments—including a glass of rare port, and a bottle of iced gin punch.

You are right Sir. June is a fine month for the country. On the 1st of August we shall disappear, and if you dont come and stop a long time and keep on coming and stopping a long time until the end of September, you'll find yourself in the wrong box, ever after. I have not decided on the place yet, but it will be down a railroad, and where

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LONDON.

there is good sea bathing. You may rely upon that, my buck.

I should have written to you yesterday but when I went to see certain Highlanders go mad in Holland Park, and didn't get home until midnight. McIan was in a frightful state of perspiratorial excitement.

Ever affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

C. D.
Devonshire Terr
July 18. 1849

Devonshire Terrace.

Wednesday Eighteenth July 1849.

My Dear Mus'e Beard.

I came to town last night, and immediately dispatch my report.

Behold my address from Monday next, until the end of September

Inimitable B.

Winterbourne Villa
Bonchurch
Isle of Wight

! ! ! ! ! !

There is a Waterfall in the grounds. And I have driven a carpenter almost mad by changing it into a

Shower Bath

= = = =

—with a fall of 150 feet! It is really an exquisite place altogether. As to getting at it. You leave Waterloo Station at ½ past 10 — get to Portsmouth at ½ past 2 — cross in a steamboat, in half an hour, to Ryde, and come on, either in a stage coach or a fly. No such scenery in England, certainly. I say no more until you come. All you have got to do, now, is to name your own time, and stay ours — which is, at the lowest, a fortnight, on a penance of leaping, with a pole, over a boiling machine (full of children) and three horses. But you must arrange for more visits than one – and look alive.

We were dreadfully shocked at Broadstairs, by seeing the Baldwinian Twins, whom I have taken the liberty of calling

The Measeliest Twins

– as opposed to the Siamese. Oh the apparent age of those young codgers! They were on the sands, in the blue stage of rickets, with their small noses very red, and pinched up sharp at the ends. They slobbered as they dangled over the nurse's shoulder, and feebly crowing, looked out to sea, as if

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they were expecting the Marine Goblins who had changed them at their birth, to come and fetch them away to towers of slime and sea weed. It was a dreadful spectacle — with a vague smell of cheese about it — and one I never can forget.

Ever Heartily

Charles Dickens

To the Editor of the Morning Herald

Sir.

Knowing the extent of your acquaintance with sporting subjects, I make no apology for asking you the following question.

Can you (or any of your numerous correspondents) inform me of the date of the birth of the lively young colt, Holiday, got by Brand out of Baldwin?

Your obedient Servant

Master Floby.

Bonchurch. Isle of Wight.
Twentieth August 1849.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Second March 1850.

My Dear Beard

Charley, the bearer, who has already distinguished himself like a Brick, at Eton - got a prize - been declared at the head of his division, and floored all the boys therein - wants in these Easter Holidays to learn to swim at the Holborn Baths, as he can't otherwise "get into the boats" - and that's not to be thought of. I am not sure, but I think I have heard you say that you know the Proprietor of

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those baths. at all events you are amphibious, and would introduce him with the best effect. Might I ask you, my ould boy, if you would call for him as you come by, tomorrow morning, and take him to the place and arrange for his being taught the noble art? I should take it very kindly.

Are you engaged on Sunday? If not, will you come and dine at half past 5, and drink Success to Household Words.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace.

Eighth July 1850.

My Dear Beard.

Fort House, Broadstairs, until the end of October!!!— which I believe is a fine month. You can't (but that you know) come down often enough, or stay long enough. I understand the Baldwinian powers will abandon those shores in September — anyway, the Fort House is the farthest from his, in all that village. And he will be still further circumvented by that tremendous fortification that

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used, in the ferocious old days, to keep the Pirates out.

A haunch of Venison will be roasted here, next Sunday at 5. Will you come?

Ever Heartily

CD.

I have just come back from Paris, where I saw Fraser, who begged to be remembered to you cordially. and told me that whenever anybody asked him for a letter of introduction to the London newspaper he "just gave him one for Birch."

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ST.
LONDON

C. D.
Broadstairs
July 8. 1850

106.

T.B. Your continued absence
from the Stairs, occasions great
surprise and consternation. Come,
and all will be forgiven. September
is a fine month. October also. Why do
you try the feelings of your friends by
prolonged absence?

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.

Sunday Ninth September 1849.

My Dear Beard.

We shall be truly and cordially delighted to see you on the 17th. You could not come at a better time, for I hope (please God) to finish my month's work on that day, or, at latest, on the next.

There is a coach leaves the Pier at Ryde, at about a quarter before 4 every day. If you time your coming from Portsmouth so as to come by that coach (which meets the boat), you will find it the

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best and cheapest conveyance, and you will find us waiting dinner for you. You will be hailed by a deputation from the Inimitable, as soon as you arrive in Bonchurch.

I am much concerned at your Baldwinian intelligence. But I hope and trust something better can be done before long.

Affectionately Ever

Charles Dickens

I have got a special curiosity in the vinous way. Leech.

Broadstairs

Tuesday First October 1850.

My Dear Ward

I hope the repentant (and inscrutable) Governor will keep his word and release you. We shall be delighted to see you, and we hope you mean to book yourself for a long holiday.

You will perhaps find a few "Household Words" here; to wit, Wills and his wife, and Horne and his wife; but we have laid on a supplementary cottage, and have plenty of

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room. Egg and Stone will be down on Monday, to keep you company o' mornings, when I am at work.

Ever My dear Beard

Affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Broadstairs, Kent
Friday Night
October Eighteenth 1850.

My Dear Beard

The enclosed hideous and infernal-looking document arrived under cover to me this morning, with the enclosed request. I have written back, to the father of those prematurely ripe little Shelleys (the twins) that I have sent it after you, but fear it may not reach you, as I know you were going to several places in quick succession.

Everybody sends best love. Stone addressed me for two hours (in the course of a walk this afternoon) after

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a stunning day's work for the receipt of "his conception of the Nibbs." The only changes in Broadstairs, are, that we had fresh Oysters (and claret) to start on, at dinner today – and that four herrings were taken last night in seventy five million, six hundred and eighty four thousand, nine hundred and fifty three, yards of net.

Ever Affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

Monday Thirty First March 1851.

You will be sorry, in the remembrance of a good many years my dear old fellow, to learn that my poor father died this morning at five and twenty minutes before six. I had taken Kate to Malvern for her health (she has a nervous illness altogether) and came down last night, almost by chance. He didn't know me, or any one, and quietly delirious until he died.

I had left him, last Wednesday evening, composed and

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pretty cheerful — but I had very very little hope of his recovery. He had kept his real malady so profoundly secret, that when he did disclose it his state was most alarmingly advanced towards this sad end. He suddenly drooped about noon yesterday, and never rallied afterwards.

Ever affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Clarence Terrace

Saturday Nineteenth April

1857.

My dear Beard.

You have heard of our domestic sorrow. This note is not to refer to it, but to a public matter for which I have long been working.

The advertisement I append on the other side of this note will appear (I send it now, only to enlighten you) in the Herald on Monday. If you will give some notice of the enclosed prospectus, and call attention to it, you will save a cause of the highest importance – to which we are all zealously bound – and will justify the owners of all the names you will find associated together; – the owner of my name not the least. /

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Kate is very low. We have let our own house, and taken the dear old Fort at Broadstairs from the middle of May until the end of October. So I hope this will prove a refreshing year for you, and often find you cooling yourself out of hot London in the sea weeks.

Ever affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace

Tuesday Thirteenth May 1851.

My Dear Disraeli.

Wills will take care that Mr Hastings shall have a book, before he leaves Devonshire House on Friday night; but the comedy cannot be given out sooner. And the Queen will not have it until the fifth act is over.

I was at first sorry (on reading your note) that you are not going yourself; but, on second thoughts, I am glad. For I shall be able to give you a snug seat at the Hanover

Square Rooms, and we shall have a New Farce there which I think will be a "Screamer."

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I am sorry for that brisk young Blade, and have observed his gradual decay. But I can't help it. What he undertakes to do, he must do – even to the plucking out of his whiskers; an embellishment which I can by no means allow in connexion with that trick. You have no idea of the work I have had. My legs swell so, with standing on the stage for hours together, that my stockings won't come off. I get so covered with sawdust among the carpenters, that my Infants don't know me. I am so astonishingly familiar with everybody else's part, that I forget my own. I roar to the Troupe in general, to that extent that the excellent Duke (who is deaf) thinks in the remoteness of his own little library that the wind is blowing hard. Tailors, painters, gasmen, property ditto, supernumeraries, all sorts of strange beings, cluster round me all day long. Actresses entreat to be allowed to wear pearls (in the Coffee-house in the morning) and I won't hear of it. I steel my heart against all the fascinations of life.

But I have set it on ~~[illegible]~~ getting

Ten thousand pounds in 2 years for the establishment of this project — and if I don't, it shall not be my fault — nor that young fellow's either

Ever affectionately

CD.

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C. D.
Devonshire Ter
May 13. 1851

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GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART,
10, LANCASTER PLACE, STRAND,

Tuesday 17th June 1851

My Dear Beard

In my "official capacity" I have three tickets to give away for our performance at the Hanover Square Rooms tomorrow night. Would you like to use them? If so, say the word, and I'll send them round straightway.

Ever affectionately

CD

Sherborne, Dorsetshire

Wednesday Evening 25th June

1857.

My dear Beard

I write to you from Macready's where we have been staying a few days, to enquire if you can make next Tuesday the 1st July a holiday? — For this reason. I have promised Charley that I will appear at 11 that morning at

Slough, armed with a hamper from Fortnum and Mason's, and take him and three other young Etonian Shavers up the river. He "knows a bank" where we can dine; and if you can come, you and I will console ourselves for our antiquity, after dinner, with a trifle of tobacco and champagne * in the stern of the vessel.

I shall write by Gipsy

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* N. B. Ice in the Hamper

dent at the Household Words office
16 Wellington Street North,
tomorrow evening, and probably
until after Wednesday. If you
will send me a line there, I hope
it will be to say that you can
come – and we'll try to make
out jovially.

Ever Heartily Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

H. W. Office

Monday 30th June
1851.

Dear Beard.

Contemplating the possibility of our being otherwise marooned by those young pirates, I have told Charley to turn-out a big galley with an awning – the latter precaution ineffectual already, as far as I am concerned. I am so burnt, that

I cannot calculate the amount of cold cream and powder that will have to be applied to my visage on Wednesday night, before I can "go on" as a youthful Lord. I don't see my way through the process.

The mail train starts from Paddington at a quarter past 10. Let us meet on the Platform at about 10.

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LONDON.

I went down to Broadstairs yesterday, and came back this morning. O the sea!—

Ever Heartily

CD

Broadstairs, Kent
Sixth October 1851. Monday

My dear Beard.

I am getting quite uneasy about you. I have a misgiving that I may be obliged to leave here on the 20th to look after our new house in town — for I am wild to begin a new book — and can't, until I am settled — and have all manner of workmen, scooping, grooving, chiselling, sawing, planing, dabbing, puttying, clinking, hammering, and going up ladders apparently with no earthly object but that of staying there until dinner time, every day. How has Horne

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been here (with a guitar) bathing at "Dumblegap," the flesh-colored Horror of maiden ladies. Here has Forster been and gone, after patronizing with suavity the whole population of Broadstairs, and impressing Tom Collin with a profound conviction that he (F) did the Ocean a favor when he bathed. Here likewise has Mrs Horne been, full of beauf. also Wills, with a frosty nose and a dribbling pretence of Shower-Bath. Likewise — but never mind who has been — you have not been — and Catherine begins to think you must have been at Somebody's wedding, and got a chill./

When ARE you coming?

Ever affecy CD

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square
Wednesday Twenty fifth November
1857.

C. Dickens presents his respects to Thomas Beard Esquire, and takes the liberty of mentioning that the above premises will be On View on Sunday next at 5 O'Clock exactly, when refreshments (modestly assuming the form of dinner) will be provided free of charge.

Tavistock House

Thursday Fifth February
1852

My Dear Beard

Next Saturday as ever is, is the Inimitable's Birthday. Will you come and dine with us, and drink that noble creature's health, at 6. Ever Yours

CD

Thomas Beard Esquire

Tavistock House
Monday Evening
29th March 1852

My Dear Beard

Evans — strong in conscious Probity — returns me the enclosed answer to my note of remonstrance. I had an idea of trampling on his body, but he seems to dance a wild hornpipe on mine.

Ever Heartily Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

121.

C. D.
Tavistock Ho
June 29. 1852

Tavistock House

Tuesday Evening

Twenty Ninth June 1852

My Dear Beard.

The Mail train leaves Paddington at 1/4 past 10. A.M. At 10 [illegible] precisely, the only real Inimitable will appear with a cheerful countenance in the Booking Office, to take his place for Windsor (N.B. Not Slough).

I have ordered a box of cold mutton sandwiches, some Captains' biscuits, and a pint and a half

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of Mild Porter in a bottle. These we shall take with us. And I think — with such a basket — we shall be as nearly as possible all right.

Ever affectionately

CD

Timber's compliments. He has given up all idea of sending down his name and race. He usually sits, with his fore legs (a little bowed) very wide apart, and his head apparently nailed by the left ear to the kitchen door.

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10 Camden Crescent, Dover

Twenty Second July 1852

My Dear Beard.

This is to certify that the undersigned has taken this pleasant and commodious Family Residence for eleven or twelve weeks. Also, that there is a capital spare room; and that if you don't make a longer stay than you did last year, you'll find yourself rather falling into disrepute. The Theatrical campaign will occupy a fortnight, beginning on the 22nd. of August. I mention this, as a guide to your arrangements, as I ain't a going to

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stand your racking with the Cyder Cup and cold punch in my absence. As is my boy. You must be looked after.

I hear of two small green objects with an ancient and fish-like smell proceeding from their surfaces — which are not piles — or watermarks — having been seen on the beach at Broadstairs. I am inclined to think they must be the Daldevinian twins. The oldest traveller says that he has never seen any thing like 'em.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Tavistock House

Saturday Twenty Third October

1852

My Dear Beard.

We have now come home for good, and I hope shall see you soon and often.

In proof of the steadiness of the Inimitable, I enclose you a letter I sent by John to the Morning Herald Office three weeks ago. He heard you were in Ireland and brought it back again.

Ever Heartily Yours

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Tavistock House

Tuesday Twenty Second June
1852

My Dear Beard. Thursday the first of July is a holiday at Eton. Are you game for a water party on that day? Say yes, and Lemon (who is a jolly fellow) shall be our coadjutor and comrade in league against the Wops — Fortnum and Mason shall come to the rescue — and Mahogany shall be unimpeached.

Ever Yours Faithfully
CD

Thomas Beard Esquire

Boulogne, Sunday Eighteenth September
1853.

My Dear Beard

We shall indeed be delighted to see you on Thursday, and I hope you will so arrange your stay as that we may return together on the 1st. or 2nd. of October, when I shall have to go to town. Of this when we meet.

You must be passed through the custom house, like something to drink through a strainer, on your arrival, without human help. But you will have no need to say anything whatever, if you be forearmed with one of your cards, whereon is legibly written

restant chez M. Charles Dickens
Villa des Moulineaux
Boulogne

If you deliver that to a warlike functionary of Saracenic aspect, to whom you will be presented in an inner chamber and who wil be engaged in marking ~~cabalastic~~ cabalis signs on the passports of your fellow Voyage who are provided therewith, (you want none) he will pass you on as a matter of course. At a few miles' distance you will be waylaid by three implacable Gauls who will lay hold of your great coat, and ask "Est-c que Monsieur ait quelque chose a declarer?" Whereupon you will blandly

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smile, and reply "Rien" (therein not imitating Forster, who, the other day, not at all understanding the enquiry, said after a moment's reflection with the sweetness of some choice wind instrument "Bon jour!"— and was immediately seized)

These Gauls, relenting, will then pass you through a little door into the outer air, where you will be received with yells from an infuriated populace, exactly like the unfortunate prisoners of September. A manly arm will then dash the multitude aside — you will be saved — and find yourself on the bosom of the Sparkler of Albion.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

P.S.

The Plornishghenter's compliments. Your

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C. D.
Boulogne
Sept 18. 1853

The boat leaves Folkestone that day at a quarter past one. You will reach Boulogne between 3 and 4. Have your luggage labelled Boulogne at London Bridge, and you have — and can have — nothing more to do with it.

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Tavistock House

Thursday Second February 1854

My Dear Beard

Next Tuesday is my birthday. We purpose on that great National occasion going down to Waite's at Gravesend, and there dining at 5 o'Clock. Will you join us? Or do you think you could manage a whole holiday? In that case we would go pelting down by steamer early in the morning, walk to Rochester, and return through Cobham Woods – taking a clean pair of boots, for comfort's sake, in a carpet bag.

If the Griffin does not put his hoof

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in the business, I think this would be pleasant.

Ever Faithfully

CD

P.S. The other day I heard the nurse say to the Baby; "Master Plornish Maroon, there's your pa a callin for you."

Tavistock House
Sunday Night
Fifth February 1854

My Dear Beard.

Unless the day on Tuesday should be what the Americans call "a regular Down Easter", I purpose taking the Blackwall Train which leaves Fenchurch Street at 12 - and you know (I believe) that a little thing won't put me off. In case of your being by any accident (which Fate and its attendant Griffins forbid!) detained, there is a train from London Bridge Terminus at 2, and another at 3..40. Hostelry, Waite's Hotel Gravesend. Dinner hour, 5.

Ever cordially Yours
CD

Thomas Beard Esquire

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne

Friday July Fourteenth 1854

Dear Beard

Will you dine with me at the Garrick, next ~~[illegible]~~ Friday – this day week – at a quarter past 6? I want to report the glories of this eagle's nest on the top of the hill, and to impress your mind with the family sentiment that you ought to have a months' holiday this year.

Ever Cordially Yours

CD

C. D.
Sept 23. 1854

Villa du camp de droite, Boulogne

Saturday Twenty Third September
1854

My Dear Beard.

Catherine is at last persuaded that October really is the finest month in the year at the seaside — though she is not yet quite converted to that other axiom concerning the salutary effects of going to ~~[illegible]~~ bed at 8 o'Clock.

You shall be received on Wednesday with open arms. And if you don't come for a much longer stay than you made last year, I shall cut off the ~~[illegible]~~ "Cu-ra-çoa and Bis-kits", as a mark of my dissatisfaction all you will have to do in that official strainer through which you are filtere on landing, will be to say—(in English if you prefer it) "Monsieur, I have no passport;" and to produce your card with this written on it—"Ve chez M. Charles Dickens, Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne." You will be passed on immediately. As soon as you are let out, by the cocked hats, at a little door, exclaim (majestically "Monsieur Van Loo!" A Bein of semi-official, semi-military aspect, with a capacity of speaking English, will the appear, to whom you will deliver your card, your key, a verbal description of your portmante and the magic name of your host. Smiles wil illuminate his visage; you will have no mor trouble about your baggage, and will pass lightly on, until cheered still further by a countenance radiantly expressive of mild benevolence.— Need I say whose!

The weather has turned delicious

and fires are pleasant here. Though your visit has been so long postponed, I hope you may be here after all in the most agreeable time of *this* year. We had a bright day yesterday with a sharp North wind blowing, – the perfection of a noble Autumn day. It has been very hot through the summer, though at this height the air ~~has~~ been almost always fresh.

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I will not detract from the agreeable effect I shall produce upon you, by letting off any small news at present. We shall all be most heartily glad to see you — which is no news, and may therefore be mentioned.

The Plornish Maroon is in a brilliant state; beating all former babies into what they call in America (I don't exactly know why) sky-blue fits. He thinks you will be interested with the

Camp, in reference to which the most ridiculous thing I know is the ~~[illegible]~~ practice of the trumpeters — of whom there appear to be about two to every Private. These unfortunates have been dispersed, all through the summer, in lonely corn-fields, bean crops, pasture-lands, and by-places of all sorts, incessantly blowing their lives away, and never doing any one of the calls right. One wizen little burnt up youth from the South, practised on the ~~[illegible]~~ road outside our garden gate, all through July and August, when the heat was intense. Two shaggy and immense creatures with enormous beards — so broad across the chest, that you couldn't take in with your eye their two rows of buttons at once — instructed him. They were led up and down grass, with him between them. Without the least effort, they blew such prodigious blasts that the old High Town shook to every note. Then they left off, eyed this Imbecile severely, and he broke into a miserable little cracked ululation of a broken wheeze, and trembled with the effort. I suppose him to have gasped himself into the Hospital, and to be now no more.

Ever My Dear Beard

Most Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Tavistock House

Tuesday Twenty Sixth December
1854

My Dear Beard

Will you come and dine with us next Sunday, to see the old Year out? Time, half past 6 sharp.

Ever Heartily Yours

CD

Tavistock House

Thirtieth January 1855.

My dear Beard.

Wednesday the Seventh of February is the Birthday of that illustrious creature who &c &c &c.

You remember our keeping it in a jolly sort of way, at Gravesend last year? Will you come and do likewise, this year? I shall order the festive Banquet to be spread at 5, but propose to go down for a walk (accompanied by a dry pair of boots) by North Kent Train from London Bridge

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at 12 at Noon.

Ever faithfully

CD

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Tavistock House.

Tuesday Twentieth March 1855.

My Dear Beard

I am going down next Tuesday (I have been going for three years), to read the Carol to the Railway workpeople at Ashford. Lemon and Wills are going too. We purpose starting by the 11.30 Fast Train, getting a country stroll, dining at the Inn (to the dire confusion of various intended hospitalities) and coming home by the Mail in the night. I can frank the party up and down the Railway. If you should be able to spare the day and would like the expedition, will you come?

Cordially Ever

CD

C. D.
Tavistock Ho
July 6. 1855

Tavistock House

Friday Sixth July 1855

My Dear Beard

I have conceived a capital plan for initiating you into the oddities of the coulisses at Campden House; but it will involve your being there two evenings, and, on the first evening (Monday) rather early.

The Swell-amateurs who do the afterpiece, have so wholesome a dread of the Inimitable, and the Inimitable is so strict about the

keeping of the Stage; that the said Inimitable
feels bound to uphold his own laws. Ther
he considers that everybody who is "Struck",
must have something to do in that sacred
ground. Now, if you will do the wind
(it is only to turn the handle of a machin
there you are — in office!

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But, in order to blow with
distinguished merit, it will be necessary
on Monday Evening (when there is a Dress
Rehearsal) to rehearse the storm befo
the people come in, under the auspices
of Charley whom I have trained to the
government of the elements. On the

night it would be necessary to be at Campden House by 6. Can you manage that? On the following night, 8 would be a sufficiently early hour. Charley will be dining, I dare say, somewhere near Shoe Lane; and he shall call for you, there or anywhere, if you will give me your directions.

If you could have seen me yesterday, with a wretched Idiot (of large property) who was yaw-yawing through the part of a French Viscount with a walking stick of private life — how it was necessary to take his walking stick away from him, and inform ~~the~~

ENS HOUSE
ARY
HTY ST.
DON.

the same. - and how he was pulled up, and driven on, and pushed in, and turned round, and forced on, and taken off, like a sort of Image; until at last he fell into a kind of moral drunkenness, and staggered about in mere moon-struck imbecility - you would have wondered as much as I did (or, I suppose, he did), why the Devil he ever came there.

Ever Cordially

CD

Folkestone, Sunday Seventh October 1855

My Dear Mark.

I have been waiting day after day in the hope of hearing from you to the pleasant effect that you were coming down. But, anticipating generally where the Shoe (Lane) pinched, forbore to write.

This morning I received your letter. Some intention had been upon me to start for Paris next Saturday. But you may rest assured that nothing will stir ~~f~~ me from this post until the Monday you mention — unless it should be very very fine on Saturday or Sunday, and I should persist in carrying you over to Boulogne. In which case you will put yourself entirely in your old Doctor's hands, and will take all his prescriptions, as of old, with submission and confidence.

impassive was stout in the midst of a perfect Stonehenge of white basins, contradicting the Steward.

Kindest remembrances to all at home.

Ever My Dear Beard

Heartily Yours

Charles Dickens

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Next Thursday I shall be in town, to preside at a dinner to Thackeray. Consequently Sir, you will have the goodness to come back with me next Friday by Day-Express at half past One. Various light restoratives shall be prepared, and if I don't screw that peg up something higher in four and twenty hours — never believe in me again.

It blew a gale of wind last night, and Stone and Egg went across in the Steamer this morning. With a heavy Sou Wester rolling in, about five and thirty feet high, the oldest Dig of Digs persisted in assuring me (wagging his head from side to side), that "it wasn't rough my boy". The passengers were all put below — the captain having some unaccountable impression that it wasn't smooth — they went out, with the sea curling over the masts and raining down the funnel — and the last sound I heard before they dashed ~~out~~ into the uproar

and impression was Stone in the midst of a perfect Stone laugh of which

H. W. Office

First July, 1856

My Dear Beard.

Will you come here tomorrow at 6 (no party) to eat Turtle and a steak.

Ever Heartily

CD

Tavistock House
Monday Eighth September 1856

My Dear Beard.

We have all come away from Boulogne! — Not deliberately to jockey you out of your share in the Moulineaux, but because I received a warning so pressing from my friend Dr Olliffe in Paris, of the necessity of removing the children out of the reach of a dangerous Epidemic there, that I had nothing for it but to send them off by the next boat, and follow, myself, a fortnight afterwards. Poor a Beckett's death had saddened the air of the place besides, and my people were all gloomy.

So here we are!—

Can you make a day for a walk

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W.C.1.

in the Gad's Hill neighbourhood, and a dinner of consolation at Gravesend? I am your man for that, or any other similar expedition —

Ever Cordially

CD.

Tavistock House

First October 1856.

My Dear Beard

How's the foot? How are you getting on? What does the doctor say? What do _you_ say? Can you walk? Can you eat and drink? Is there a probability of your being able to toe the scratch on a bright cool October day (a fine month _October_!) and ~~[illegible]~~ furnish the consolation-dinner?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Tavistock House

Tuesday Fourteenth October
1856.

My Dear Beard

I will write to poor old Guy, telling him (Heaven save the mark, it is true!) that I have no influence with the Barnacles. Between ourselves, I think it hard for a case with a literary claim.

Let me know when you are able to walk.

Kindest regard from all.
Ever Faithfully
CD.

Tavistock House

Tuesday Twenty Third December 1856.

My Dear David

I am vexed to have seen your card twice, and not to have seen you. New servant – unlearned in the privileged faces.

If it should be a fine dry day next Sunday, what do you say to a walk at Gads Hill?

Ever Faithfully

CD

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne S/M.

Saturday June Twenty First 1856.

Dear Beard.

As I hope it may be pleasant to you in the midst of Baldwin and Botheration (alliterative words for the same thing), to know how your holiday-quarters look, I scramble out of Little Dorrit's affairs to make a short report on the subject.

Beaucourt has grubbed up about half the trees that were here when we were here before, and has consequently improved the place remarkably. It is a great deal more free and fresh. Having had some months in which to prepare for us (for I wrote to him last February) he has also planted the garden with flowers in that ingenious manner that there is to be an uninterrupted succession of novelty during the whole of our stay. Plants in pots, also abound in the greatest profusion. It is really very beautiful; and he is so charmed himself with what he has done, that he is perpetually flying out of that house at the top of the Hill to look at it. Occasionally in the morning I find him lying down in the sandy paths, in order to get his nose and eyes on a evel with the roses. I am inclined to doubt whether any body else since Adam has been so fond and proud of a garden.

Our cook, growing infirm, has left us for a smaller family, and so arranged her departu as that we might have a Frenchwoman during our stay here. We have accordingly got a cook from the Prefect, of whom I think you will approve. She is at present (while we are alone) going gravely through her performances. She has an immense number: having been a fortnight at it, and shewing no signs of xhaustion. I take my seat on the Bench every day half past five, and try a new case. If I spe any prevalent offence in the calendar, I should say t was butter; but on the whole the state of the kitchen is highly gratifying. I have directed a ross and the word "Beard" to be put against several decisions in the filed records of the Court.

/ Bourgois, the wine merchant, is in the best condition. I could get no such wines as his in Paris, for double the money at least. The dinner Bordeaux is remarkably good this time; and some ight cool white wines, as Chablis and Sauterne, I have already in the most charming order. But the cellar here is worth any thing, and I could desire to have no better at Tavistock House. It is the only weak point of that Establishment.

(Talking of which, reminds me that there an amazing cellar at Gad's Hill, and that my pe were singing here the other night, Lord! Mr Beard would be able again next year, after all these years, to come down again on a Saturday!)/

Those unfortunate Cattermoles are still with the more unfortunate Beaucourt, and I don't see how he is ever to get rid of them until they have died out. I was talking to him about them in the avenue here the other evening, and he admitted, on being hard pressed, that Monsieur Cattermole "promised always, but that's all." They have an English nurse whom they can't discharge because they can't pay her her wages, and who, in consequence *will* stay, and *won't* work. One of the little boys is the cook — "that poor Walter — cooks always," said Beaucourt. "They have broken nearly all the glass and china, and have nothing or next to nothing for use. That poor Vincent of the weak head — that child afflicted — I have him to work in the garden with me, good infant (for it keeps his brain sounder), and he dines with us every day — lives with us — Madame Beaucourt has so much love and pity for that boy! I am desolated for them all." — "And for yourself, Beaucourt," said I, "you good fellow. Don't you say anything about yourself?" — "Ah Monsieur Dickens, pardon me, it's not worth the trouble — it's nothing — don't let us speak of it!" — and he pulled off his cap after we had shaken hands, and went backing up the avenue with such a generous, simple, amiable face, that I half expected to see him back himself straight into the Evening-Star (which was at the end of it), without going through the ceremony of dying first.

I do hope, and we do all hope, that you will take a good month this year. You want that period of relief and rest, I am sure; and I don't believe that your taking less, does you the least good with that rheumatic Bedlamite. On the contrary, I think he would care a great deal more about you if he had missed you more.

When I next come to town I will send you round a note, and propose a little dinner at the Household Words office — in order that John may not grow rusty. In the meantime and ever, with kindest loves from all here to all your home,

Ever My Dear Beard
Heartily Yours
Charles Dickens

I have forgotten to mention the Curaçoa and bis—kits", but they are all right.

Dickens
June 24. 1856

Villa des Moulineaux, Boulogne.

Sunday Twenty Eighth August 1853.

My Dear Beard

Having finished my book, I lose no time in reporting progress, and expressing the hope we all have that you will not be so unmindful of the precedents as to let another season go by without coming to see us.

We have a charming doll's country-house here, of many rooms, with large and extremely pretty gardens — all fluttering and frisking in the shadows of no end of trees, but within ten minutes walk (regular advertisement distance) of the Post Office. French cookery. Excellent light wines. Conservatory to smoke in &c &c &c.

I purpose going on into Italy on Monda
the 10th of October. Any time between this
day and that, which will suit you, will
suit us perfectly. Your bed is always aired
and ready, and you can't come too soon or
go too late.

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The Baldwinian sea Powers are
abroad (I hear) at Spithead in great force
by their profoundly unreasonable majesty the
propitiations for escapement from Shoe
Lane!

I think you know what a fine
month September usually is? But it
really ought to be a finer month than
usual this year, seeing how it has raine

and blown in these parts since Sunday.

All unite in loves. Wills and his wife are here. Wills took a warm bath yesterday – which, in his own words, "prostrated" him. He crawled home at the rate of half a mile an hour, and then madly and with a horrible intensity on which comment would be superfluous, tried to set himself up with – Seltzer Water!

There is no home news beyond this, except that the baby's name is The Plornishghenter, and that the Inimitable wears a Satanic and gloomy moustache.

Ever Heartily Yours
My Dear Beard
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

ENS HOUSE
ARY
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N.

Tavistock House

~~Thursday~~
Wednesday Twenty Eighth January 1857

My Dear Beard

Will you "make a note" to the effect that you dine with me on my Birthday, Saturday week the 7th. of February? I will let you know whether we dine at Gravesend or at home here: which will mainly depend on the weather. In the first-named contingency, how is the foot?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Tavistock House

Thursday Fifth February 1857

My Dear Beard

The weather being so severe, we will dine here on Saturday. Hour, 6. Best wine on the premises (and that "not bad," as Mitton says) to be broached on the occasion.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Tavistock House

Tuesday Night

Twenty Fourth February 1857.

My Dear Beard

I had heard of the first calamity, but not of the second. Your letter is a painful surprise to me in so far as it concerns your own treatment — if I can say, without making an Ass of myself, that anything would surprise me in that association.

If Saturday evening will suit you equally well, let me propose that we dine at the Garrick at 6. We will be alone of course. A glass of good wine may take the taste of that

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Scum out of our mouths — and it must be pelf strong in yours by this time. If this should not suit you, of course I am at your disposal in the morning of the same day; but the evening is better, as being more like one of our old Saturdays. Write me just a word in reply.

I went down yesterday to look at your country quarters. I said when I came home at night that they would set you up; and now I feel that they are fresh enough — ab: ken to get you in training for another Baldwin — if there should be another in reserve for the sons of men and of Hof church.

Don't be cast down. Cheer up and you will soon be the better for this. If I were you, I would above all things leave a card for Delane without a day's delay. You need do no more, — but do that.

Ever Heartily CD

Tavistock House

First March 1857

My Dear Beard

I have been preached against here, for forgetting an engagement — as I always do, unless I consult a neat pocket ledger, which I invariably carry and — as invariably — never look at. I am bound over to eat a dinner on Wednesday.

Therefore let us postpone our theatrical trip for a little while. I will keep my eye on the bills, and look out for the American actress's most characteristic piece.

I shall be very much interested in knowing what passes between you and the vicious old dotard, next Thursday. Perhaps you will write

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me the result, on Friday or Saturday, addressed to the Bedford at Brighton.

Ever Cordially

CD.

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Tavistock House

Sunday March Fifteenth 1857

My Dear Beard

I had begun to think that the Knoxian dotard and feeble Bacchus of Bankruptcy, might be playing fast and loose. Consequently your letter was a great relief to me, and I am now confirmed in my hopes that, whatever becomes of the Paper, your position is permanently improved.

As to those two incurable cows in Shoe-Lane, Baldwin and Knox – it is quite clear that eradication is the only possible resource.

Your hard work will only leave you Saturdays for a chance of a Play. Next Saturday I am engaged; but if you will mind

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yourself over for Saturday week the 28th: and will appoint—a day or two before—your own hour for our meeting at the Household Words office, we will go and dine somewhere, and I will be ready with the place of entertainment.

Ever Heartily Yours

CD.

Your summer quarters are progressing famously. I shall not let you see them, now, until the workmen are out, and they have got their clean shirt on.

Tavistock House

Thursday Twenty Third April

1857

My Dear Edmund

I have engaged Delane to dine here on Saturday the Ninth of May at half past 6, sharp. Will you hold yourself engaged accordingly.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Office of Household Words.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 16, Wellington Street North – Strand.

Tuesday Twelfth May 1857

My Dear Beard

I am sorry to find (your card being sent down to me here, with my letters), that you called at home this morning. Could you call at Tavistock House again tomorrow morning at 10?

Are you engaged *this afternoon*? If not, we dine here (B and E, Lemon and Forster). It's our half yearly audit Day. Half past five. Can you come? If you can — do.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Tavistock House

Thursday Evening

Ninth July, 1857.

My Dear Beard

I omitted to ask you yesterday, whether you would like to see the Play from the Proscenium Wing, on Saturday night. If you would, managerial potentiality can achieve it. In that case be in the entrance hall (where we went in yesterday) at ¼ before 8, and Walter shall be waiting to bring you round to the stage.

Ever Heartily

CD.

Tavistock House

Thursday Nineteenth November
1857

My Dear Beard

I want very much to see you — and to know what you are about — and to be told where you have been hiding all the summer.

Can you come and dine with us next Sunday at half past Five?

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Monday Fifth April 1858

My Dear Beard

The Hospital sending me four tickets, I send you one; thinking you may like to use it, either in person or by proxy.

It has become so impossible to comply with these Reading Petitions and the Readings attract such very large audiences, that I have all but decided (between ourselves) to read on for my own profit. In that case, I shall read The Cricket, The Chimes, and The Haunted Man, at this same place, in May; and you will have, you may be sure, timely notice of things

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free of the Temple.

It was a wonderful go, in Edinburgh. Certainly the most intelligent audience (2000 strong) I have ever had to do with; and shewing a capacity of being affected by the pathetic parts, such as I never saw before.

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Saturday Morning Seventeenth April
1858

My Dear Beard

I have begged Arthur Smith (who directs all the business) to send you 2 stalls for each of my readings, and I hope I shall never miss my old friend's face. If you will follow into my little room when I go out for the ~~[illegible]~~ five minutes, you will always find Sherry and Ice there.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Saturday First May 1858

My Dear Lord

I was heartily sorry to learn (before I received your kind note last night), that that abominable foot of yours, wouldn't come to the Hall last Thursday. If it should keep away next Thursday, I should begin to think, from its boastful persistence in Unreason, that it must be Somebody else's foot, which you have laid off by mistake.

They crammed 70 more people into the place, the other night, than were ever got into it before — though we were quite clear, on the Children's Hospital Night, that one more could

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by no means be crammed in. I think some people are a little afraid of the Chimes. To tell you the truth, I am not yet – a little so myself, for I cannot yet (and I have been at it all the morning) command sufficient composure at some of the more affecting parts, to project them with the necessary force, the requisite distance.

I must harden my heart, like Lady Macbeth.

Wills will write to you about coming down to Gad's Hill next Tuesday Week (Household Words Audit Day) and staying all night.

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Gads Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Tuesday Evening Sixth July, 1858

My Dear Beard

I am anxious that you should come (if you can and will), and have a little country idleness here, this month. I say this month, because on the 2nd of August I go away on a long Reading Tour, which, with occasional Saturday rushes to London, will hold me engaged until November. Now, see how I stand. On Wednesday and Thursday the 14th and 15th I read. On Friday the 16th I return here. Can't you come too? The Forsters may be with us for a day or two, but you know we are elastic in our accommodations and more than elastic in our

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Welcome Dove. Can you manage to come then, and stay until I roam away into the wide world of Readings?

Write me a word in answer here, or see me in my room at St Martin's Hall between the parts next Thursday night. There is always Sherry and Ice for you, and you never come to take it.

Ever affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Sunday First August 1858.

My Dear Beard

I bring with me to Tavistock House, "to be left till called for", a little writing-case in a cover, which I think belongs to you.

Ever affecy

CD

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Thursday Fourteenth October 1858.

My Dear Beard

I write to you in the greatest haste — just home from Glasgow — before starting again, this morning, for Bradford.

Edmund Yates has brought me the enclosed advertisement, and has asked me whether I thought it likely to have attracted your notice? He tells me that he has reason for confidently believing that there *is* decidedly capital.

The Inimitable's success, enormous. Between ourselves, the clear profits of the Readings, after payment of all the charges which are necessarily heavy — one thousand pounds per month!

Ever affectionately
CD.

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham
Wednesday Twentieth October 1858.

My dear Beard

I don't think I ever was more impressed by an absurdity, than by the wonderful prospect you describe. It is amazing.

Have you made any application to these men who are now in power, for any sort of public employment? I really think that you might stand a reasonably fair chance of getting something, on a statement of your history, and on a reference to the Inimitable as an old fellow-'Prentice, and a comrade of some quarter of a century and more.

Dickens House Library 48 Doughty St. London.

Do think of this. Forster was speaking to me with all his best earnestness about it, the other day.

I took it into my head last night, to read the Trial from Pickwick last. It was a great go. And when Mr Serjeant Buzfuz said "Call Samuel Weller!", they gave a great thunder of applause, as if he were really coming in.

Kindest regards to all at home.

Ever affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Friday Evening Seventh May, 1858

My Dear Beard

Shall I come and see you? If you would like to behold the countenance of the Inimitable, say so by Post, and I'll come on Sunday.

Gad's Hill shall not yet be given up. It shall *not* be given up! — said my uncle Toby.

Some of the people about me, were also doubtful of the Chimes. I once was rather so myself, but, having written it, thoroughly resolved to read it;

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whether or no. As soon as I began to lay hold of it, I told Arthur Smith that I believed it would be a tremendous success — and I think there is no doubt that it topped the others by a great height last night. I have heard in all directions to-day that the effect was amazingly strong.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Saturday Night

Thirty First December, 1859

My Dear Beard

I send up my best wishes to my dear old friend for a happy new Year, and many happier years. And I send with them, half a dozen of an old liqueur brandy not easy to get. Remember me in it!

Ever Faithfully and affectionately

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. W.C.

Saturday Twenty fifth June 1859

Dear Frank Beard

My bachelor state has engendered a small malady on which I want to see you. I am at Gad's Hill for the summer, but have come up this morning on purpose. Will you let me know at what time today it will be convenient to you to call here, and also at what time you leave home; so that *if* the former should be incompatible with my train, I may come up to you at once ——.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London: W.C.

Friday Second Decr 1859

My Dear Frank Beard

Will you call upon me here today, after you leave home? I shall expect you between 1 and 2, but, any way, will wait until you come. What I principally want to know is, whether your medicine irritates my skin. In other respects, I hope I am certainly better.

Don't trouble yourself to write.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

Gads Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Friday Twenty Ninth July. 1859.

My Dear Frank Beard

I am very little better — really very little. But I have stuck steadily to the remedies of the prescription, and will do so until I see you on Tuesday. They should have a fair trial, and they *may* ultimately be more efficacious than I have yet found them. Therefore I think it best, on the whole, not to come to town before my regular day.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens

Frank Beard Esquire

Gad's Hill Place.
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Saturday Sixth August, 1859

My Dear Frank Beard

I hope that both the new medicines have prevailed, and nearly thrown the enemy. On Tuesday at the usual time I shall expect you at the office, and trust to have a good report to make to you.

Ever Affectionately

CD

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late
No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London: W.C.

Tuesday Evening Twenty Ninth January 1861.

My Dear Beard

We have taken a furnished house in town until Midsummer, — No. 3 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park. If you will come and dine with us there on my birthday, Thursday 7th. February at half past 6, we shall be delighted to see you. No set party.

Answer here, as we don't take possession until Monday.

☞ I am going to read again at Saint James's Hall in March.

Ever affecy

CD.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Tuesday Twelfth June 1860.

My Dear Beard.

The girls feel that Katie's marriage cannot possibly come off, without the presence of the ancient friend of the venerable parient. This is, therefore, to require you to be at this house on the morning of Tuesday the Seventeenth day of July in this present year of Our Lord, to grace the Nuptials then to be solemnized in the parochial church of Higham [N. B. No connexion, I hope, with a similar ceremony performed in a metropolitan edifice some four and twenty years ago.)

You shall know all about the hour of coming down, as the day approaches. It will be a very quiet affair indeed. If it will be

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convenient to you to begin your annual stay in these parts, that day; it will be perfectly so to us. But we mean to cure you this year, of your habit of walking off too soon.

Lord, how the time and Life steal on! It was but yesterday that Katie always had a scratched knee — and it was but the day before yesterday when there was no such creature.

Ever My Dear Beard
Heartily Yours
CD

Office of All the Year Round.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London: W.C.

Saturday Fifth April 1862

My Dear Beard.

I don't think there can be any objection to your replying that there would seem reason for the Unknown's trying again. He may be worth something (it is difficult to say: for most of the Lunatic stories that he tells, I know already), and if he be, so much the better for both sides.

I saw Mrs Frank with you on last Thursday, and looking wonderfully handsome. The general improvement in the audiences is very remarkable; they are so much more quick and so much more delicate than they used to be. Of course it is to be supposed that one knows better how to do it after hard practice and experience, but the audiences refine too in a very curious way.

Will you come and dine at the nastiest little house in London (16 Hyde Park Gate South) tomorrow week,

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at 6? We are not likely to have any one with us but Charley Collins and Katie.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Fechter in the last act of Ruy Blas is very fine and violent.

Paris. Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Saturday Fifteenth November. (1862

My dear Beard.

I feel that I have no right to argue the case with you, as you state it in the letter which breathes your own spirit and rectitude. and yet there are half a dozen words which I think I ought not to leave unsaid, because they seem essential to the plainness of the case and its completeness.

On my side of the question (I adopt your phrase because there is no better one), I think all requisites are embodied in a gentleman and an attached friend. I think no other combination of qualities would be half so efficient.

On your side of the question, I suppose the mere money-advantage to represent some four or five years of present employment at home. I also take into account the probability that the kind of repute attaching to such an experience and trust, would be helpful afterwards.

These two paragraphs sum up all that I want to explain.

I have come to no decision; and I find the difficulty of making up my mind enormous. The Indian idea is a fine one; but it might be that Australia and Tasmania would fill up all the time — and pocket too. And I have a notion that I would perhaps see that country in its present rough state of

transition, from some point of view (for after-use in fiction) that has not yet struck any man's fancy. I spoke to Bulwer about it, here, the other day; and his unlimited confidence in this ~~[illegible]~~ possibility was almost absurd. — It certainly was immensely greater than *mine*.

Georgy and Mamey send their best love, and say (shaking their heads over their work), "but he never comes to Gad's." It's of no use my urging "he won't", or "he can't"; they reply (you know what the sex is), "it's because you don't fix a time." Whereupon I tear my hair, and explain "Damn it, *I do* fix a *time*" (you know my passing ~~[illegible]~~ bursts, after the manner of my "poor father"); they only shake their heads again, and I scowl at them gloomily, and pretend that I am not looking at them. Now come. The Saturday or Sunday after Christmas Day. Can't you come to us for a couple of days then? Katie will be with us, I dare say — and my son Charley — and his preposterous *child*! Think of the unmitigated nonsense of our inimitable grandfather!

My Dear Beard

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26. Wellington Street. Strand. London. W.C

Thursday Twenty Sixth February 1863

My dear Beard.

I have come back for good (after setting Paris on fire — I wish you could have seen and heard a Sparkling *there*!! , and I want to know when you will come to Gad's. Saturday week the 7th? Sunday the 8th? Saturday fortnight the 14th? Say when.

I am going to read at the Hanover Square Rooms: having changed the place, for the love of the more delicate points. My three nights in March are Friday the 6th: Wednesday the 11th: Friday the 13th: Stalls for all shall be duly sent by Headland per post.

Ever affecy Yours

CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London: W.C.

Friday Thirteenth March 1863

My Dear Beard

In case I should not see you tonight, this is to let you know that I shall go to Gad's at 10 on Sunday morning, and that the next Train (of which Peckler will come) is at 1..20. I recommend mine, if it should not be too early for you.

We have to come up to dinner on Monday, to keep a birthday with which Destiny has connected us for the last ten years — though I really can never make out why!

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Thursday Twenty Ninth October 1863

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My Dear Beard.

Thus it stands, concerning our friend (with the very bad name of) Bel Demonio.

The story is a Love-story mixed with the artful dodge of that Cardinal of old who was bowed down with age and infirmity until they chose him Pope, and then suddenly sprang up vigorous and athletic, remarking that he had stooped while looking for the keys of Saint Peter, and could stand upright now that he had found them.

Angelo a young painter (Fechter) has fitted up an atelier in certain ruins near Albano by Rome, where the star of his life is Lena Campereali (Miss Terry) daughter of the proud and powerful Campereali family, represented in the piece by the Count and Countess of that name (Mr Jordan and Miss Elsworthy) and their son Fabio (Mr Charles). In the young painter's absence, the Count and his son visit the atelier to see for themselves who and what this bold youth is, who has dared to aspire to the Campereali heights; and there they learn from Margarita (Miss Lavenne) a village-girl in attendance upon Angelo that he is "always painting one face." There being a picture then upon the Easel, Fabio examines it, ~~and~~ finds this favorite face to be his sister's, slashes the picture with his dagger, and contemptuously throws the painter, in satisfaction, a purse of money). The painter is rushing after him to fling the purse under his horse's feet when he is stopped by Rannuccio an old soldier (Mr Emery) whom he has hitherto only known as his guardian and friend but who now informs him that he assumed that trust in compliance with the last request of his (Angelo's) father. That he fought, companion in arms, at that father's side; and that he was the famous Bracciaforte, the last friend the people of Italy ever had, who was killed by the detested Orsini family. ~~Angelo was~~ He implored Rannuccio to keep his son in ignorance of his parentage until he arrived at maturity, in order that he might not become involved in hopeless enterprises against the Orsini and be prematurely slain. Now, on his way to Albano, Rannuccio has fallen in with a certain worn-out feeble old Cardinal Montalto (Mr Brougham), brother of Bracciaforte and uncle of Angelo, who keeps the secret of his ~~late~~ literal relationship to himself by reason of his aspiring to the Pontifical chair. Angelo and Rannuccio going together to the Camporeali Palace ~~[illegible]~~ openly to propose for Lena, on the strength of the Bracciaforte name, are received by the father and son with lofty insolence in this same Cardinal's presence, who then disowns his spirited nephew as a likely instrument to be used against the Orsini. The count gives Angelo to understand that Lena is to be ~~[illegible]~~ immediately married to the Count Ottavio Orsini; Angelo gives *him* to understand that he has won her love and she shall never marry that enemy of his country; and dooms the whole Orsini race to destruction. ~~[illegible]~~ A subsequent interview between Angelo and Lena (who is ~~[illegible]~~ aided in her true love by her good mother the Countess) is cut short by Angelo's being set upon by the Camporeali people, and barely getting out of a window — *and* the first act — with his life; triumphant however, in this, that Lena has solemnly promised him that if the dreaded Orsini marriage be forced on, she will fly to him for refuge.

On the anniversary of Bracciaforte's death and on the spot where he was killed, the people assemble to hear a mass performed at the chapel of Monte ~~[illegible]~~ Cavi, by a certain monk Anselmo: the only priest in Italy who dares so to ~~[illegible]~~ brave the house of Orsini, and who is really the Cardinal Montalto. The second act opens with this celebration, and

LONDON ...BURY ST.

the peasantry become engaged in a skirmish with the Campereali
~~and~~ partizans, which gives monstrous offence to the proud Count,
and which leads to more insults being heaped upon Angelo
by Fabio, and to a duel between them: in which Angelo stands
only on the defensive, and shoots the young nobleman's hat off,
instead of sending the ball, which teaches him that lesson
in politeness, through his brain. In no wise softened by
this forbearance, the young fellow rages more and more, and
resolves (in conjunction with his father) to take Angelo's life.
There has been a meeting of the Campereali family and
friends, to consider ~~what~~ how best to cement the interests of
the Campereali and Orsini ~~families~~ houses (which will become one
by the marriage of Lena with Ottavio Orsini) and what
candidate they shall set up ~~for~~ and support for the Popedom
when the election takes place, a year hence. Their object is,
to have, in the new Pope, a mere tool; and while they are
rejecting this man as too young, and that man as too spirited,
the artful Cardinal coming among them presents himself
~~as~~ such an object of decrepitude and humility, that they
cry "This is our man." So far, so good. But the Cardinal
who wants to sympathise with his nephew, and to strengthen his own hands
~~to strengthen his hands~~ by dividing the families, marries
the young lovers at the chapel of Monte Cavi, after
Lena has redeemed her promise and fled to Angelo. There
is a hot pursuit to prevent this marriage, but the lovers
make a clever escape in the dresses of two monks. The
marriage solemnized, Angelo has barely time to confide
his bride to her mother and to devote himself to the
rescue of his country from the Orsini oppression, when
his ~~[illegible]~~ pursuers arrive. An incautious movement
of the Countess shews the direction in which he has
gone, he is fired at while crossing a torrent in a
rocky pass, ~~[illegible]~~ falls from the bridge into
the stream below, and is dragged from it by Ranuccio.
Fabio, less fortunate, falls in this tumult.

A year ~~elapses~~ has ~~elapsed~~ intervened between
these events, and the opening of the Third Act. It has been
made memorable by a great rising of the people under
an unknown leader of ~~great~~ rare powers, popularly called
Bel Demonio, before whom the Orsini family has absolutely

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disappeared; nothing remaining of them but the ruins of their burnt palaces, and one female scion, the last of the race, who is abbess of a Convent in which Lena is confined by her father, and who has entrapped the Cardinal Montalto within her walls, designing to ~~[illegible]~~ keep him there until the new Pope is elected, the lady abbess supporting another candidate. To induce his daughter to take the veil, after her year's novitiate, Count Campereale asserts that the marriage she relies on, was a fictitious marriage, and that the monk Anselmo was actually dead at the time of its celebration. When this ~~[illegible]~~ cruel fraud is countenanced by a written declaration of such death, extorted from the entrapped Cardinal, the wretched girl gives way, believes herself deserted and deceived, and declares her willingness to become a Nun. The ceremony ~~proceeds~~ is hastened on, and is proceeded with with all its ~~dead~~ glowing pomp and state. Then Angelo (summoned by secret letter from the Cardinal) arrives among the populace admitted to the convent on the grand occasion, and is told by the Cardinal to look among all the Novices and Nuns for his bride. He does so, but sees her not, never dreaming that the doomed girl about to take the veil can be his wife. "Look again, my son", says the Cardinal; "the ceremony still proceeds. ~~[illegible]~~ Go quickly into the chapel, and look in every face for Lena, not omitting one!" Angelo complies, and a great cry of sacrilege is heard from within, and the whole body of people in the chapel come pouring forth in wild disorder ~~[illegible]~~ around Angelo with his rescued wife in his arms, and trampling the black veil under his feet. ~~Here~~ is Count Campereale and his sword. ~~and then~~ he avows himself ~~[illegible]~~ Del Demonio, and swears that he will cut his way ~~[illegible]~~ through the midst of them with his insensible wife upon his breast. And this, in ~~[illegible]~~ a truly gallant and spirited way, he does, then and there.

But the amazed hirelings of the Campereali and the Orsini, who ~~[illegible]~~ were doubly afraid to strike at him in the Sanctuary, pursued him beyond its boundaries, and by the mere weight of numbers divided him from his wife, though no man could lay hands on himself. The miserable Lena who has broken Sanctuary, and ~~[illegible]~~ who has done it with, and for the love of, the potent enemy of the Orsini, finds a pitiless abbess in the abbess who is the last of that fallen race. At the opening of the ~~[illegible]~~ fourth act she has been already carried down, under the influence of a sleeping potion, to a vault of the convent, and there left on a bier, with a lamp, a cruse of water, and a loaf of bread, to wake, and find herself buried alive. ~~and [illegible]~~. We are made acquainted with this state of things, in ~~[illegible]~~

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~~[illegible]~~ by the conversation of certain soldiers on duty in the Guard room of the Convent, who have heard the moans of the victim proceeding from the vaults beneath their feet. Among them, Ranuccio, professing to have had enough of Del Demonio and to have taken service with the abbess, has artfully insinuated himself. Through the interposition of a friendly Innkeeper, these Guards hoist up Angelo in a basket, disguised as the Innkeeper's son, bringing them their supper and their (drugged) wine; and in a very dramatic scene, ~~[illegible]~~ the means of descending from the window to the place of Lena's confinement are communicated to Angelo by Ranuccio, under pretence of relating to the Guards, as they become more and more sleepy and less sensible, an adventure that once happened to his father. In the mean time the election for Pope is proceeding, and is going against Cardinal Montalto, who, being still kept imprisoned by the abbess in order that he may not be in Rome to make interest for himself, urges the Countess Camporeali, as she would save her daughter from a dreadful death, to speed to Rome and advance his interests by the sacrifice of money, jewels, wealth in any kind, that she possesses. Finally, Angelo and Ranuccio make their way to Lena's living tomb, and ~~finding~~ ~~[illegible]~~ discovering her senseless and laid out as one dead, suppose her to have really departed from this world. But Angelo detects a change in her colour, takes her in his arms, and she revives. His Free Lances without, have all this time been undermining the walls of her prison; but as they fall with a crash, and the Free Lances come clambering over their ruins to the rescue, the adherents of the Camporeali and Orsini appear in superior numbers, and the Count orders Angelo to be pitilessly hanged at the Convent gate, for no power on earth can save him. Montalto takes leave to suggest that the new Pope can save him; the Count ~~[illegible]~~ retorts that he will be hanged before the new Pope is elected. Now, Montalto has arranged that in the event of his being made ~~of~~ Pope, three guns shall be fired from the Castle of St. Angelo instead of the usual one. At this critical moment the three guns are heard. The Count is at a loss to know what they mean "They mean, Lord Count," replies the Cardinal, suddenly becoming erect and strong, "that I am the new Pope. I was the monk Anselmo who married these young lovers. I give them my benediction and protection. Rome has a master now, and not a slave!"

— O Heavens, little did I think what a job it was to unravel this tangle once again! This is what I got it to, out of the heap of general imbecility in which it hid itself.

Note that Camfereali is now spelt in the title, Campireali. In the various copies and messes and ink-slobberings, it has been spelt about five hundred ways — in fact any thing with an "m", a "p", and an "l" in it has been understood to represent that noble house. The last new spelling is the last Wreck.

The Scene-painters have failed to an appalling extent, and unless the Play is very well played, it won't go.

Ever Faithfully Yours Dear Edward

CD.

Gad's Hill Place.
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Saturday Sixteenth January 1864

My Dear Beard

I hear from John (who is down here) of your having been at the office.

I should have written, days ago, to congratulate my dear old friend on the termination of his worst anxieties, but that I had a misgiving – founded on not hearing from you – that the appointment might not be finally concluded. Said misgiving being now at rest, I shake hands heartily upon it, and report that we have been in great excitement here about it – all of us – and that I have rarely been better pleased in my life.

We shall probably come to Town before the middle of February, for three or four months. Then the celebrated fatted calf must be killed in honour of the Court Newsman. To whom, all loves and regards and congratulations from all sides of Gad's Hill, for the present.

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Have you looked for chambers in Buckingham street, Adelphi? There are a good many in that street (I lived in it once), and I should say not dear. Or, I think you might find cheap rooms (and also not dear) high up in a house on the Adelphi Terrace.

Ever my dear Beard

Heartily Yours

Charles Dickens

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26. Wellington Street. Strand. London. W.C.

Thursday Twenty First September 1865

My Dear Beard

I send you, enclosed, another note under my sign-manual, which you can send to your friend, in proof of your having discharged your trust. There is nothing whatever in the papers, that could not be done by any man with half an eye — and that, none of the best.

I am delighted to hear of your being so well up there in the cherubic regions. But I wish you would come and try Gad's Hill again, and see what a changed place it is. Can't you manage it from a Saturday night to a Monday morning? I am not going down myself until this next Saturday, and would wait for you on the slightest encouragement.

I have been working my head off, but finished my book on the second of this month.

Ever My Dear Beard

Heartily and affectionately

Charles Dickens

Office of All the Year Round.
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No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Saturday Fifteenth December 1866

Dear Beard

You remember Bousfield — once O'Connell's special Reporter, who used to sit at the end of that blessed old Bench long burnt (Praise the Lord!), and afterwards on the Times? An appeal has been made which — without his knowledge, my correspondent states — for help in distress. Can you enlighten me touching a vague and misty impression I have that he was a bad subject altogether? I cannot trace it to its source in my mind.

Ever affectionately
The Boy
(at [illegible])

Office of All the Year Round,
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No. 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Thursday Fourteenth May 1868

My Dear Beard

I was very sorry indeed to miss you the other day. Can't you come down to Gad's on Saturday, until Sunday or Monday? No one there, and I will meet you by any train.

Ever faithfully

CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
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No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Saturday First February 1862

My dear Beard

This letter — hush! — is to be regarded as an awful mystery, a fearful proposal, a cloak-and-dagger conspiracy.

As we have no house in town until the 20th I have told Mamie and Katie that no festivity takes place on their venerable Parent's birthday, and have in a general way implied that the hoary undersigned will remain on that day (next Friday as ever is).

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in a state of placid contemplation - But
~~[illegible]~~ seriously it is proposed that you,
Forster, Wilkie (and perhaps Georgy)
dine with me at Verey's that day
at 6, and endeavour to enjoy
ourselves.

Say you will throw your
cap into the ring at the appointed
hour, in one line to Gad's Hill.

I have just finished my
country Readings. The brilliancy of
the close — at Manchester and Liverpool —
has been absolutely dazzling. On
Thursday 13th March I begin at
St James's Hall. Look to yourself.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Paris. Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, 27
Fourth ~~[illegible]~~ November, 1862

My Dear Beard

Mary, Georgina, and I, are here until just before Christmas Day.

I am going to ask you rather a startling staggering question. Hold up, therefore!

If I were to decide to go and read in Australia, how stand your inclination and spirits for going with me? Outside term of absence, a year. Period of departure, May or June. Overland journey both ways. The ~~[illegible]~~ journey and climate are said to be wonderful restorers. The work would be, seconding the Inimitable in the ring, delivering him at the scratch in fine condition, keeping off the crowd, polishing him up when at all punished, and checking the local accounts. The Arthur Smith class of arrangements would necessarily have to be made by the Colonial sharer, and my bottle-holder would be in all things representative. A servant should go, to valet both of us, and make washing and dressing easy.

Observe. I don't in the least know that I shall go. But supposing I did re-open the question with the Australian people, and supposing the negociations did proceed to the going point, and supposing you did like the notion of what such a trip would ensure you free of all expense, do you feel equal to it? There are not six men in the world, I would go with — and do I don't know the other five!

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I cannot too strongly put to you when I come bursting at you with this surprising question, the extreme uncertainty in which the matter stands. But I am wavering between reading in Australia, and writing a book at home; that, in strict confidence, is the whole truth. If I were to go to Australia, I need not let myself out, but would go, with my own capital and on my own account. The man who came over to bid for me, has gone back. "Shall I write out to him and ask him on what terms he will become my agent?" is the question that revives in my mind. I may not write at all. I may write, and his reply may be such that it will all come to nothing three months hence. But constantly disturbed and dazzled by the great chances that seem to lie waiting over there, I am restless — and this mark of my confidence in my old comrade is the very first form my restlessness has shaped out for itself.

I parted with the bidder thus:— "I cannot go now, I don't know that I ever can go, and therefore terms are not in question. But if I can ever make up my mind to go, I will certainly communicate with your Melbourne House." [He opened the business with me by producing a letter of credit for £10,000.]

Write me a word when you get your breath again.

Startlingly always
The Inimitable.

Thomas Beard Esquire

Gad's Hill Place.
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Saturday Thirtieth April, 1859

My Dear Ward

I write in the greatest haste, to catch the morning mail from Rochester.

Instantly on the receipt of your letter, I wrote to Sir E Bulwer Lytton at Malvern, urging your claim upon him in the strongest manner, and with my personal entreaty. He will get my letter tomorrow morning. I have particularly stated what the office is, and where it is, and how it becomes vacant, and all about it.

I shall be at home again — I mean, at Tavistock House — on Monday afternoon. Of course, whatever I hear, you shall hear too, with

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all speed.

Ever affecty

CD

Office of All the Year Round,
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No. 11. Wellington St. North, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday Third May 1859

My Dear Ward

I enclose you Bulwer's answer, from which you will see that the place, unfortunately, is not in his gift. If you think well of writing to that Jackass Ld Malmesbury, let me suggest the letter. No harm could come of it at least; and I would make it — and could I think — terse, and unlike such applications generally. Can you come to me (at Tavistock House) tomorrow, day at half past one?

Ever and ever

CD

Office of All the Year Round,
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No. 11. Wellington St. North, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday Second August 1859

My Dear Beard

All right. You will be expected. But pray let us know your Train, in order that the basket may meet you.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Saturday Twenty Eighth April, 1860.

My Dear Beard

My brother Alfred who is one of the "Committee" for the enclosed Dinner to Tom Sadson, has asked me to present the accompanying Ticket to you, and to let you know that the said "Committee" entreat the favor of your company as a guest on the occasion. I don't know any more of the great Festival, than that I myself have been invited in the same way, and feel myself bound to go. So if you come (as I hope you can and will), you will be kept in countenance by

Yours ever affecy

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Thursday Eleventh July, 1860.

My Dear Beard.

In the booking office of the North Kent Terminus at London Bridge, *on Tuesday morning at from five and twenty minutes to twenty minutes before Ten*, you will find Wills who will take you in charge and bring you up to the Matrimonial Scratch in time to see the Sayers of the occasion throw up his castor.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Sunday Third March 1861.

3 Hanover Terrace.

My Dear Beard.

Will you let me know how many stalls you will like to have for these Readings, in order that Arthur Smith may know what his list is. I will send to Frank separately.

Ever affectionately

CD.

3 Hanover Terrace
Twenty fifth March 1861.

My Dear Beard

Since you mentioned to me in the last note I had from you, that you were doing some little things for the Observer, I have been again and again turning over in my mind the old question whether there are not some kinds of articles that you usefully could do for All the Year Round.

To make what I mean, as practical and intelligible as possible in the shortest way, I send you a pamphlet I have lately received, which in the main expresses the views I have often urged respecting Prison Discipline — which sensibly shows what evil is done by injudicious Jail-Chaplains — and points out in what glaring respects their pet ways of carrying on, are wrong. Now, don't you think that you could write just such an abstract of this pamphlet; and account of this question according

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to its writer's views and experiences, as I want? And don't you think you could do it quite as well as another man? I do.

If you can find it in your heart to make the attempt, only fancy throughout that you are doing your utmost to tell some man something in the pleasantest and most intelligent way that is natural to you — and that he is on the whole a pleasant and intelligent fellow too, though rather afraid of being bored — and I really cannot doubt your coming out well. It is painful to me to consider that these subjects are constantly arising; that they must be done by some one; and that they are always going into other hands while yours are empty.

And talking of emptiness — why don't you come into my room at St. James's Hall where there is always a lump of Ice and a little old Brandy? Why do I see you sitting on the ends of rows whence you could glide out like the old Serpent, and sticking there like a fixture???

Ever affecy

CD

3 Hanover Terrace

Thursday Eighteenth April, 1861.

My Dear Beard

I can honestly tell you — which I do with the heartiest pleasure — that I think you have very skilfully and completely presented the case of the pamphlet. The condensation, and slight touch here and there which I think will improve it, I will mark in the proof. And if you can come to the office next Wednesday at 12, I will have the proof there with my markings upon it, as a small guide for the future. The changes that occur there, are certainly no greater than I make in five out of every six papers that go in.

Ever Yours

Charles Dickens

I write hastily, before taking a pull at Little Dombey for tonight.

Office of All the Year Round,
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No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Friday Eleventh October 1861

My dear Edward. I understand from Letitia to-day, that you are going to poor Austin's funeral on Monday. As I shall go down in a Brougham, let me take you. I will leave here at 10, and will then take you up at 20 minutes past, at the corner of the Edgeware Road in Oxford Street. One word to say that this is agreed on —

Ever affecy

CD

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Sunday Third November, 1861.

My dear Beard

I sent you the birds from Norwich — I am away reading, and am only here for to-day — where they were presented to me by a "Constant Reader" and Hearer.

Of course I perfectly understand your responding to any request on the part of Charley, or of his mother, to attend the dear fellow's marriage. But I must add the expression of my earnest hope that it is not your intention to enter Mr Evans's house on that occasion.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Thursday Twenty Sixth December, 1861.

My Dear Beard.

This is merely to return your Christmas greetings with hearty cordiality, — and to say that I heard of only one man in Edinburgh (when I was there a fortnight ago) who had any of that whiskey. He was understood to go in fear of his life: so horribly was he envied, and so dogged in all his comings and goings.

I am away again on Monday, but hope to see Land now. As to the new Readings, I rather think myself that Copperfield is A 1. But of this, please God, you shall judge at St. James's Hall in March.

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Their success has been prodigious.

Sydney got appointed to the Orlando (a ship that every one in the service seemed to be trying for), and has sailed for Halifax. He looked very very small when he went away with a chest in which he could easily have stowed himself and a wife and family of his own proportions.

On the 20th of February I am going to change houses until the 1st of June with a friend at Kensington. Further particulars shall be duly announced.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Monday Fourteenth February
1859.

My Dear Frank Beard

It has occurred to me and my Triumvirate of housekeepers, that there being always *some* medical attendance to be paid for, in the ordinary course of things, among the rest of the year's bills, it is rather a ridiculous thing that you are not the attendant. Therefore if you will come to us just as you would go to anybody else, we shall be very glad to have you.

And as the Housemaid is ill abed this morning, and I think

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wants speedy looking to, perhaps, you will see what is well done for her, as soon as you conveniently can.

Faithfully yours always
Charles Dickens

Frank Beard Esquire.

Office of All the Year Round.
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No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday Twenty Ninth January 1861.

Dear Frank Beard

I should like to be inspected to-night. I hope I can offer no new attractions. If your visits should bring you near here this afternoon (I am detained by appointments all day), will you kindly give me a call? If not, I'll call on you tomorrow.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

57 Gloster Place
Monday Ninth May 1864

My Dear Frank Beard

I dine at Fechter's, St John's Wood. If you will order our state carriage as yesterday, I will be with you no later than 10½.

Ever

CD

Office of All the Year Round,
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No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Saturday Tenth June 1865

My Dear Frank Beard

I was in the terrible accident yesterday, and worked some hours among the dying and dead.

I was in the carriage that did not go down, but hung in the air over the side of the broken bridge. I was not touched – scarcely shaken. But the terrific nature of the scene makes me think that I should be the better for a gentle composing draught or two.

I must away to Gad's directly to quiet their minds. John would get made and would bring down, any prescription you might let him have here. Don't come down at Gad's, yourself.

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unless you can stay all night and be comfortable. In that case, do.

Ever Yours

CD.

(I can't sign my flourish to day!)

Office of All the Year Round,
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No. 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Twenty First June 1865

My dear Frank.

In case you should be projecting a Gad's Hill holiday, I let you know that I am here until Friday morning.

The medicine, I think, has done me good. My pulse is still feeble and I am unfit for noise and worry, but I suppose I must have time to get over those little defects.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No 26. Wellington Street. Strand. London. W.C.

Thursday Eighth February 1866

My dear Frank Beard

I shall be very glad to be thoroughly examined, and will be with you some five minutes before 6..30.

But as I have told the chef at Verey's that I am going to dine there, let us still do so—with Wilkie—at 7. Will you send round to Wilkie and let him know with my love that I expect him at Verey's aforesaid to dine with us there at 7 this day?

Ever Yours

CD

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Friday Sixteenth February 1866

My Dear Frank Beard,

When I am in the rare circumstances of being in the least amiss, I am so surrounded on all sides by anxious people — here, at Gad's Hill, and where not — that I don't like you to bear the whole responsibility of my being out of sorts, and don't like them to worry me. Therefore if you don't find me "picking up", and promising the permanently picking up, next Monday, let us have a conference ~~[illegible]~~ with some one, and so afterwards go on wheels. I have a notion of Brinton of Brook Street. Prescott (for whom I have a great personal liking) once took him to Wills, and no harm came of it. — You see that my expectations of another adviser are not exaggerated!

Ever Yours

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Sunday Tenth June 1866

My Dear Frank Beard

I have written to Dolby, begging him to commit a fraud upon somebody, and to send you a good stall for Tuesday near me. You will be sure to receive it, and I hope you may like your brother-doctor.

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Thursday Sixth September 1866.

My Dear Frank Beard.

I have been bothered for weeks – months – at intervals with distention and flatulency, and disagreeable pains in the pit of the stomach and chest, without any disarrangement of the bowels, worth speaking of. Sometimes I have it all day, sometimes at capricious intervals, sometimes all night after 2 or so.

In a similar sickly season, I had exactly the same uncomfortable symptoms at Boulogne, ten years ago. Elliotson who was there, gave me some simple prescription in which the main (if not the only) ingredient was Cajeput oil. It succeeded immediately.

Can you, on this diagnosis, send me a prescription to relieve this small distress? Or I shall be in town all Saturday, and could come to you, or see you at the office or anywhere,

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
TY ST.
ON.

after 1 o'Clock. Though I really feel that it is not in the least worth while to trouble you. What is Cant.

Faithfully Yours ever

Charles Dickens

Elliotson's prescription was white, I remembe — small in dose — and imperceptible in its effect, except on the annoyance

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N.º 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Monday Tenth September 1866.

My Dear Frank Beard

I think there is no question that the enclosed prescription at once removes the disagreeables; but it has a tendency to affect the bowels in the way of relaxation, though not moving them oftener than the regular once a day. If this be right, please return me the prescription here. If wrong, please post me an actual triumph of medical skill.

Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Carrick's Royal Hotel, Glasgow
Monday Eighteenth February 1867

My dear Frank Beard

I am reading here—and there—and everywhere—with most wonderful success; but I don't write to bother you with that.

Occasionally, as you know, I have some slight inconvenience (but not much) from piles. Yesterday night, having travelled hard and been much fatigued, I took one of Brinton's pills. This morning I have lost a considerable quantity of blood. Will you tell me, shall I do anything except take a gentle aperient? If yes, what shall I do?

On Wednesday my address will be: Phillips's Hotel,
Bridge of Allan
Scotland

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST
LONDON

On Thursday, I shall be here again. On Friday and Saturday, Graham's Hotel, Prince's Street Edinburgh. On the following Tuesday I read in town, and can come to you in the morning.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

If you should think any immediate direction necessary in circumstances where my efficiency is all important, will you telegraph? My "treatment" on my own hook will be (as usual) regularity of bowels, cold baths and good, living - But I shall declare on claret until your instructions.

~~Gad's Hill Place,~~
~~Higham by Rochester, Kent.~~

Great Western Hotel

Tuesday Twenty First May, 1867

My Dear Frank Beard

We will dine here today instead of at Verey's. Same time. Half past 6.

I have given Wilkie notice of the change.

Faithfully Ever

CD

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Fourteenth October, 1867

Dear Frank Beard

I have your letter from Lewes: for which, many thanks.

I got the medicine, and have stuck to it. But a letter from me to you has evidently failed on its road.

I will wait for you at the office, after one o'clock on Wednesday, until I see you.

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
Sunday Eleventh October, 1868

My Dear Frank Beard

Something in the last prescription goes against my stomach. I have tried it twice, and each time have felt sick and loose after it. If I were living another kind of life than a Reading one, this might not be; but I am so easily nauseated after these nightly exertions, that I sometimes in the morning cannot even bear the taste in my mouth of some Tincture of Myrrh that I use in cleaning my ~~teeth~~.

I have no doubt that your principle is right in the main, for I have been in wonderful voice since I began to try it. But I

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48, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

have here stated the latest practical objection—

I shall be at this address o Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning.

Yours Faithfully

CD

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday Thirteenth April 1869

My Dear Frank Beard

I have an occasional return of that effusion of blood from piles. Will you kindly send me the receipt that did me so much good before?

The foot is growling again, but I can reasonably expect nothing less from the work and the sudden heat.

I am off to Yorkshire tomorrow afternoon, but shall be here until 1/2 past 2.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Blackburn
Monday Nineteenth April 1869

My Dear Frank Beard

Is it possible that anything in my medicine can have made me extremely giddy, extremely uncertain of my footing (especially on the left side) and extremely indisposed to raise my hands to my head? These symptoms made me very uncomfortable on Saturday night, and all yesterday. I have taken the medicine twice a day only, and have taken barely a bottle in all.

If you can, send me one word in answer by return, to the Imperial Hotel, Blackpool, do.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Gads Hill Place.
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

5 Hyde Park Place

Tuesday Fifth April 1870

My Dear Beard

I am getting better, "nicely," as the Nurse's phrase is. Tomorrow I am going to the Levee, and shall be absent (in a Fancy Dress) at our usual time. Let us say Friday, if convenient to you; we can confirm or correct our appointment, on Thursday night.

Ever Faithfully

CD

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Sunday Second December, 1860.

My Dear Wills

This is a hasty line to let you know that I shall not be at the office until Tuesday *week*. I feel that I have rather overworked myself and want rest.

Ever faithfully

CD.

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Weddle, and begs to say that his engagements do not leave him leisure to comply with the request which Mr Weddle does him the honor to prefer.

Boulogne

Twenty Ninth August 1853.

Tavistock House

Wednesday Evening

Twenty Eighth February 1855

My Dear Benedict.

A German friend of mine – Tauchnitz of Leipzig – is flying through London, and is coming to dine here tomorrow at half past 6. I have a romantic idea (being of a poetical temperament) that you may by some wonderful chance be disengaged on this railroad-notice. If you should be and will come so unceremoniously, I shall hold myself evermore under an obligation to my German friend for procuring me the pleasure of seeing you.

Believe me always

Very faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Jules Benedict Esquire

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Saturday Fourth July 1868

Dear Mr Dittles

Here is a poem, the proof of which is to go to Dr Mackay. [I have called his attention to a piece of bad grammar in it, which he will no doubt correct.]

You will receive from him a prose article on "Ice" for the next No.

I wish to make up the next No of Year on Wednesday in this next week instead of Thursday.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square

Friday Twentyninth October
1852

My Dear Mr Manby

Stanfield and I are coming to the Adelphi next Tuesday. If you should have a box to spare that night, we shall be glad to occupy it.

Faithfully Yours always
Charles Dickens

Charles Manby Esquire.

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park

Friday Twentieth February
1846

My Dear Sir

Three years and a half ago, I had one of the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced, in becoming known to you. I want to communicate that pleasure to one who is in every way deserving of it, as I am sure you will say when you know him; and therefore I present to you

in the person of Mr Macready, one of my dearest and most cherished friends.

Mrs Dickens sends her love to you, if you have not forgotten her. and though you have, she still sends it.

May I ask you to remember me, earnestly, to Mr Sadon your son in Law. I desire to live in his remembrance if he will allow me

Devonshire Terrace

Seventh June, 1850.

Dear Sir

In compliance with your earnest wish, I have opened your Poem. Lack of time has prevented me from reading it quite through, but I have read much of it, and (I think) fully possessed myself of its spirit.

Its purpose, earnestness, and honesty, I greatly admire. And I have met with many passages of powerful and beautiful verse. But

I cannot conscientiously say that I believe it would attract a large audience if it were published, or that it would produce a great impression on the minds of men. There are far too many words, I fear, from which the thoughts are to be culled.

Dear Sir

Very faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

The Reverend R. Swaring Claiborne

Gad's Hill Place.
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Tuesday Seventeenth July, 1866.

Dear Sir

The authoress of the tale of Aunt Margaret's Trouble, wishes the little book to have the Dedication-leaf which I send you on the other side.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

Fredk Chapman Esquire

The proofs of the book had best be sent to me.

This little story
is
affectionately Dedicated
To
E. L. T

Charles Dickens, author of the "Pickwick Papers" &c &c. &c

Tavistock House

Wednesday morning

Thirtieth March 1853.

My Dear Sir

Since my return to town I have been so constantly occupied that I have not been able to enjoy the gratification I had promised myself in seeing you. And I am sorry to add that I have an engagement this morning which obliges me to go out.

Charles Dickens, author of the "Pickwick Papers" &c &c. &c

But if you should, by good fortune, be disengaged to day, and if you would kindly excuse so short an invitation, it would give Mrs Dickens and myself unusual pleasure to see you at dinner at a quarter before 7. Dr Elliotson dines with us, and another English friend (lately from Switzerland) who takes a strong interest in all such objects as you have at heart.

My Dear Sir

Very faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Dr Guggenbuhl.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Sunday Third April 1870

My dear Sir Roderick

I was horrified to find on coming home last night, that I was pre-engaged for the 15th. In my eagerness to accept your welcome invitation, I quite forgot it. But coming face to face with my inexorable Diary, there I discovered the record of the fact.

Forgive me and pity me!

And above all Believe me
Your faithful friend and admirer
Charles Dickens

Sir Roderick Murchison

Tavistock House

Tuesday Night

Twenty Fourth February 1857

My Dear Morley.

I accept the last (to this time) of the goodly company, with great pleasure, and with the certainty of a good book to read. The "dead men" ~~[illegible]~~ are not buried here, believe me.

I reply to your letter without a moment's loss of time, because it would be very painful to me to leave you for one unnecessary hour under the supposition that I could possibly do anything so ungenerous as throw the slightest impediment in the way of your very reasonable wish.

I assure you that I have not the faintest "disinclination" to your making such a volume as you describe, from your esteemed contributions to Household Words. Let me go beyond this negative assent, and declare to you that it gives me cordial pleasure to think that they may be profitable and pleasant to you (and many others) in a new form.

I have been writing all day, and my pen blots and erases of its own accord, evidently under the impression that this is going to the Printer's. So I send it to the Post, out of hand.

always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Henry Morley Esquire.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Friday Thirtieth March 1860.

My Dear Gordon

Since you were here, I have sought the Ninevite and not found him. I now want to entrap him to come dine at Gad's Hill, when he lectures (under my presidency) at Rochester; to which end, I wish him to come into possession of the enclosed letter promptly. Will you kindly address and post it for me? I have no notion within half a mile of his number in Piccadilly.

Very faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon

Tavistock House

Saturday Evening

Fifteenth April, 1854

My Dear Sir

The enclosed is from a sensible and serviceable man. If you think there is really any little item in our account with the Society in question (of which I am a member) to be carried to its credit, I know you will not forget it in the next paper you write for Household Words in which said item can be handsomely ~~carried~~ figured out.

You affected me deeply by the paper itself. I think it absolutely

impossible that it could have been better done.

Always Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Henry Morley Esquire.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Twenty First June 1868

My Dear Madame Sainton

Accept my most cordial thanks for your kind note. I shall be delighted, I assure you, to present myself at your door on Thursday at half past five. You will perhaps have heard from your brother how perfectly we got on together in America; but it would be impossible for him — and very, very difficult for me — to tell you what a place he holds in my affection and confidence.

With kind regards to Mr. Sainton
Believe me always
Very Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place.
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Friday Eighth June, 1860.

My Dear Colonel Hamley

I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on the 15th. But I have not been very well, and have struck my dining colors for the season, and have come into country training rather earlier than usual. If you should ever be near this Falstaff Hill, I hope you will come and see me. In any case it shall not be *my* fault, if I miss you in London all through next winter.

Believe me

Very faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Lieut: Col: Hamley

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Thursday Evening Fourth October 1866

My Dear Kent.

Going to the Athenæum to day after I saw you here, I found the enclosed lying there for me. I knew that my entry of your name was irregular, unless Lytton put down his name as your proposer, at once. But I understood from you that he would do so immediately, and therefore defied the Circumlocutional Demon.

Ever

CD

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Hooles, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging note. As the window in St George's Church appropriately carried out the pervading spirit of the tale inspired at its conclusion, Mr Dickens made a reference to it. He knew it was not as old as the date of the story, but did not consider that slight anachronism of any importance.

Gad's Hill, Higham, / by Rochester

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday Twenty Ninth September 1869

My Dear Kent

I have just time before the post goes out, to let you know that the enclosed circular was awaiting me here with a private note. I have of course replied that I am pledged to non intervention.

Affecy Ever

CD

Office of All the Year Round.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand. London. W.C.

Thursday Second September 1869

Dear Mr Day.

Will you be so good as tell me, before I decide in answer your question, _about_ how many more pages longer the two Discourses need to make the book?

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

(Boz)

London 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park

Thirteenth June 1843

Sir.

I am exceedingly sorry to have read your note incorrectly. I have no doubt the mistake was mine.

Pray believe that I am quite as much obliged by your polite communication, as if you had offered me a Hundred Translations.

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Frederick Wilkinson Esquire

Mr Charles Dickens sends his compliments to the Master of the Angel Hotel at Doncaster, and begs to say that he purposes coming to Doncaster with a friend (Mr Wilkie Collins) on Sunday the Thirteenth, and that he wishes to engage at the Angel on that day, a sitting room and two bedrooms.

Mr Dickens is not certain that he may remain all through the race week; but if he can have these apartments, he is quite willing to engage them for the whole time, whether he leaves before the end of the week or no.

As Mr Dickens leaves London

for some other places on Monday Morning next, he begs to receive a line in reply to this, by return of post.

Tavistock House, London
Thursday Third September
1857.

Devonshire Terrace
Fifteenth February 1843.

My Dear Sir

I have been waiting to answer your note, until now, simply because Mrs Dickens has been exceedingly unwell, ever since your daughter did her the favor to call here /when she had already been in bed two or three days/. and is only just now recovering. Though greatly better, she is afraid to encounter the night air, nor do I think, though generally on the bold side in such matters, that it would be well for her to do so, for some few days longer.

For myself, I am in agonies

P.S. Not being quite certain of your address, I despatch this to the root and branch in Fenchurch Street.

peculiar to February — a month which, by reason of its shortness, ought to be blotted out of the almanacks — and although, if she had been able to come to you on Friday, I would have made a dash and accompanied her; still, now that I have the opportunity of consideration which her staying at home gives me, I decide in behalf of Virtue and Constancy, and remain at home to finish.

Mrs Dickens begs her compliments to your daughters, and looks forward to returning their visit, very soon.

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Ebenezer Johnstone Esquire

Gads' Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester

Wednesday Twelfth August 1857

Dear Mr Reed.

Mr Macready has altered his time for coming here, from the sixteenth of this month, to the fifth (or thereabouts) of next month, September. We still hope that Mrs Reed and you may be able to come and pass a day with us, while he is here. If you are within reach, I shall write and bring our conversation to your remembrance, when I have safely laid hold of him.

With kind regard to Mrs Reed,
always Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

T. German Reed Esquire

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday Second February 1869

My Dear Lehmann

I should have been very glad to say "Yes" if I reasonably could; but my work is too hard. That Friday is one of the very few days that I have to myself in this month, and I must manfully train and lie by. I have a great deal of murdering before me yet, and social pleasure must yield to it! With love to Mrs Lehmann, Believe me ever

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Tavistock House

Third January 1855

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of again thanking you for your annual remembrance, with all good wishes.

The old cover holds out gallantly, and indeed is as good as new —

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Messrs. Letts Son and Steer

Gad's Hill Place.
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

5 Hyde Park Place W.
Thursday Tenth February 1870

My Dear Hills

I shall be very glad to dine with you on Monday week. My daughter and sister will not be available.

At what hour?

Faithfully Yours always
Charles Dickens

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park
Twenty Eighth August 1845.

My Dear Sir.

I have had great pleasure, I assure you, in the receipt of your letter. It would have been a greater pleasure still, if I could have hoped it would lead to a personal acquaintance between us at the time to which it refers. But, (as I have written Mr Fowler to day) I cannot decide to come on to Sheffield from Manchester at that particular period; having special reasons for myself at home; and for making a rather ill-timed absence from it, as brief as possible.

If I had been wavering in my inclination to come, your persuasion —much weightier with me than the feather of the largest bird that flies— would have brought the scale down, heavily. But I am really disposed to make the visit; and would not hesitate a moment on any lighter grounds than those which oblige me to deny myself that pleasure.

Believe me Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

J. Montgomery Esquire.

Tavistock House

Thursday Twenty Seventh May

1852

My Dear Sir.

I perfectly agree with you touching the gate, and am very much obliged to you for your note. I had not the least idea that it was so used, or that my man (to whom I had entrusted the key) ever suffered the key to be out of his possession. I have lost no time in taking it into my own keeping again, and I can answer for no tradesman of mine, or anybody belonging to me, saving himself trouble by means of that short cut in future.

My Dear Sir

Very faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

John D Cardale Esquire

Junction Parade, Brighton

Thursday Evening Tenth March 1853.

My Dear Sir

My recollection of the agreement certainly was not what *you* described, and was what *I* have described. But the agreement itself of course over-rides all other considerations; and I write to Messrs. Cubitt by this post, to say that I understand they have received it from you, and to request them to divide the expenses strictly in accordance with it.

I assure you I would far rather pay the whole cost, than have the least question about it.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

John B Cardale Esquire.

Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne

Saturday Twenty Third September 1854

My Dear Sir.

I cannot tell you how very sorry we all are, to learn that we are to lose you and your family as neighbours. Our intercourse has been so exceedingly agreeable, and the good understanding between us has been so pleasant a part of our occupation of that corner, that our faces lengthened very much at breakfast when I read your announcement aloud this morning. Our remembrance and good wishes will go with you, wherever you settle.

I am much obliged to you for your offer of the piece of ground; which

I should certainly desire whole possession of it, if it were only because my study window commands it. I do not know whether you may approve of the idea I am about to suggest or may consider it feasible; but if you would like to be relieved of it altogether, and I could purchase a new lease of it for my term at a tolerably easy rate in ready money, I should be inclined to do so. The Duke of Bedford's solicitors gave me a new original Lease at a peppercorn rent, of Tavistock House, to simplify the title. If I could come to a similar arrangement in respect of the piece of ground, it might possibly be considered of advantage to the property, as well as convenient to me.

Supposing this cannot be done, I will rent it from you — say at point for seven years.

As you will probably be in town sooner than I, and as it may be convenient to your arrangements to settle this point, I write by the present post to my solicitor Mr William Loaden 28 Bedford Place, repeating to him what I have herein said to you, and giving him authority on the subject in case you should communicate with him.

I see by yesterday's paper that the landing of the army was safely and quietly effected. This must be a great relief to you, for I observe that the boats of your son's ship held the post of honor.

Mrs Dickens and her sister unite with me in kind regards to Mrs Candale and all your family.

Believe me Dear Sir
Very faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

John B Cardale Esquire

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Friday Nineteenth June 1863.

Dear Sir

It is proposed to recur to that subject of undeveloped impressions. In any case I will not fail to use your very curious experience.

Enclosed I beg to send you my cheque for £20 for the concluding year of my tenancy of the front Garden at our old place of residence. Accept my apology for having forgotten it. As I have not formally returned the key, I may mention that young Mr Stone has it at your disposal.

Dear Sir
Very faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

John B Cardale Esquire

Office of All the Year Round.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Monday Tenth October 1864

Messrs Chapman and Hall

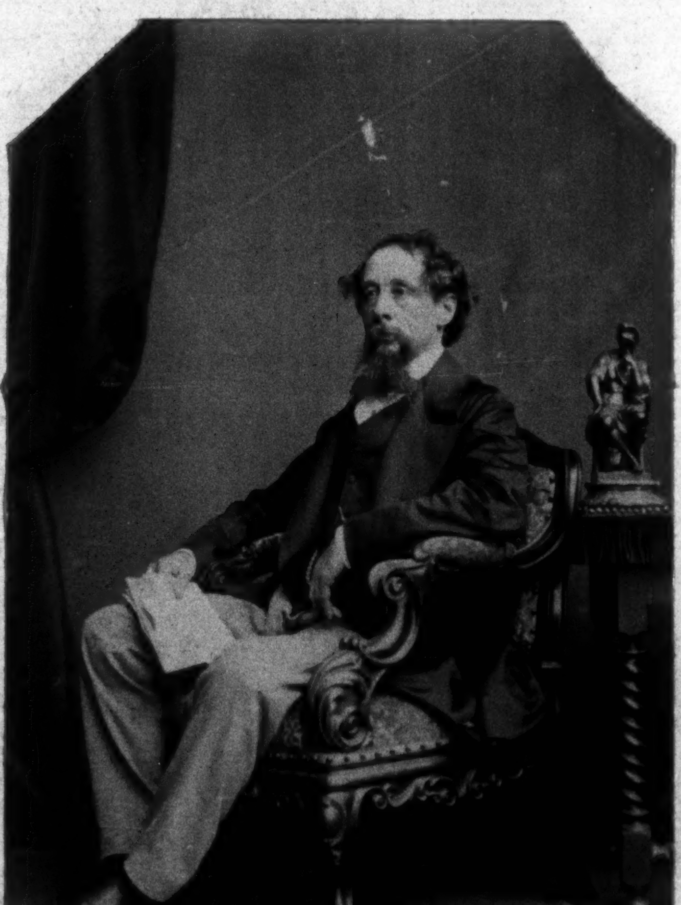
Please to deliver to the Bearer for me, one copy of A Child's History of England.

Charles Dickens

Gads Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent

Tuesday Thirtieth October, 1866

Mr Charles Dickens begs to express his regret that he will be prevented, by a severe cold in the throat, from having the honor of dining this evening with The Lord Mayor and The Lady Mayoress.



26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late

No. 11, Wellington St. North, Strand, London. W.C.

February 24th 1862

Mr Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled "The eldest daughter" for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of All the Year Round.

The manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Friday Twentieth April, 1860.

My Dear Count.

I see you so seldom, and am always so glad to see you, that I almost think I would rather see you in the Pillory than not at all!

I am afraid that I cannot with any consistency, take up the case you present to me. For this reason. I have of late greatly considered the question of Testimonials to the memory of Writers. It has seemed to me, on that consideration, that until the time comes when this Nation (as a Nation) shall delight to honor them by public and enduring record, their best monument is in their own works.

Now, having returned this answer to various addresses for subscriptions, do you see – for I don't – how I can

with reason advocate this particular cause?

always Believe me

Very faithfully yours

Count Strzelecki

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday, Twenty Ninth May 1867

Mr Johnson.

I want you to make me up and send me down at once, a pretty large parcel.

Please to open the Wardrobe in my Office bedroom, and ~~[illegible]~~ take out all the summer trousers there (they are all on one shelf), and all the white waistcoats+, and from the wing of the Wardrobe take out a light brown summer coat. If there is any waistcoat like it (I am not sure about that) take that out too. Make a parcel of the whole; leaving everything else just where it is. If there is any parcel from my tailor's, Skinner's, add that too. Send the whole down to Higham Station by passenger train.

I think Scott must have left on the chimney piece of my bedroom at the Great Western Hotel four keys tied together with a piece of string. Make a written memorandum of this description and send a Messenger up to the Hotel

+ which are on a different shelf, I think

to enquire whether such Keys have been found, and if so, to bring them away.

CD.

Devonshire Terrace.

Nineteenth July 1849.

My Dear Evans.

I want a hundred pounds to be paid into Coutts's, if you can achieve that performance. If convenient, I shall be much obliged to you to do this at once.

I enclose a few heads for Mr Joyce, concerning a weekly visit he will receive, during my absence from town, from Topping.

My address, from Monday until

the end of September, with us

Winterbourne Villa
Bonchurch
Isle of Wight.

If you should ever feel inclined (as I think you will) to run away on a holiday, and will come to the aforesaid address, you shall receive a very hearty welcome, and see a very beautiful place. "A favorable opportunity now offers", as Mr Pecksniff used to say in his advertisements, and I hope you'll not neglect it.

I don't know what the Devil is the matter with your people, in connexion with my manuscript, but nothing between folio 10 and folio 24 of the last No is returned. Will you get the missing portion for me, and relieve my mind by blowing up somebody?

I think this is all I have to say at present.

Faithfully Ever

Charles Dickens

Have you heard from Bradbury?

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Friday Fifteenth Novr. 1861

I sent back for revise this morning — with Miss Kimmeens — the last printed slip of the first Xmas article "Picking up Soot and Cinders." That one slip of revise is not sent in the envelope from Beaufort House.

CD

Charles Dickens

St James's Hotel
Eighteenth May 1869

Dear Fields

I think the Moliere a pretty and pleasant little picture, but I have no doubt it is copied from something, and I notice that the hand at the breast is "scamped" and woolly. I don't think it is worth £18/. I should call £10 a quite sufficient price for it.

The No. you want, sent with this

Ever affecy

CD

Kindest regard

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Thursday Twenty Third September 1869

My Dear Sir

I am really obliged to you for your genial letter, and for its enclosure now returned. If any spiritual pastor and master could amaze me, this shining pillar of the church would; but I am past the state of mind in that connexion.

My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

The Revd. Dr Redhead

Gads Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Fifth October, 1863.

Dear Miss

You did me the favor a long time ago to send me your book "The Schoolmaster of Alton." It is at all times so very difficult for me to keep pace with my correspondents, that I have gradually and insensibly neglected to thank you until this day.

As the work of a very young writer and a young lady, I think your book evinces a considerable knowledge of character and a promising talent. But I should do wrong if I forbore to add that inexperience and precipitation are manifest in it, and that I hope you will some day write a very much better story.

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Miss Charlotte —

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London W.C

Saturday Evening Fifteenth May 1858

Dear Sir

Pray allow me to thank you for your obliging note, and its accompanying book. I am honored by your kind remembrance and have always a true gratification in being kindly thought of by a traveller from your side of the Atlantic.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

B Homer Dixon Esquire

Devonshire Terrace, London.

Thursday Night

Twenty Eighth November 1850.

Dear Sir.

I have been out of town for some days, or I should not have delayed answering your kind letter.

Pray let me thank you for it, and for that most touching and eloquent remembrance of our dear friend, by which it was accompanied. I read that tribute to his memory, with an interest and admiration which I will not endeavour to express to you. Your fervent words found an echo in my heart, and filled it with the liveliest emotions.

Allow me to assure you that I cannot regard you as a stranger, when we feel so strongly in common — and to express the hope that we may have an opportunity before long (and may not lose it) of being personally acquainted.

Dear Sir

Yours faithfully and oblig'd

Charles Dickens

J. Moncrieff Esquire

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Blockley and begs, with many thanks, to acknowledge the receipt of Mr Blockley's obliging note and very pretty song.

Mr Dickens has also to thank Mr Blockley for his polite offer of the words of the song. Mr Dickens cannot have the pleasure of accepting it, as he thinks the title of the work sufficiently referred to, in the opening paper of the first number.

Broadstairs, Kent
Third October 1850.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Second May, 1850.

Sir.

I beg you to assure the members of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, that I am very much gratified by their generous remembrance of me on the occasion of their last annual meeting; and that any services I can render them, at any time, are freely and cordially at their command.

Your faithful Servant
Charles Dickens

Mr Edward W. Cole.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Friday Twenty Seventh Feb. 1863.

Dear Lady Rose.

Pray excuse this tardy reply to your note. I have been away on a visit and am in arrear with a Legion of correspondents.

I hope I need not assure you that it would have been a real pleasure to me to have voted for your Protegé, if I were free. But I unfortunately stand pledged to Fanny Kemble, who is exerting herself in behalf of another unfortunate person; — that is to say a third, counting myself as one, your candidate as another, and hers as another.

It is terrible to observe what an interminable procession of incurable people want to get into this Hospital. I sometimes feel (unreasonably) as though it did more harm than good; in

disappointing so many and sheltering so few.

My daughter and Miss Hogarth beg to unite with me in kind regard to yourself and to Lady Westmoreland. And beg you to believe me

always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

The
Lady Rose Fane.

Devonshire Terrace

Sixteenth November 1849.

Sir.

In reply to your letter I feel it right distinctly to assure you that you are mistaken in supposing that I have the power of essentially serving you, or of serving you at all, in reference to your Drama. I never communicate with any Manager on such subjects, or with any one, as a mediator for any purpose. Nor do I ever give an opinion on any such production for the purpose of its being published or acted. You have no idea of the enormous number of applications I receive, every week of my

life. To break through this rule, or you would at once understand why I am forced to observe it.

If you should still wish me, after this assurance, to make an appointment with you, I shall be happy to do so for the end of next week. But I beg you to receive this assurance as frank in all respects, and one which no circumstances could affect.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Charles F Ellerman Esquire.

Mr Charles Dickens presents his
compliments to Mr Ellerman, and
begs to acknowledge the safe
receipt of Mr Ellerman's drama, and
of his obliging note.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Second May, 1850.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellerman, and begs to assure Mr. Ellerman that he will accept the proposed compliment with pleasure, and that he is very sensible of the feeling with which it is proffered.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square
Third March 1852.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Glasgow, Tuesday Seventeenth April
1866.

Dear Wren Hoskyns.

Your letter finds me reading here, or of course I should have gone to the club and voted for you. My being away from London has prevented my knowing that your name was up, or I should have underwritten it instantly.

I hope—and believe—that there was no need of either service, and that you came in with flying colors.

Faithfully Yours always
Charles Dickens

Chandos Wren Hoskyns Esquire

Devonshire Terrace.

Thirteenth August 1845.

My Dear George. I am very sorry to say that I see no prospect of serving your unfortunate friend: whose memoranda I return. But if occasion should present itself, rely upon me, I will seize it promptly.

I hope to see you at Margate, on Monday or so. Meantime and always

Believe me

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

George Cruikshank Esquire

Kate and her sister unite in Loves to Mrs Cruikshank.

Devonshire Terrace

Saturday Twelfth July 1845.

Dear Sir.

Reply to your favor of Thursday last, I beg to assure you that you are at full liberty to use my name, if you should desire to do so, as a Member of the Committee of the Hood Fund. May all success attend it!

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

F. O. Ward Esquire.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26. Wellington Street. Strand. London. W.C.

Thursday The First March 1866

My Dear Sir

I am truly sorry to receive your sad intelligence, and condole with you in your bereavement with heartfelt sympathy.

It quite concerns me that you should have thought of my business at such a time.

Hard as it seems to believe so now, Life and Hope are before you; and even in the remembrance of so quiet a death, God already gives you some comfort.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

Fredk Chapman Esquire

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Tuesday Twenty First June, 1864

My Dear Lady Molesworth

In reply to the enclosed; — If the signature-book be sent to my office 26 Wellington Street Strand, before next Sunday, addressed to me and marked Private, I will with great pleasure place my autograph in it, and return it to Piccadilly.

Mary is away with some friends at some Hampshire races. The question of the third week in July shall be referred to her, and she shall write to you. I do not know of anything in the way of that time, and it is a beautiful time for the country scenery.

You are an Angel, and you always were an Angel, and I hope you always will be!

affecy Yours ever

CD.

Devonshire Terrace

Sixth April 1843

My Dear Harley

Thank you very much for counseling me in the matter of our friend's note. He must be rather a rum [illegible] customer, I take it, for he *had* written to me before, forwarding a book of Poems (?) of his writing: the which I scarcely acknowledged. Therefore I should have thought he needed no other Introduction. Whatever you desire to do in the matter — do — and be assured it will please me.

Always Faithfully Your friend

Charles Dickens

J. P. Harley Esquire.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Twelfth June 1865

My Dear Arnold

I should have answered your note sooner, but – firstly – for having been in France, and – secondly – for having been in the terrible accident on Friday. I was in the carriage that did not go over, but was caught on the turn among the ruins of the bridge, and stood alone – the Engine broken from it, before – the train gone down into the valley, behind. I am shaken, not by the dragging of the carriage itself, but by the work afterwards in getting out the dead and dying, which was horrible.

It would give me real pleasure to dine with your brother and you, but my Doctor says "Make no engagements. Rest." I am afraid my hand may not be very legible, but I thought you would prefer it to another's.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

Gallery of Illustration
Regent Street

Eleventh August, 1857

My Dear Sir

We are going to close our exertions in behalf of the Jerrold Fund, by acting The Frozen Deep at Manchester. With this view, it is necessary that it should be approved by the Licenser. Will you excuse my begging your kind and early attention to it?

Very faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

William Donne Esquire

Tavistock House

Thursday Twenty First May, 1857.

Dear Sir

I have been out of town, and am only now in the receipt of your note. I will not fail to be at the Gallery of Illustration at 3 tomorrow.

always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

W. H. Russell Esquire

Tavistock House

Saturday Thirtieth May, 1857

My Dear Sir

As we do not move the Caravan until Monday, I received your note at dinner just now (7 o'clock)

Mrs Dickens would be glad to take the Dragon — as glad, let us say, as Miss Saint George — and would triumph in the act, but that she has unfortunately some sisterly, motherly, paternal, or other family engagement for tomorrow. She is very anxious that I should explain her aright to Mrs Dunelle through you — and you see how distinctly I do it!

It is tomorrow, Sunday, at 12..30, that you expect me at the Gallery, is it

not? Unless you reply in the negative, I intend to be there. I should have no doubt on the point, but for your having written from the Gallery this afternoon, and not precisely saying in two syllables, Sunday, in your former note.

Very faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

W. H. Russell Esquire

I would write some passage out of Dombey, if I could, but I can't recollect one. So here is my name, and no more.

Charles Dickens

Birmingham

Twenty Seventh May 1848.

Thursday Twenty Fifth February 1864

57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park Gardens.

Dear Mr Adams.

I am happy to accede to the Committee's request. And let me thank you personally, for your handsome mention of me in your report.

Your son is very much better in the place he has won, than in his old department of the Post Office. I congratulate both him and you on the change.

My poor boy in India was coming home on sick leave. One of his brothers arrived out in Calcutta, counting upon seeing him after six years, to find that he had been dead a month.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

H G Adams Esquire

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs Jennings, and begs to say that the case is one of a very different kind, and that he can give no opinion as to its reception into Miss Coutts's Home, without having some knowledge of the girl's appearance and manner. As he is not just now certain when he will be in town again, he has mentioned the matter to the Superintendent and has begged that lady to be in the way, in case she should receive a day's notice from Mrs Jennings that the girl is to be brought for her to question, and to report upon to Mr Dickens. Her

name and address are, Mrs Marchmont,
[illegible] Urania Cottage, near The White
Horse, Shepherds' Bush.

Folkestone, Kent.
Twenty Sixth August, 1855.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mrs Jennings, and begs to say that her note has been forwarded to him here, this day.

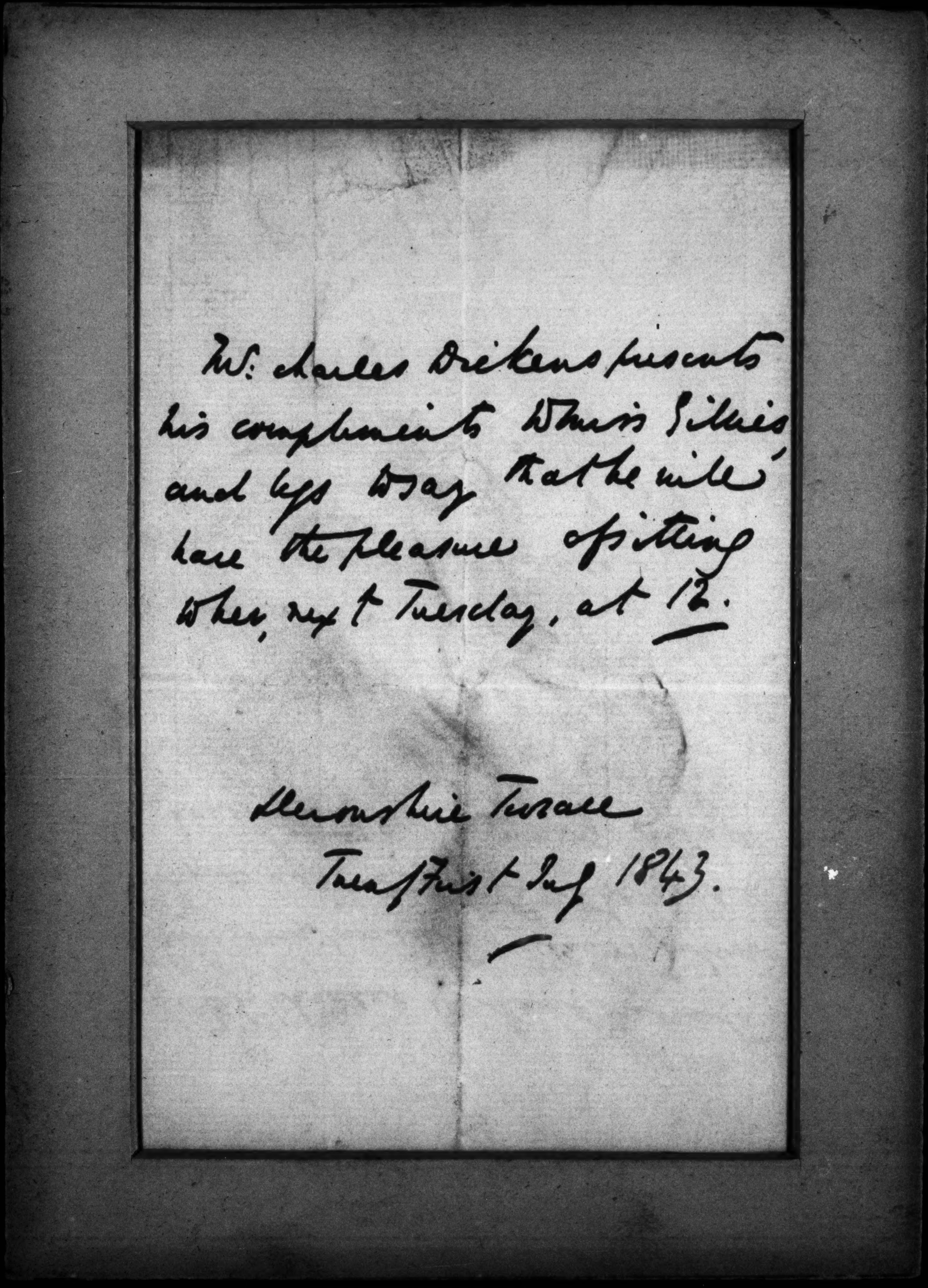
Miss Burdett Coutts's Home is not established for the ~~recep~~ reception of such cases as Mrs Jennings describes. But it has sheltered and reclaimed such young women among others, and if Mrs Jennings will send Mr Dickens the history of the case in which she kindly interests herself — the circumstances and nature of the theft, the parentage and education of the

girl, her term of service &c – Mr Dickens will be able to decide (and will at once decide), whether it is sufficiently within the rules to render it desirable that he should see the applicant.

Mr Dickens will be in Town on Saturday morning. If Mrs Jennings will address her reply to him at the Household Words Office 16 Wellington Street North, Strand, it will save time.

Folkestone, Kent.

Twenty Sixth July, 1855.



Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Miss Gillies and begs to say that he will have the pleasure of sitting to her, next Tuesday, at 12.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty First July 1843.

1 Devonshire Terrace.

Second February 1844.

Dear Madam.

I have found it necessary — sorely against my will — to decline attending many proposed dinners in behalf of charitable Institutions. But I will most certainly make an exception in favor of the Governesses. Their cause has my warmest sympathy; and I should perform Lord Castlereagh's remarkable feat of turning my back upon myself, if I hesitated for an Instant.

Allow me to thank you,

cor

th

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

cordially for your letter; and beg that you will do me the favor to assure Mr Laing of my high and respectful sense of the good he is doing, and of the value which attaches to his benevolent services.

I have made a memorandum that I am engaged for Saturday the Twentieth of April. I would rather avoid being a Steward; but in any other respect, the Institution may command me.

Dear Madam
Yours faithfully and obliged
Charles Dickens

Mrs Laing

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Eighteenth September 1865

My Dear Sir

Before returning to school just now, Harry spoke to me and told me that he did not wish to enter the Indian Civil Service. I told him in reply that many of us have many duties to discharge in life which we do not wish to undertake, and that we must do the best we can to earn our respective livings and make our way. I also clearly pointed out to him that I bear as heavy a train as can well be attached to any one working man, and that I could by no means afford to send a son to College who went there for any other purpose than to work hard, and to gain distinction. So we came to this point:—that I would write to you, and beg you, between this and Christmas, to tell me whether you believe that he would be worth sending to Cambridge; and really has the

qualities and habits essential to make any success there. And that if you should be of this opinion, he should study accordingly. And that if you should not be of this opinion, he should decidedly go up for the Indian Civil Service Examination.

Will you kindly, at your leisure and convenience, give me the result of your observation of him, before the next holiday time? I fear his name is too notorious to help him, unless he can very strongly help himself;- I mean that in competing in a great race, he would have to justify some higher expectation than would attach to the [illegible] son of a private gentleman, or would virtually fail, and had far better be out of the lists.

Believe me always, Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

The Rev: W. Brackenbury

from Mrs Hunter

Devonshire Terrace.

Twenty Third December 1841.

My Dear Hogarth

I don't know how I came to make the mistake; but in my last to you, I proceeded on the notion that tomorrow would be Christmas Day. Now as it is not, and I shall see Chapman and Hall tonight, I think it will be best for you to come [illegible] here (if you can) very soon after the receipt of this tomorrow morning

Affecly always

CD.

Charles Dickens

1 Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday afternoon

My Dear Sir

Forster and I — he for purposes of business, I suppose, and I for pleasure — have just designed a visit to you to-night. Have you an untaken box which you have no other means of bestowing than on such vagrants as we?

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Frederick Yates Esquire

My dear Sir

I have looked back to the annual register, and find you are quite right about the one pound notes. Very many thanks to you for your kind care.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace.

Wednesday Tenth March 1841.

My dear Mrs. Hogarth

Kate is out, and I think it possible that she may not be home until 5 which is our dinner hour. I have a business engagement this afternoon at 4 which I think may detain me from then 'till 5. I am so very anxious to see Mr Thomson and am so busy just now with the bargain, that I think the best plan will be to fix our meeting before-hand: Is he engaged tomorrow? Or can he and Mrs. Thomson dine with us at 5? If not, will they fix their own time and place?

Suppose I were to call on them tomorrow morning and arrange the matter — will you write me a line and say what I had best do, and it shall be done.

I want to see you very much, and to hear your accoun of all that has been done since we have been away. I hope I shall be able to do so tomorrow.

I wish I could hear that you had been out to walk. You cannot think how much it would please me. It is really time you make the effort. If it were painful at first, you would very soon find ample compensation in the additional strength and cheerfulness which I am sure it would give you.

Mr Charles Dickens — Boz

48

Doughty Street
Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

as you have long since ceased to be "a colt" in the periodical paddock, you will not be surprised at my not having been able to find room in the next No. for that same paper. If you will leave it in my good keeping until the 28th (February is a short month) we will astonish the Grand Jurors with it. I have laughed very heartily over it, and although I have never served (for I always pay my taxes when they won't call any Longer, in order to get a bad name in the parish and so – escape all honors) I can see it is true to the Life.

Believe me always

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

The Squib comes with this – Take care.

Is there no possibility of shortening that O P business? I am afraid a great many

readers recollect it too well, [illegible]
such a very long paper on the
subject acceptable.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Twelfth November, 1866.

Dear Sir

I am under the necessity of qualifying my compliance with your request, because similar applications are made every day.

I am happy to give you permission to extract into your projected compilation, either the opening of the Seven Poor Travellers, *or* the story of old Cheeseman. But I cannot extend the permission to both, or to the story of Richard Doubledick. The clerk's story is not of my writing.

The article you were so good as to enclose in your letter I have read with much pleasure. And I beg you to believe that the feeling expressed in it towards myself, is deeply gratifying to me.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

William Benham Esquire

48 Rue de Courcelles, Paris
Third February 1847.

Gentlemen.

I beg to acknowledge the safe receipt of the circular notes. Uncertain whether business would not render it necessary for me to return to London sooner than I had intended, I have not thought it worth while to write to you for a letter of credit since I left Switzerland. As it is, I shall return home at the end of March; when I know about what sum of money I am likely to require here, I will write to you for a credit on Messrs. Ferrere Laffitte.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26. Wellington Street. Strand. London. W.C.

16th February 1866

My dear [illegible],

Most of the statements in Mr Rowen May's letter are absolutely false. I never was threatened with legal proceedings by Kemps and Co. I paid for ~~the~~ a brougham I bought of them on the very day the money was due for it; ~~and~~ I had cause of complaint against them, but I never ~~objected~~ refused to pay them one shilling for repairs which they demanded of me.

All this ~~Moreover~~ has nothing to do with the article of which they complain. I am not the ~~author~~ writer of that article, ~~of which they complain~~ the writer of which knows no more ~~who the brougham~~ ~~Messrs.~~ Kemps ~~object to~~ ~~manifestly~~ ~~to obt~~ ~~these~~ than the man in the moon!

Personal

and Messrs Kings & Co referred to

did

+ not ~~has I touched this article in the way of alteration~~, nor did the slightest communication in reference to Messrs Kings and Co ever pass between the writer and me. This plain fact can be proved by both of us, and under these circumstances Mr Dickens positively refuses to gratify the desire of Messrs Kings and Co to get a large ~~[illegible]~~ gratuitous advertisement through these pages.

Tavistock House

Fifth January 1855

My Dear B and E.

Here is another letter from the French translator who wrote to, whose proposal you answered. He seems to be a nice fellow and I have not replied to his letter, nor do I think (unless you think differently), that you need do so. — But pray look at what he says of the law of the case. Because we seem to be wrong, and it is important that we should be right. If there is any doubt on

the subject, we had better get it cleared up.

Faithfully yours

CD.

Mess.rs Bradbury and Evans.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26. Wellington Street. Strand. London. W.C.

Monday Twenty Sixth November 1866

My Dear Kent.

According to promise, I send you for your perusal an uncorr. proof of the Xmas No. Of course you will keep it darkest of the dark, until you get your official uncorr. proof from here. Don't hurry; but when you have done with it, please return it to me here, marked Private.

Ever affectionately Yours

CD.

Gads Hill Place, Higham, by Rochester.

Twenty Seventh Sep. 1857.

Dear Sir

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the interesting and artistic poems you have had the kindness to send me, and for your charming letter. Constant occupation has involved me in a week's arrear of correspondence which I am only mastering this evening, or I should have written to you sooner.

Between an occasional day's rest at my little place of retirement here, and various public engagements which just now beset me, I find it very difficult to make an appointment m'

on

no

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in London. But I purpose being there on Thursday next: and if it should not be inconvenient to you to call at the Household Words office (16 Wellington Street North, Strand) at 5 in the afternoon, I shall be heartily glad to see you and to thank you in person.

Dear Sir
Yours faithfully and obliged
Charles Dickens

Professor Attwell.

Tavistock House

Twentyfourth May, 1857

Dear Mrs Horne.

I will not fail to keep my eye upon the pulpit of your brother's interest, ~~and~~ or to read the account of it.

When I was at Donnets' the other day, I did deliberate about coming to see you. But I thought you would be busy and I should be in the way, and — so I didn't.

We are just going out of town for the summer, to a house I have set up near Rochester — only an hour and a half from town — a good little old-fashioned breezy, shady, sunny, leafy place. Catherine

is going to write to you in a week or two, when we get settled, to ask you to come and pass a Sunday with us. And when you have once seen the place and know how easily it is got at, I have a strong personal hope (which I freely confess to you) that you will come very often, through the fine weather, and restore yourself after the fatigues of the week.

My Dear Mrs Horne

always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Thursday Twenty Eighth May 1863.

My Dear Muspratt

Thanks for the Photograph - which is an excellent one. I have not forgotten your request concerning Wilkie Collins, but he is away in Germany, ill.

Ever Affectly Yrs

CD.

Paris, 49 Champs Elysées

Friday ~~Third~~ Fourth April, 1856

My Dear Bradbury.

I send you enclosed £100 due from Mr. Tauchnitz to Household Words, to last month. I send it in a letter of Mr Tauchnitz's for £50, and in a cheque of my own for £50.

All well.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Wolverhampton

Wednesday Eleventh August 1858

My Dear Mr Lawrence.

I have received your kind letter with the pleasure I always feel in hearing from or seeing you.

I am greatly obliged by your hospitable friends Mr and Mrs Charles Potts, for their hospitable invitation, and beg you to thank them cordially in my name. But I cannot have the satisfaction of accepting it. My tour is so rapid and fatiguing that I am obliged, while it is in progress, to deny myself all social pleasures, and to forego all invitations and engagements. Apart from that heroic resolution, I need not under any circumstances dine out on a day on which I read. And I have promised my daughters and the rest of my children that I will rejoin them for three days at my little country house in Kent, next Saturday. In redemption of which pledge, I shall leave Chester at the earliest possible moment after my reading is done.

Allow me to send my kindest regard and remembrance to your daughters, and to remain as ever

Very faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

John T Lawrence Esquire

Station Hol[illegible] York.

Friday Tenth September 1858

Dear Mr Holsworth

Will you be so good as to cut out and put together for me, the Lazy Tour of the Two Idle apprentices, complete. Send it, by return of post, addressed thus, "Assembly Rooms

Hotel Meloni
Friday Evening
10 o'clock

My Dear Sir

I am truly sorry to have missed you – the more so, as I fancy you can scarcely have left here, ten minutes before our return from the Pilgrim's Banquet. We propose 7 sharp, tomorrow; and to come straight to the top of your street – Ladies to start at half after 9. We also propose (not to cram too much into a little time / in cutting the mountain, and strolling round the Lake.

I send this intimation, that you may not think me indifferent to a trip from which I anticipate a great deal of pleasure.

With best Regards,
Believe me
always
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Charles Black Esquire

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace
York Gate Regents Park

Tenth June 1848.

Sir.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation with which you have honored me on behalf of the Directors of the Sheffield Athenaeum, to preside at their forthcoming soirée.

I do some violence to my own inclinations, I assure you, in excusing myself from compliance with a requisition so agreeable and interesting to me; but I

cannot, remembering my own leisure and occupations, extend the list of public engagements to which I am already pledged.

I remain Sir

Your faithful Servant

Charles Dickens

W. Smith Esquire Junior.

Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday

My Dear B and E. Don't do anything private with the Theatre ticket or Bill, without sending me Proof first. It is hardly necessary to say so, perhaps; but as I didn't mention it to Forman, I do it. Ever Yours

CD

Devonshire Terrace.

Friday Night

My Dear B and E. I have got hold of Mr. Barrow — the gentleman I spoke of, for India — and propounded the Journey scheme; making it a condition of his going, that he shall come on the Paper when he returns, *as a Reporter* for one turn a night. — He had previously declined that, but would be quite invaluable —; and that he shall have the French and Italian Papers and so forth (he is an excellent Scholar) to translate. I thought it as well, if we nailed him in one place, to nail

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LONDON.

him in another. He is to give me his refs. and suggest his terms, by letter, at 90 Fleet Street at 3 tomorrow, where I shall wish to see you. I think he will go; and I know there is not in London a man who could do the business better. He was the great Times man in the days of the Queen's Trial; and is as well acquainted with Indian affairs, as you are with Railroads.

It seems to me that Mr Paxton's City man has broken down dead, in the very outset, if the an instance we got this morning be any criterion. Never mind. We must get our letters elsewhere, written and ready by Monday night, somehow or other.

Faithfully yours
A.

Devonshire Terrace

Monday Seventh July 1845.

My Dear Bradbury and Evans.

Mr Forster is not sure whether he has or has not spoken to you about a certain young man whom I begged him (writing from Genoa) to recommend to you, in case you wanted a trustworthy person of good appearance and manners in any of the new arrangements.

He is going to marry one of our nurses, who has been with us six years. He has been servant to Sir George Crawford, whom I know, and who gives him the very best of characters. He has lived with that gentleman nine years, and quits his service, on account of this matrimonial speculation. He comes of very respectable people — can read and write, and so forth very well — and understands Italian. and I think French, to boot,

[illegible]

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if that be any additional recommendation.

He will be in town in a few days: both his late master and I have it very much at heart to get him some occupation ~~in~~ which will enable the young couple to make a tolerably fair start. I can think of nothing better than writing to you; but do not take the trouble to write again, as I shall see you on Thursday.

I needn't add that I know enough both of him and his intended wife sure of their being worthy of all trust and recommendation; and that I have the greatest interest in their well-doing.

always Faithfully Yours

CD

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Devonshire Terrace

Monday August Eleventh 1845.

My dear Baud E. I have always omitted to ask you in our conversations (though I have always had it in my mind to do so) how Johnson whom you so kindly took on my recommendation, goes on. He is full of satisfaction and a sincere desire to please you, in all he tells me. I thought to have mentioned to you the other day, that if in the arrangement of the nefarious establishments; you should want a couple to keep house (having no older servant with a prior claim) I think he and his Intended would suit your purpose excellently well. She is a most respectable young woman, of a very nice appearance and good manners.

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48.DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

as we have always other things to speak of when we meet, I write thus much, lest I should forget it again.

Rather a good notion in connexion with the Cricket, has occurred to me this morning. A decided chirp!

Ever Yours
CD

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Eighth October 1845. ③

My Dear B and E. I am sorry to say that I have made appointments for this evening, both with Mr Stanfield and Mr Maclise, with a view to the Christmas Book. And on such short notice (I have only received your note this morning), I do not like to put them off.

I think it ~~better~~ necessary that I should see you today: for the question of the Reporters is becoming very serious. I will come down to Fleet Street sometime between 12 and 2 (perhaps you will tell my father so); and send round for you if I do not find you there.

ISHOUSE
ARY
DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Do not print any of the few white Satin Playbills for the Prince, until I give instructions for them. It occurs to me that *those* ought to have the actors' names.

I really think it very necessary (let me say so while I think of it) that you should privately represent to Mr Paxton the serious consequences that may come from such a loose, hurried way of proceeding as in the case of that [illegible] the Laureat the other day. To whom the whole thing has been prematurely broached, at a disadvantage, without a point the size of a pin's head being gained. It would be injurious to anything, but to a newspaper it is death.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

Devonshire Terrace
— I mean, at Mr Forster's.
Monday Third November 1845.

My Dear Bradbury and Evans.

I have given my best consideration to the subject we discussed yesterday; and in this letter, you have my conclusions in reference to the newspaper.

I will take that Post of Editor which is marked in the little statement as having a Salary of a Thousand Pounds attached to it — for double that Salary. In which I include the Publication of the Series of Italian letters, with my name — my frequently writing for the Paper, from day to day — my constantly exercising an active and vigilant superintendence over the whole Machine. When I am not there, or after I have left the office, I shall (as the custom is) have a Sub Editor to whom I can, with perfect confidence, hand over the practical management for the time being. The head and leading principle of the thing, I am willing to become on these terms.

I will not disguise from you – for I am pretty sure you will feel – that I think they are far from high for one in my position. And therefore I make my share in the paper an object of importance. But it is quite impossible that I can say what, in my opinion, that share should be, without your first shewing me out of what proportion of the whole it is to come.

If you feel disposed to do so, on this short statement of the compensation I aim at, you can give this information to Mr Forster, and arrange that point, as well as any other, with him. I am fully prepared to abide by any arrangement you agree upon.

Always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Devonshire Terrace

Tenth November 1845.

My Dear B and E

It is nearly, if not quite, a fortnight ago, since I arranged with Mr Leech for the little design for the cover.

I have sent to Mr Forster this morning—returning him Mr Wilson's letter to you, and telling him what Mr Beard communicated to me yesterday. You had best see him immediately—but I think it likely you will have done so, before you get this.

note.

Faithfully Always

CD

THE [illegible] LIBRARY 48.DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

My Dear Sirs

I expect a block from Mr Doyle today. Leech is waiting to see Edwin Landseer's dog, which I hope to send him tonight.

Ever Yours

CD

Nineteenth November 1845

I wish you would send and see if Mr Maclise is nearly ready. Send to them all, perpetually. until we have got everything. Looking

HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

after them, delays me.

I wish you could see the furnishing of those two rooms in Fleet Street. The moment I have finished the Book, I shall come down there, every day. They are not very business-looking chambers for appointments in their present condition — and are certainly not over-comfortable

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Fourth February 1846.

My Dear Evans.

I have seen Mr Stanfield on the subject of Illustrations for the Travelling Letters; and we purpose having about twelve – "drawn on wood by George Stanfield, from designs by Clarkson Stanfield R.A." The first block will be ready a fortnight hence; the remainder will be furnished, two a week, until they are all done.

Mr Stanfield wishes to know who are the best engravers on wood, of landscape and architec-

THE DICKENS LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON

tural subjects, with small figures. If you will arrange with the best you can have, to have these blocks expected, and put in hand as they are supplied, - and will let me know that you have done so - the work will be fairly in progress.

He also wishes to know (and so do I) the *size* of the ~~book~~ page. Upon this, I wish to see you, when you have considered the point. You will find me at home any morning between 11 and 1. That decided, we had best begin to

Devonshire Terrace.

Sixteenth March 1846.

Monday Night

Dear Sir.

I was on the point of writing to you about Mr Stanfield's when I received your note. I had only known of his scruples the day before.

I have thought it best to go to Colnaghi's, and ask if they could find me any clever young artist or Student

NSHOUSE
ARY
UGHTY ST.
LONDON.

who has been in Italy, and has brought home a Portfolio of such sketches as I want. I did so on Saturday, and he assures me that he has little doubt of sending some such gentleman to me tomorrow. The book will require to be very carefully looked after, when it is once got under weigh, as it certainly must be published in May. I will leave all arrangements of detail with the artist to you, and will communicate with you again (I hope) tomorrow or next day.

I want to know, when you have had time to think of it, how soon after June, you think we might, safely, and with real effect, begin a story in monthly numbers – so that it should not commence at a dead time of the year.

HOUSE LIBRARY DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

Among the strange letters I receive every day, is the enclosed. I know nothing of the writer. If you should think it desirable to see the pamphlet and have some judgment on it, I will refer him to you. I have an idea that if it should prove to be well done, it might be worth so small a venture, and might make a noise just now, when some

Devonshire T[illegible]ce

Saturday afternoon, Fifth May
1849.

My Dear Evans.

I send you herewith, the end of the Number. If it should make a little too much (as I think it may) let them begin chapter 5 on page 46, where there is now a great blank. As soon as you have proofs, send me the [illegible] whole, made up, and send me Mr Forster's proofs too. I will correct and give them to him.

children are so much better.

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48, DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

I am very sorry that we cannot get on, without calling forth such a letter as the enclosed. What does it mean? Is it not ill-advised, and very ill-advised, to give any semblance of color to such complaints? They used never to be made, and how is it that they begin now? Pray see into this without delay, and let me know what the case is, and what you have done, before ~~you~~ I answer the letter. I think it excessively injudicious if there be any departure on your parts from the old course of my books.

I am very glad to hear that your

Devonshire Terrace

Tenth May 1849.

My Dear Evans.

I am sorry you took the complaints (which, of course, are not mine, and I can know nothing about, until you tell me) so much to heart. It is necessary, I need not say, that I should enquire into them.

I am very glad indeed, that we have so decisive and fresh an answer to Jerdan's.

In reference to that of Mr.

OUSE
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Gilbert (whom I have referred to you) I must say that I think it would have been infinitely better, not to have departed in the least from Chapman and Hall's usual course of proceeding. The saving is a great and tempting one, but that is no proof of the wisdom of the alteration. We might save as much again, I dare say, by doing something that would nevertheless be very impolitic, and ill-advised.

When my copies go out at the

end of this month, please to place on the Free List, Mr Costello 54 Acacia Road St. John's Wood — sending him, then, with No 1 and No 2. And if you send a copy to any Newspaper at Liverpool, please to add the Liverpool Mercury to the list.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens

Devonshire Terrace

Wednesday Fourth July
1849.

My dear Evans.

The enclosed is only a portion of the first chapter; but as Browne's first subject is in it, it had better be set up.

I got an awkward fall on Sunday on my weak side (the only "weak side" I have, is the left, where there is an inflamed kidney sometimes) and yesterday I was

THE D[illegible] HOUSE
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obliged to be cupped. and lost a good deal of blood, and today - for a change - I am leaving this untouched. a touch of caustic tomorrow, will make it quite a merry-go-rounder (as Mr Dyson says)

Ever Yours

D.

Albion Hotel Broadstairs

Tuesday Tenth July 1849.

My dear Evans

I send you, by this Post, 9 slips of copy, containing Mr Browne's second subject. Get it up with all speed, and send a proof to him (to whom I now write) and another to me; that I may know exactly where I am, which is important to the construction of the No.

In great haste
Ever Yours
CD

Bonchurch
Thu[illegible]
Twelfth September 1849.

My Dear Evans.

I hope to finish on Tuesday next. On any day after that, that will suit you best, I shall be delighted to see you. Write to me a day before, that I may not be roaming anywhere, when you come.

I promised Mr Bernhard Tauchnitz of Leipzig that he should have the proofs of No 6 as soon as ever they should be ready — with a view to his first volume of Copperfield, which he proposes to bring out at the end of this month, and which he wants to get the end of, translated into German for that purpose, with all dispatch. As I told him somewhere about the 15th. would be the probable time, and as I am a little late this month, it has struck me that it would be a convenience to him have the first sheet at once. Therefore, will you get the corrections I have marked on it (enclosed) very carefully made — the half page that is wanting, carefully made up from the enclosed folio of MS — and send it to him by post directly, with an intimation that you will forward the concluding sheet as soon as it is ready?

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48. DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

Devonshire Terrace

Friday Fifteenth February
1850.

My Dear Wills.

We are extremely sorry to hear of Mrs Wills, what you tell me in your note of last night. My wife is very much concerned indeed.

I will look over the agreement very shortly, and return it to you.

If you have not yet begun to print the name, don't do so, without first communicating with me. I am still trying to hammer out a better one; and though it does not seem likely to present itself. I want to have a chance to the last.

I shall be glad to have the Copperfield accounts as soon as they are ready, – for I am poor.

You are getting on, I hope, in Wellington Street. Let us have gas in the room upstairs.

Ever Yours

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire

HOUSE
DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty First March 1850.

My Dear Evans.

As the work in Household Words will be always in advance, and must be when it ceases to be done (though I hope that's a long way off) a month's Salary must be paid to me, and to Wills, on the publication of the first number. I should like mine to be paid in monthly, as the Copperfield hundred pounds is.

I wish to mention now, that in case we ever should find it expedient to put anybody into the house in Wellington Street, I want to reserve that post for my man

OUSE
DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

John. He has been with me ten years, and is an excellent servant and a most ingenious fellow, and I should be very sorry indeed to lose him. But he has spoken to me on the subject (with a view, I suppose, to getting married), and I feel that I have no right to stand in his way, but am bound to reward him with what he likes best, if I can.

Will you send me two or three proofs of the preface to Oliver Twist. Where would you put it in Copperfield? Facing the last page? We ought to keep the place between the Illustrations and the first page, for Household Words.

Ever Yours

CD

F. M. Evans Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace.

Saturday Twenty Second March
1850.

My Dear Evans

I will meet you tomorrow, under the gateway of Somerset House (western side) at 5 minutes before 12.

It strikes me that the Oliver preface ought decidedly to have a Bill at the end. These proofs have not got the heading I wrote for that purpose. Have you got it?

My object is, not to make a place for John, but to reserve this

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one for him, in case we should think it advisable or necessary, at any time, to put any one in the house.

Ever Yours

CD

F. M. Evans Esquire.

Devonshire Terrace

Tenth April 1850.

My dear Evans.

You will see by the enclosed and the letter accompanying it (which please return) that there will be no profits on Oliver Twist until next half year. I suppose it is all correct. I never understand his accounts. The other books are all paying very well.

Faithfully Yours

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

Sunday Twenty Seventh April

1851.

My Dear Evans

I think I forgot to mention in my note yesterday afternoon, that I shall be glad to have that prettily bound Copperfield as soon as possible.

Chapman has now sent me the enclosed separate account of Oliver Twist. I don't understand it. Perhaps you will. At any rate, if

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LONDON.

ENS HOUSE
RY
DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

you will make it all square to his time, either with his assistance or without. I shall be glad to know (on our Household Words audit Day will be a good opportunity) what I have to pay you, and to have your demonstration of the labyrinth.

Ever faithfully

CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

Broadstairs, Kent.

Twenty Sixth September 1851.

Friday.

My Dear Evans.

Clear for a magnetic fact! The voice is now silent.

I guessed the balance within £6. Please to pay it in to Coutts's. It won't be there long; for I find my new house so remarkable for nothing as for its Drainage — which is of a most powerful description.

I am very glad to hear good accounts of our Third Volume.

DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Wait 'till I get rid of my workmen and get [illegible] to my work, and see if we don't raise the '(East) wind'!—

For the [illegible]

D.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

Diffuse the bill as widely as possible

Broadstairs, Kent.

Thursday Sixteenth October
1851.

My Dear Evans.

I think you are right as to the mention of the time. It must be fixed in the next advertisement however.

Do you think it would look simpler and plainer to dele The Pickwick Papers and Nicholas Nickleby, and leave out Copperfield as I have done in the enclosed? If you think it best to leave the whole do so.

Faithfully Ever CD.

Broadstairs, Kent.

Sunday Twelfth October 1851.

My Dear Evans.

I send on the other side a sketch of a Bill-advertisement for all the Magazines. Will you consider whether it is best left so, or whether it would be well to add, at the close, "The first Number will appear early in the new-year"?

As I never get a moment's respite from the convulsions incident to my present severe attack of Tavistock House, but am perpetually falling out of one fit into another, I can by no means set to work. But I hope of vigorous exertions to get settled in three weeks or so, and then go at it Ding-Dong.

Consider the advertisement well.

Faithfully Yours always

CD.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
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LONDON.

New Serial work of Mr Charles Dickens.

Messrs Bradbury and Evans beg to announce that they are preparing for publication, in twenty Monthly Numbers, uniform with The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield, &c

a new story

By Charles Dickens.

With Illustrations by H. K. Browne

~~4 Do~~ 11 Bouverie street, Fleet Street
October 1857.

Tavistock House.

Second December 1857.

My Dear Evans. Topham (who was here yesterday) has an idea of subjecting the Frontispiece to two printings, in differently-tinted inks. I told him that I presumed there was no objection. He seemed rather confident of getting some new and good effect out of it.

He will want a gentle reminder as to time, from you.

We shall come out brisk now, of course, with our H. W. advertisements, after yesterday's decision?

Faithfully yours always

CD

Tavistock House

Sunday Seventh December 1851.

My Dear Evans.

Child's History

I have gone over the Proofs, and taken them to Mr Forster. I don't think he will delay them at all; but, in case he should, send a boy to him.

I have to leave off what I am at present working at, for the Xmas No. of H. W. I hope to knock off King John in no time, while I am doing my Xmas paper. You shall have him as soon as he is out of hand. Is Topham looked up? *We cannot be out too soon.*

H. W.

The words "Extra Number", seem to me to want throwing up, as I see the advertisement in today's Examiner.

CKENS HOUSE
RARY
ITY ST.
DON.

Bleak House.

You will be glad to hear that I have only the last short chapter to do, to complete No. 6.

Faithfully Yours
CD.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

Tavistock House

Friday Twelfth December 1851.

My Dear Evans.

You shall have King John the first thing on Monday morning (will you direct a boy, to be sent for it before breakfast?) and it can be easily ~~correcte~~ printed and corrected in the course of the day. I let you know this, in case you should want to announce the day of publication.

It will be best to set it up, first, for the book — and I can afterwards give it out for Household Words. Will

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you let me know what the last chapter
— King Richard — is in the book? I am
not sure whether it is X or XI.

Faithfully Yours

CD

I have taken great pains with the Xmas
No and think it is a very good one

Tavistock House
Sunday Evening
Thirteenth December 1857.

My Dear Evans.

I send you King John, to finish the volume.

Also, the introductory sheet. Take care that the Readers have carefully checked all the figures in it, or that they do so — as I can't remember them in detail, and have no copy of my draught.

The sooner we can publish, the better. I think Forster is out of town. Therefore (if you have all the

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48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

previous sheets from him / you had best send King John there for correction. He will be back on Tuesday I have no doubt — I don't mean King John (Lord forbid!) but Mr Forster — in case there is still any part of the white book in his hands.

Ever Yours

CD.

Tavistock House

Tuesday Sixteenth December 1851.

My Dear Evans

I declare before God that your men are enough to drive me mad! After all the trouble and care I have taken with that Xmas No I open it now and find in the second page — in my own article — "therefore we commit his body to the Dark" — for Deep — which was never wrong until now. I don't where there is a leaf of unstamped

THE DICKENS HOUSE
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LONDON.

newspaper in London in which such a flagrant and unpardonable mistake could be made. I am so disgusted by it, that I throw down my pen in an absolute despair, and could as soon paint an historical picture as go on writing.

Faithfully Yours always

D.

Tavistock House

Tenth April 1852

My dear Evans.

On the other side I send you the lettering for the plates.

I was yesterday asked by Mr Horne to propose to you a venture of Poems (the most remarkable of them connected with Progress and the real spirit of the time) in five Nos at a shilling each: each No to contain three small 8° sheets. I told him that B & E were not general publishers, and I did not consider it at all likely that they would be disposed to engage in such an enterprise. But as he still desired to have it offered to you, I could no longer resist his wish.

You know perhaps that he has written some remarkable Poems in H. W. — as the Electric Telegraph, the Christmas Carols, the Camera Obscura, and so forth. If you would like to know more of the contents of his book, I will tell you more. He has read the greater part of it to me.

If you have no such inclination but would prefer to decline at once, without any reference to its contents, will you write me such a note on the subject as I can put before him.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

F. M. Evans Esquire.

DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

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Pavilion, Folkestone

Saturday, Eleventh June 1853.

My Dear B & E.

I send you, alone, the lettering for the plates; and am grateful and happy to report myself immensely better. I had a little walk yesterday afternoon—ate and drank well, and slept well—am much stronger, and am fast getting back

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43. DOUGHTY ST.
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my old self. I feel aches and pains when I sit up to write, but they are rapidly diminishing.

As there is no post-delivery in town tomorrow, I mean to keep this open, to send you another bulletin before I go across.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD

Sunday Morning

Still better and stronger, I am happy to say, and bracing myself up for the great attempt of Tuesday morning. If I can only manage to sit at it long enough at a time, I have great hopes of doing the No yet, please God. A fine quiet morning — Wind gone round from the East to the West — and all looking well for the passage across. CD

Tavistock House

Twenty Eighth June 1852

Monday

My Dear Evans.

When we effected our arrangements before I went to Italy, was any Policy of Life Insurance of mine, placed in your hands, which I have never had back? I remember no such transaction, but I cannot find anywhere my Eagle policy for £5,000; and it has occurred to my despairing mind as just within the limits of possibility that it may have been deposited with you at that time, without my remembering it. I effected two Britannia Policies for you, I remember, which I have now discontinued; but I have not the least recollection of placing the Eagle policy in your hands in the meanwhile. Pray enlighten me, for I am utterly confounded.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48, DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

F. M. Evans Esquire.

In hand

proof out

Tavistock House

Thursday February Fifth 1857

My Dear Evans.

I find an odd mistake in the last No. which none of us observed, and which nobody seems to have discovered yet. — I shouldn't have done so, I think, but that I have been working to day on that part of the story. It is explained on the other side, which we must have printed as a slip for the next No. Will you have the corrections made immediately in the type, if standing? If not, in the stereotype plates?

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Devonshire Terrace

Monday 24th July 1843

Dear Sirs

Please send a proof of the enclosed to the Parthenon club in Regent Street, this evening at 7 exactly. Mr Forster and myself will be there together and the boy can wait while it is corrected.

Faithfully Always

C.D.

Messrs Bradbury & Evans.

~~To State~~ To call the Gentlemen together, and state.

That they have been engaged on this projected newspaper — in some instances, perhaps, with the inducement, beyond the salary, of having reason to believe that I intended to connect myself with it. That before anything further is said, it must be understood that ~~I had consented to write either paper and to consider [illegible] I am myself no whit less [illegible] than they~~ the change of circumstances to which their attention is to be called, affects ~~me as~~ me no less than them, in so far as it immediately renders impossible the connexion I had been induced to promise ~~[illegible]~~ by my friendship for, and business relation with, Bradbury and Evans. ~~[illegible]~~ That I am, ~~[illegible]~~ myself, most seriously and utterly surprised by the Intelligence which is now to be communicated them, which ~~has~~ I have only learned this morning, after ~~entailed upon me~~ great loss of time, the total alteration of my literary plans, and in every way, the most serious inconvenience and uneasiness.

That a very large Capital had been subscribed, ~~[illegible]~~ and was still subscribing, for the conduct of this Journal. That a great failure has ~~[illegible]~~ suddenly occurred, seriously affecting many of the subscribing parties (of whom I was never one to the value of a farthing); and that to proceed with it, on the projected scale, at the projected time, is consequently impossible.

That the most important parties of all kinds retire therefore and the design must be abandoned.

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

That: for the engagements made, the Proprietors desire to make a liberal and handsome compensation; and beg the Gentlemen to consider on what terms they will compound for them.

Chateau des Moulineaux Rue Beaurepaire

Boulogne, Twentieth June 1853.

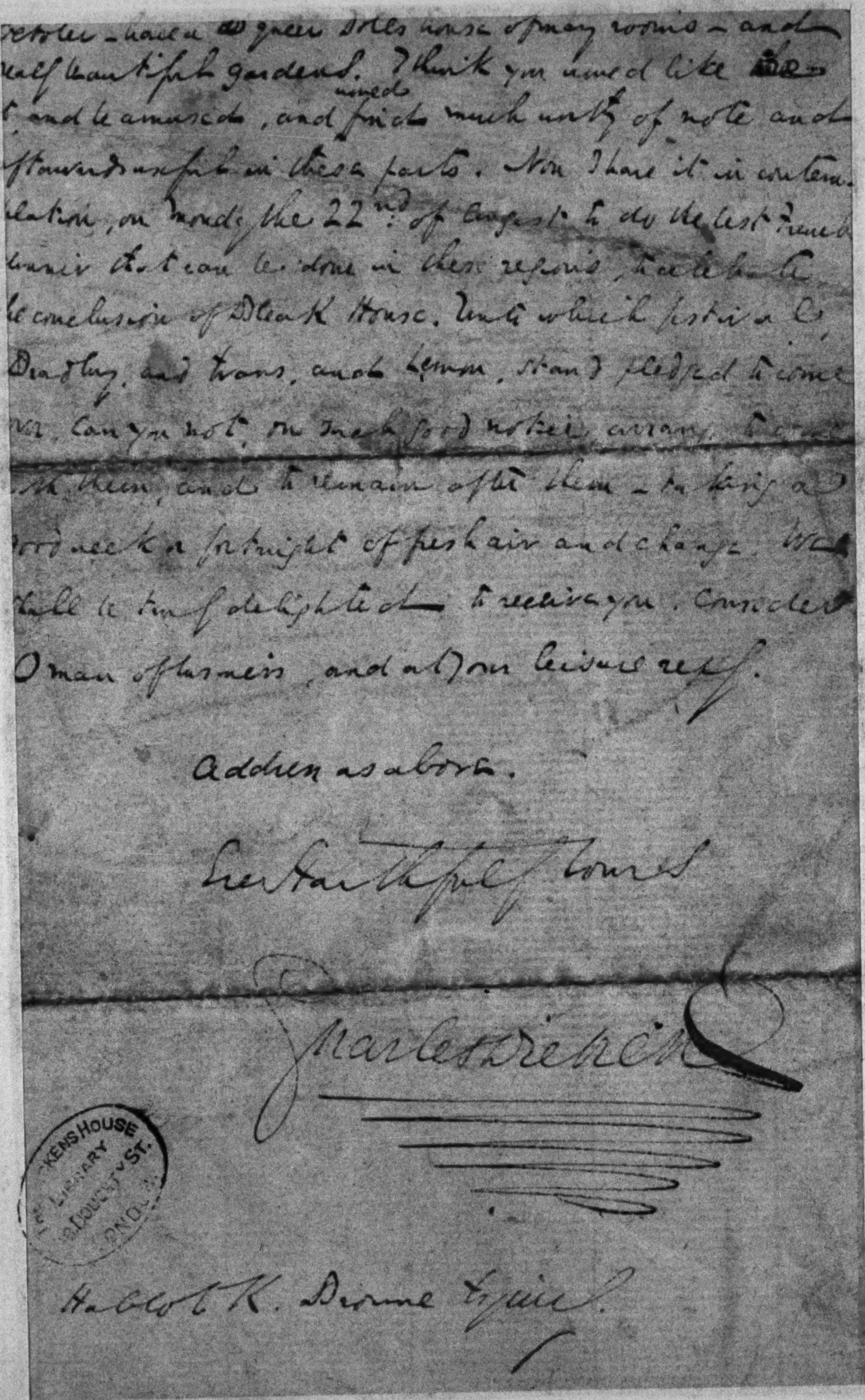
My dear Browne.

First. I beg to report myself, thank God, thoroughly well again. I was truly sensible of your hearty note, and of the right good will with which you fell to work at the plates, under those discouraging circumstances.

Secondly. I send the subjects for the next No. Will you let me see the sketches here, by post.

Thirdly. I am now ready with all four subjects for the concluding double No. and will post them to you tomorrow or next day.!!!!!!!!!!!!

Fourthly. I wish you would so contrive your arrangements – if so disposed – as to come and pay us a visit here. I don't know whether you know Boulogne well; but, well known, it is a very capital place, with quite as much that is quaint and picturesque among the fishing-people and their quarter of the town, as is to be found (if you smile, believe me in a whisper) at Naples. We purpose remaining here until the middle of



ctober — have a queer doll's house of many rooms — and
half beautiful gardens. I think you would like the
t, and be amused, and would find much worthy of note and
bservation in these parts. Now I have it in contem-
plation, on Monday the 22nd. of August to do the best French
inner that can be done in these regions, to celebrate
the conclusion of Bleak House. Unto which festival,
Bradbury, and Evans, and Lemon, stand pledged to come
over. Can you not, on such good notice, arrange to come
ith them, and to remain after them — taking a
ood week or fortnight of fresh air and change. We
hall be truly delighted to receive you. Consider
O man of business, and at your leisure reply.

Address as above.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

KENS HOUSE
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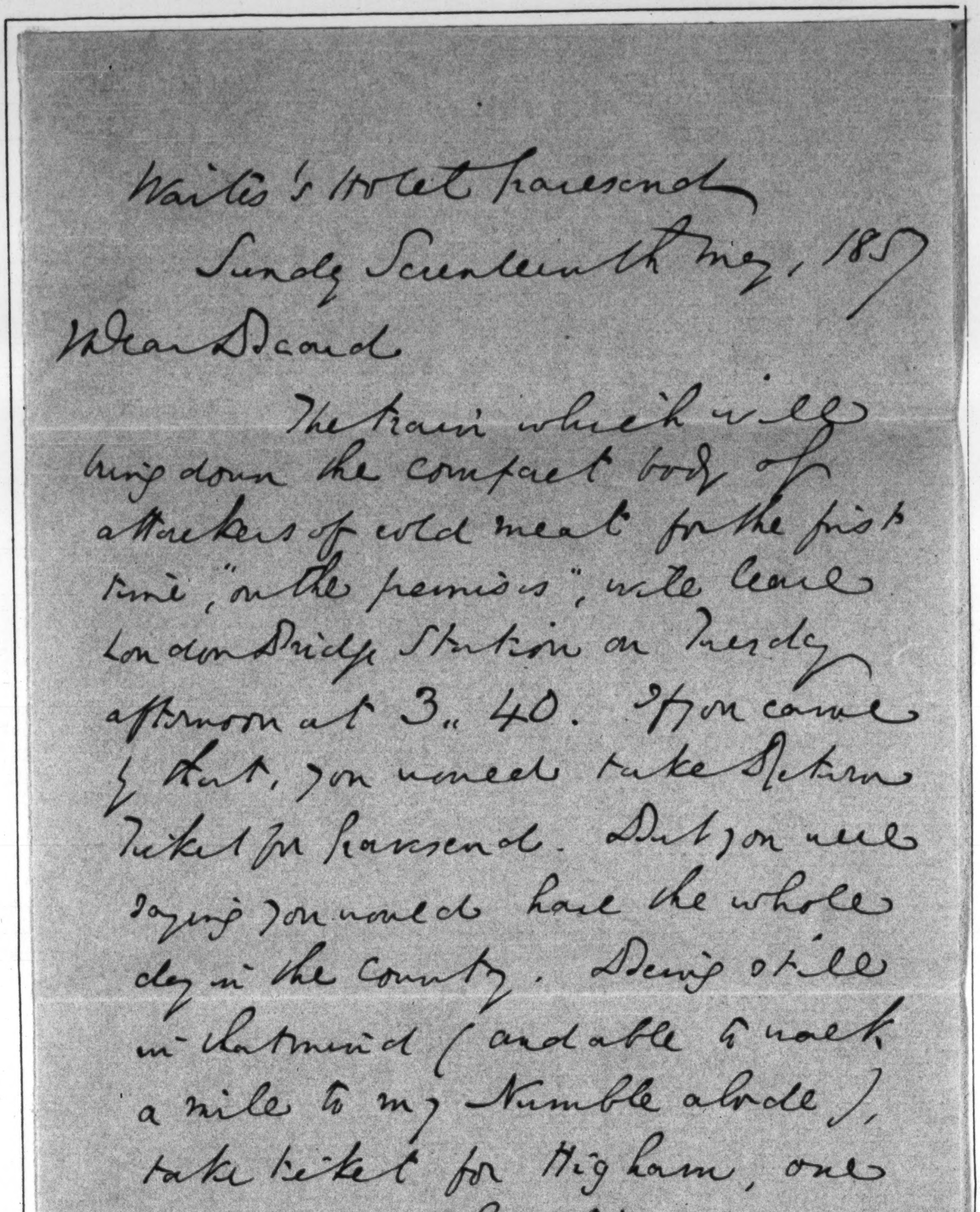
LONDON

Hablot K. Browne Esquire.



Waite's Hotel Gravesend

Sunday Seventeenth May, 1857

My Dear Beard

The train which will bring down the compact body of attackers of cold meat for the first time "on the premises", will leave London Bridge Station on Tuesday afternoon at 3„ 40. If you come by that, you would take a Return Ticket for Gravesend. But you were saying you would have the whole day in the Country. Being still in that mind (and able to walk a mile to my humble abode), take ticket for Higham, one station beyond this. Then, *by return of post*, let me know, *in a note addressed here*, by what train you intend to come to Higham, and

THE DICKENS HOUSE
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48. DOUGHTY ST
LONDON.

the inimitable Kentish Freeholder
will be on the spot to receive you.

Ever Heartily

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Finchley

Friday Thirty first March
1843

My Dear Beard

I find that the wedding feast at Richmond, *does* come off on Sunday. *Tomorrow week*, therefore, I shall expect you here, as early as you can come. The green man will receive you with open arms. So will the flesh-coloured one.

Faithfully always
CD.

I am happy to report that Timber runs into a corner and stands on 2 legs, at the word of command.

Osnaburgh Terrace.

Friday

My Dear Beard.

You will see from the enclosed, that Sunday's dinner is transferred to Forster's. To which I hope you will not object. Will you come here, at about half past 4, that we may leisurely inspect the magnificent carriage?

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

Office of Household Words.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 16, Wellington Street North — Strand.

Friday Sixth June 1856

My dear Cunningham

A most admirable Narrative indeed! — With your leave I will take the other book to Boulogne, and give it you back there.

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

1 Chester Place, Regents Park

Twenty Second March 1847.

My Dear Beard

John Henry Barrow (Pupil, of the Honorable Society of Grays Inn Barrister at Law) dines here next Sunday at half past five for a quarter to six. Will you come and meet the little man?

Here's weather! – all the Savage (I am sure in some former state of existence I was a slap-up chief: a White Buffalo or a Great Bear or something of that sort) stirs within me, and impels me to go and look out for cottages on banks of Thameses. Well, I say nothing, – but if you don't get your rights this year, I'll never believe in myself any more.

I understand you have got for a leader writer at the Herald, a Jew of the name of Phillips, who wrote (but he little thinks I know it) the attacks on me in the Times — and volunteered them I am told, in return for old acts of good nature on my part. I have a mind to break down the anonymous, resolutely and fiercely, in that kind of stabbing — and if I do nail up said Phillips by name on the cover of Dombey, I'll be damned if it shall be easy to take him down again.*

Ever Heartily

CD.

* This between ourselves

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48, DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

Broadstairs.

Thursday Ninth October 1857.

My Dear Beard.

We shall be delighted to see you on Monday. But we will only receive you on the condition that you don't think of leaving us until that day week. Our return to Town involves no preparation whatever, as only Catherine and I are going – none of the rest, yet awhile.

You will find Pump

t present in a fearful

ess in the Drawing Room.

faces, on their backs, on

their heads — flushed,

d crumpled with

iness — on a regular

, misty, steady, lead-coloured,

affecy

CD.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty ninth September 1845.

My Dear Powell.

I have no doubt whatever, from the botheration I daily undergo on the subject of more performances, that the Theatre could be immediately filled at a Guinea a head, for the repetition of Every Man In His Humour. But I have a great doubt whether the Company in General would like to play to that kind of audience; and I am not

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

at all clear that I should like it myself. I acted to a general audience in Canada, once — But that is far away, and quite another thing.

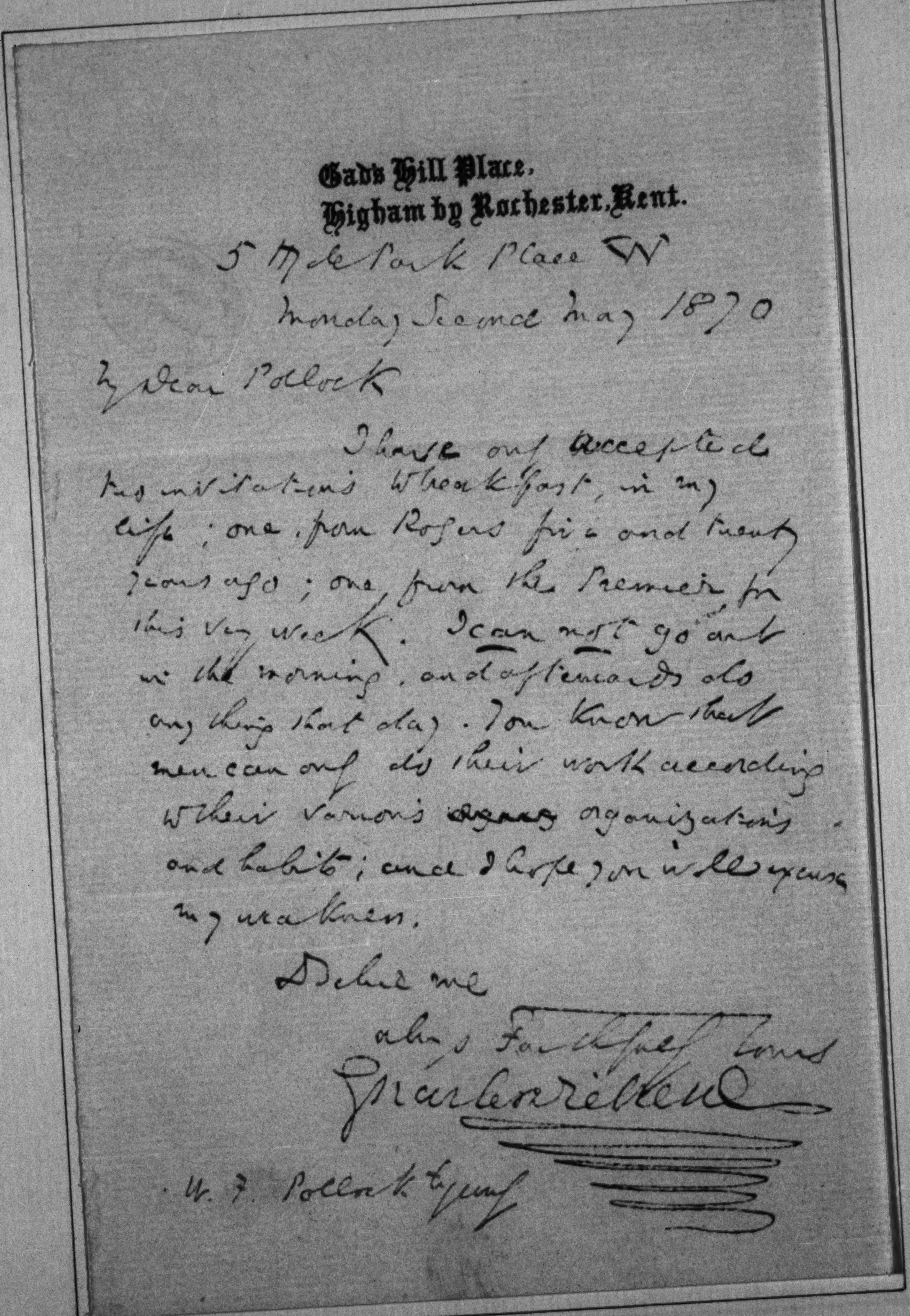
In case you should not, in the fulness of time, hear anything more from me on this subject, you may conclude that it is not feasible. Every one concerned, however, has, I do really believe, the strongest possible interest in behalf of the Sanatorium

Ever Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Powell Esquire

P.S. I think a letter from Southwood Smith, or from some of the Committee, addressed to me as Manager would be the best mode of bringing it before the Body of amateurs, if you really desire that they should consider it in a business-like way.



Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

5 Hyde Park Place W

Monday Second May 1870

My Dear Pollock

I have only accepted two invitations to breakfast, in my life; one from Rogers five and twenty years ago; one from the Premier for this very week. I can not go out in the morning, and afterwards do anything that day. You know that men can only do their work according to their various ~~organ~~ organizations and habits; and I hope you will excuse my weakness.

Believe me

always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

W. F. Pollock Esquire

THE ATHENÆUM

Tuesday Night
Nineteenth January 1864

My Dear Marcus

I don't want you to miss me — as I fear you will, if you go by John's imperfect knowledge of my movements. I shall be at the office tomorrow, from 10 till 2, when we have a Guild meeting, of which I must make short work as I have to go to Kingston at 3 to dinner. On Thursday morning, if Thursday should suit you better, I will be ready for you at any hour of which you give me notice, after 10.

I feel pretty sure that you could not do better than in the old Guild rooms. They are the snuggest little chambers I know — a complete little house — and thoroughly cheerful.

Ever Heartily

CD.

3 Hanover Terrace

Tuesday Twelfth March 1861.

My Dear Frank Beard

Your tickets for Thursday will be sent straight to your house. If you talk about numbers, and apply such preposterous expressions to a mean Three, I'll never —— get into difficulties any more —.

Ever affectionately

CD.

16 Somers Place

Tuesday Morning Twenty First March 1865

My Dear Beard

Here is this confounded foot as bad as ever again. I suffered tortures all last night, and never closed my eyes. We are now at work at the Poppy fomentations again.

Ever Yours

CD

Blackpool
Wednesday afternoon
Twenty First April 1869

My Dear Frank Beard

I received your kind note on coming here this afternoon. As you evidently thought the symptoms worthy of immediate attention, I at once telegraphed to you on my tomorrow's and Friday's audiences. The said symptoms have greatly moderated since Sunday; but there they are, and they are all on the left side. Six weeks will carry me through the Readings, if you can fortify me a little bit, and then please God I may do as I like.

Ever Faithfully

CD.

Aug 27. '48

Broadstairs, Kent.

Twenty Seventh August

1848.

My Dear Cunningham.

Not remembering who are the bankers of the Shakespeare House Committee, I have written to confess my ignorance in that wise to the writer of the enclosed: adding that I have forwarded his letter to you who are the Honorary Treasurer of the renowned Body. and who (I

have said I will have the pleasure
of communicating with him.

What a jolly summer!

Ever Yours

CD.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
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48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Oct 31 - 51

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART,
10, LANCASTER PLACE, STRAND,

Friday Thirty First October 1851

My Dear Cunningham.

I have received a letter from Mr. Chute our business-man at Bath & Bristol, in which he informs me that the room at Bath is already filled, and that *all the Bristol tickets were sold* immediately on their being issued — though the room where we perform at that city is of immense size. In this letter he so strongly urges a second performance at Bristol *on the* Thursday

Thursday Night (Novr. 13th) – and that second nights receipts, as involving very slight additional expenses, will be so exceedingly important to the Guild – that I have taken on myself (being obliged to decide without delay) to pledge the Company to such second representation.

I hope that this will put you to no inconvenience, as you can return to London in two or three hours on Friday Morning, or even by the Mail Train on Thursday Night if necessary.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

Private

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N.º 26. Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Friday Sixteenth March 1866.

Dear Sir

I have had a conversation (of course in confidence) with Mr. Wills on the subject of your visit, since you left here to day. He is, I regret to assure you, altogether of my opinion that your projected application would be ~~[illegible]~~ hopeless. Under these circumstances we would both strongly recommend you not to make it.

I beg to enclose the two papers you desired to be returned, and am

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Dr. Chapman

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Fifteenth February 1865

My Dear Cunningham. Many thanks for your kind letter. I have written to Frederick, and earnestly hope he is doing well.

My work has been so prolonged today that I write in the dark, and must send this over to Rochester through the snow. Mary and Georgina send love to Mrs Cunningham and to you. I hope you will not like our Mutual Friend worse, when you know him better.

Ever your faithful manager

CD

March 18 - 54

Tavistock House
Saturday Eighteenth March
1854

My Dear Cunningham

Delford's Death

Here ˣit is. I should have asked you to take one with you when you were here yesterday, but I had not then got them from the printer.

Cordially Yours always

CD

Office of Household Words.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand.

Thursday First February 1855

Dear Cunningham

7th Feby. (see Diary 7 Feb. 1854)

Next Wednesday is my Birthday again. So the years go round! Will you repeat the little party of last year on the same day, at Wate's at Gravesend? Dinner-hour, 5 to the moment.

Ever Faithfully Yours

CD.

Febr 28 '49

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Eighth February 1849.

My Dear Cunningham.

I shall have great pleasure in dining with you this day week, at half past six.

Very faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Peter Cunningham Esquire.

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

10 Camden Crescent Dover

Second October 1852.

My dear Beard

We have been expecting you, day after day, these six weeks. The usual familiars have been in despair, and I have wondered incoherently – though not without speculations on the total impracticability of the Baldwinian Navy.

This is to instruct you as to our new whereabout.

Our time of three months being up here, the children return home, and we go tomorrow morning, for a fortnight, to Boulogne. There, at the Hotel des Bains, we have made all arrangements for our guest the gallant Englishman; and there (with a cribbage-board) we shall expect you. Write and say when you are coming. The tidal train from Folkestone (see list for hours, which varies each day) will only lengthen your journey two hours in all. It is not a bad place by any means, and I hope you will like the novelty.

In haste

Ever Faithfully

Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire.

Folkestone

Thursday August Twenty Third, 1855

Dear Boreas.

I hope it may not be uninteresting to you to receive the following

Report.

The Down-lands in this neighbourhood — principally consisting of a chain of grass-covered Hills of considerable elevation — are enchantingly fresh and free.

The Punch and Cyder-cup are in the highest perfection

The room intended for the reception of Boreas, is always ready.

The host of Boreas, having nothing particular to do – except a new book, twenty months long – Household Words – and other trifles – has taken to expend his superfluous vitality in swarming up the face of a gigantic and precipitous cliff in a lonely spot overhanging the wild sea-beach. He may be generally seen (in clear weather) from the British Channel, suspended in mid-air with his trousers very much torn, at fifty minutes past 3. P.M.

(Signed)

Charles Dickens

DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

My dear Beard.

I inclose an Invitation from my mother for Monday the 11th which is the important occasion of my coming of age.

I must manage by changing with somebody on the night in question to get out of the gallery by eight O'Clock – If you feel disposed to join us, we shall be most happy to see you, and of course you can manage to be with us some time in the course of the Evening

Believe me (in haste)
Very truly Yours
Charles Dickens

18 Bentinck St.
Feby 2nd.

Furnivals Inn.
Wednesday Morning

Dr Sirs.

Have you got the second design from Mr Browne — or is it to go on the Steel, without our seeing it?

I hope you will be able to get me a proof — no matter how rough — of all the MS to-morrow. It is particularly important that I should know exactly where to end, this month, for the story will be just on the turn about Jingle and Job Trotter.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Black Boy Hotel – Chelmsford
Sunday Morning

Dear Tom.

I am more anxious than I can well express to know the result of your Interview with Hodgkin, having set my heart on it being favourable. If you are not engaged tomorrow, will you write me a line by return of Post, and resolve my doubts. I go into Suffolk on Tuesday Morning early but my Head Quarters will be here, and I have no doubt I shall receive at once any letter that arrives, directed as above.

I wish of all things that you were with me – Barring the grievance of Solitude I have been very comfortable since I left town and trust I shall remain so until I return, which I shall do about the latter end of the week, unless I receive orders from

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the office to the contrary.

Owing to the slippery state of the roads on the morning I started, I magnanimously declined the honor of driving myself, and hid my dignity in the Inside of a Stage Coach. As the Election here had not commenced, I went on to Colchester (which is a very nice town) and returned here on the following morning. Yesterday I had to start at 8 O'Clock for Braintree—a place 12 miles off; and being unable to get a Saddle Horse, I actually ventured on a gig—and what is more, I actually did the four and twenty miles without upsetting it. I wish to God you could have seen me tooling in and out of the banners, drums, conservative Emblems, horsemen, and go-carts with which every little Green was filled as the processions were waiting for Sir John Tyrell and Baring. Every time the horse heard a drum he bounded into the hedge, or the left side of the road; and every time I got him out of that, he bounded into the hedge on the right side. When he *did* so however, he went along admirably. The road was clear when I returned, and with the trifling exception of breaking my whip, I flatter myself I did the whole thing ~~admirably~~ in something like style.

If any one were to ask me what in my opinion was the dullest and most stupid spot on the face of the Earth, I should decidedly say Chelmsford. Though only 29 miles from town, there is not a single shop where they sell Sunday Papers. I can't get an Athenaeum, a Literary Gazette — no not even a Penny Magazine. And here I am on a wet Sunday looking out of a damned large-bow window at the rain as it falls into the puddles opposite, wondering when it will be dinner time, and cursing my folly in having put no books into my Portmanteau. The only book I have seen here, is one which lies upon the sofa. It is entitled "Field Exercises and Evolutions of the Army by Sir Henry Torrens."

I have read it through so often, that I am sure I could drill a hundred recruits from memory. There is not even anything to look at in the place, except two immense prisons, large enough to hold all the Inhabitants of the county – whom they can have been built for I can't imagine.

I fear among the gloomy reflections which will present themselves to my mind this day that of having entailed upon you the misery of decyphering such an unconnected mass as this, will not be the least. As I thought it very likely however, that you would never get beyond the first three sentences I have comprised in them, the whole object of my letter; knowing that whether you came to the end of it or not, you would believe without a written assurance that I am Most Sincerely Yours

Charles Dickens

C.D.
Chelmsford
Jan 9 1835

Free

Thomas Beard Esqre
42 Portman Place
Edgeware Road
London

PAID
12 JA 12
1835

10 FN 10
JA 12
1835

CHELMSFORD
JA 10
1835

T.P

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

9.

13 Furnivals Inn.
Saturday Morning

My Dear Beard.

I inclose the amount of your kind loan, with many thanks for your friendly readiness both on this and a former occasion, when I had not an equally early opportunity of acknowledging it.

Believe me
My Dear Beard
Most Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esqre

Petersham.
Friday Morning.

Dear Beard.

This is to give notice that we return to Town tomorrow, and that the St. James's Theatre opens with my piece next Thursday, preparatory to which night, I should like to make arrangements with you, for going.

We shall be quite alone on Sunday. If I should not hear from you to the contrary, we shall expect you to dinner at 5 o'Clock.

Believe me
Ever Yours faithfully
Charles Dickens

15 Furnivals Inn.
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Beard.

Will you dine with us tomorrow at four? — Mr & Mrs. Hogarth, and a couple of people from the country whom you have seen just as often as I have. We shall all go to the Saint James's in the evening, and I hope you will join us.

apropos, if you want any orders for any of your family, say the word, and I will procure them on any night you please.

Believe me
My Dear Beard
Ever Yours faithfully
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esqre.

Doughty Street
Friday Morning

My Dear Beard.

I suppose father told you that we thought of christening the baby tomorrow. Circumstances have rendered it a painful ceremony, and I wished to get it quietly over.

We have been obliged to postpone it however, at this very short notice. We now think of taking him into the Church's bosom next week, but of this I will give you ample notice as soon as we can determine.

As I apprehended, Kate's grief and agitation has brought on a miscarriage, but she has got well over it, and is now Thank God, all right again. I inclose you the Miscellany. When are we going to see you again?.–

Believe me My Dear Beard
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Thos. Beard Esqre.

Doughty Street

Friday Morning

My Dear Beard.

I have had a note from Bulwer begging me to dine with him next Sunday. As I have repeatedly disappointed him of late, I fear I must do so. Will you dine with us on the following Saturday; that is, next Saturday week instead? and so ease the mind of

Your faithful friend

Charles Dickens

Petersham

Friday Morning

My Dear Beard

Come down at your own time and in your own way. We shall then be sure of no mistakes which otherwise I apprehend.

Always yours faithfully
& at present hastily
Charles Dickens

Thomas Beard Esquire

OFFICES OF THE DAILY NEWS
WHITEFRIARS

Saturday afternoon

My Dear Ward

We intend — sub rosâ — having Peel's speech taken in short hand on Tuesday night; published in a second Edition of that morning's Paper as soon as he is ~~[illegible]~~ down; and sent by Special Engines, to every town on every line in England. I suppose

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it would not be worth your while, as an old-established Paper, to join in this? But if there be anything our men and engines can do for you, apart from charging, we shall be delighted to have them do it.

I want to express it also, to Paris. Would you feel disposed to do anything on this score?

Faithfully Yours

CD

THE DICKENS HOUSE
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48, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON

15 Furnivals Inn.
Thursday March 31st 1836

My Dear Uncle.

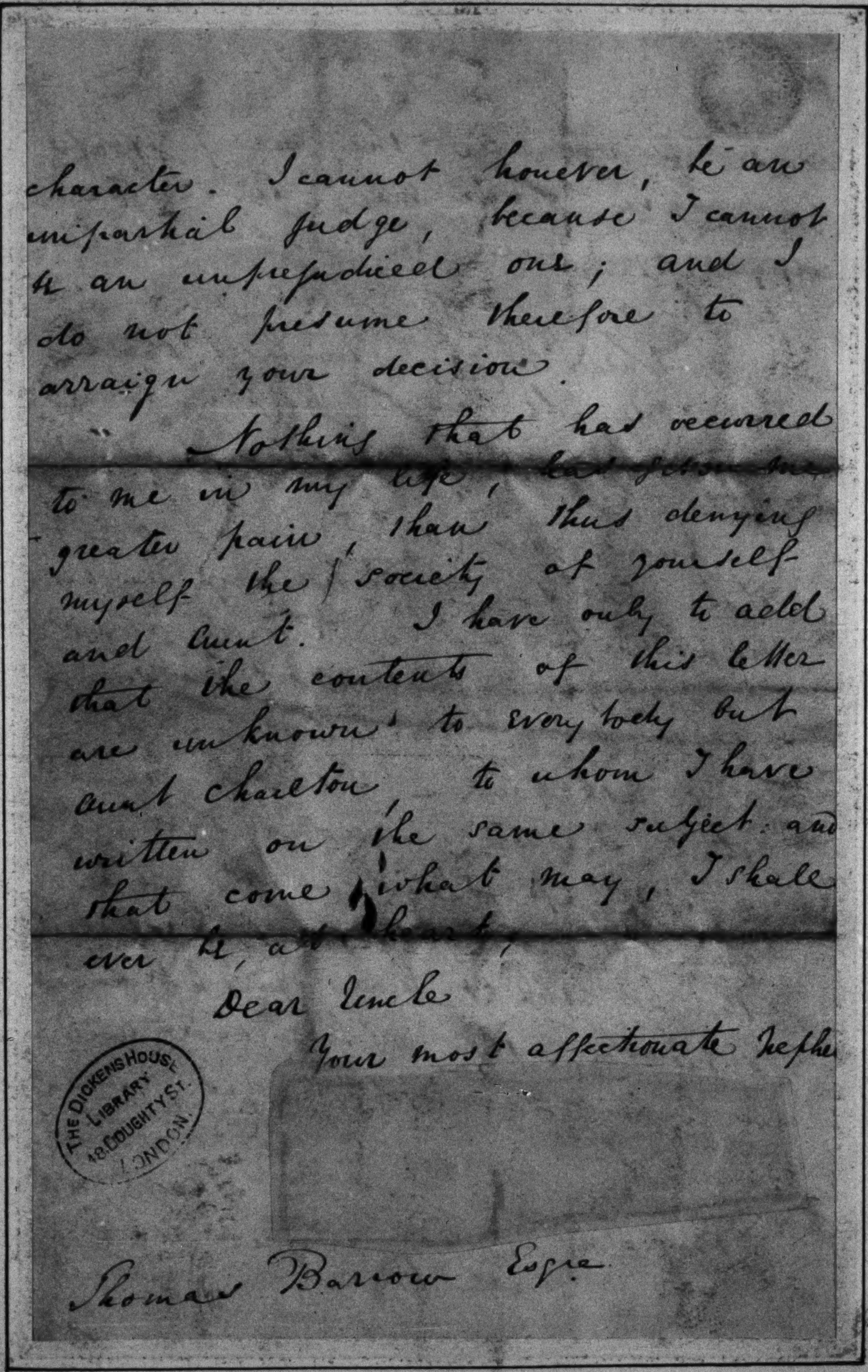
The great success of my book, and the name it has established for me, among the Publishers, enables me to settle at an earlier period than I at first supposed possible; I have therefore fixed Saturday next, for my marriage with Miss Hogarth – the daughter of a gentleman who has recently distinguished himself by a celebrated work on Music, who was the most intimate friend and companion of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the most eminent among the Literati of Edinburgh.

There is no Member of my family, to whom I should be prouder to introduce my wife, than yourself, but I am compelled to say – and I am sure you cannot blame me for doing so — that the same cause which has led me for a long time past, to deny myself the pleasure and advantage of your society, prevents my doing so. If I could not as a single man, I cannot as a married one, visit at a relation's house from which my father is excluded: nor can I see any relatives here, who would not treat him, as they would myself.

This is a very painful subject, and I have many associations connected with you, which render it much more painful in this case, than in any other. I cannot forget that I was once your little companion and nurse, through a weary illness, nor shall I ever

cease to remember the many proofs
you have given me, in later
days, of your interest, and
affection.

When I say, Uncle, that
I should be more happy than
I can possibly express, if you
would place it in my power,
to know you once again on
those terms of intimacy and
friendship, I so sincerely desire,
I hope you will not misun=
derstand my meaning. I do
not ask you — I should conceive
that I lowered and disgraced
myself, if I did — to alter
your determination. I may
think that time might have
softened the determined ani=
[illegible] years; I may
[illegible] do an in=
[illegible] I have no
justice ([illegible]
doubt) to my father's real



character. I cannot however, be an impartial judge, because I cannot be an unprejudiced one; and I do not presume therefore to arraign your decision.

Nothing that has occurred to me in my life, has given me greater pain, than thus denying myself the society of yourself and Aunt. I have only to add that the contents of this letter are unknown to everybody but Aunt Charlton, to whom I have written on the same subject: and that come what may, I shall ever be, at heart,

Dear Uncle

Your most affectionate Nephe

THE DICKENS HOUSE
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48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON

Thomas Barrow Esqre

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday Twenty Fourth April, 1867

Sir

allow me to offer you my sincere thanks for your obliging and considerate letter, dated the day before yesterday.

I beg to enclose my declaration of the date of my son's birth. A formal certificate of his baptism shall be forwarded tomorrow. It has been applied for today; but has not been obtained, in consequence of not being demanded within the two hours formally set apart (it seems) for that purpose.

I have the honor to be
Sir
Your faithful Servant
Charles Dickens

Dr. Thompson

Mr Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr Percy Boyd, and begs to thank him with sincere cordiality, for his most obliging and welcome note, and the flattering tribute sent with it.

Mr Percy Boyd will acquit Mr Dickens of any negligence (he hopes) in replying to so esteemed a favor, when he mentions that he has been abroad for nearly a year, and is only just now returned to England, and an immense arrear of correspondence.

Mr Dickens begs to reciprocate Mr Boyd's kind wishes, and to assure him of his friendly consideration.

Devonshire Terrace, London
Eighteenth March 1847.

Forgery
see over

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Devonshire Terrace London
Eighteenth March 1847

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Monday Nineteenth October 1868

My Dear Cartwright

On arriving here last night I found a note from your son, whom I cordially thank for his obliging readiness.

Unfortunately I must leave for Brighton at five minutes before 12 today, as there is a peculiarity in the room, and my men cannot set the platforms without me. Perhaps you will kindly tell me tomorrow night when you can see me on *Wednesday morning*. (On Wednesday evening I start for Brighton again, and thence go back to Manchester).

Ever Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Thursday Seventh August, 1862

My Dear Cole.

Many thanks for your letter. But I have at present too many domestic anxieties and pre-occupations, to leave me liberty for such an enterprise.

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Charles A Cole Esquire

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Fifth April 1849.

My Dear Costello

Many thanks for your note. I hope David Copperfield will "do" for your good correspondent. The world need not take another Pickwick from me now; but we can be cheerful and merry I hope, notwithstanding, and with a little more purpose in us.

Faithfully Yours ever

Charles Dickens

Dudley Costello Esquire.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. W.C.

Friday Twentieth January 1860.

Sir.

I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the enclosed paper. In the main I think it has been anticipated in other accounts of like classes of little dealers. But I am not the less obliged to you for the offer of it, and it would be very agreeable to me if I could be more fortunate another time.

I have mentioned your name, in connection with Mr Thomas's, to Mr Wills who assists me here. If you should desire at any time to do me the favor to suggest a subject for your own treatment, he will be happy to tell you freely whether it is likely to suit these pages.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Warwick Reynolds Esquire

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Thursday Twenty Sixth February 1863.

Dear Sir

I beg to thank you for the very kind explanation you have sent me in reply to my letter. I fully understand the difficulty, and the state of the case.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Yours faithfully and obliged
Charles Dickens

Thomson Hankey Esquire.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Tuesday Twenty Ninth December, 1868

Gentlemen

I have not the slightest doubt of the strict accuracy of every word of your communication received here this morning. Knowing, from the instances of the Sheffield sword grinders and their magnetic mask, and from other analogous cases, how difficult it is to induce ignorant people to take precautions provided for them when doing dangerous work, the contents of your letter are no surprise to me.

You will have the goodness to observe that "the Lead Mills" were a mere abstraction to me when I wrote the paper which has attracted your attention, and that I did not even know where they were, or the name of your firm. But I was so anxious to be just, that although I was attended in my visit to Stepney by a physician, and although we saw other clear indications of

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Lead-Poisoning besides the one instance named (and that, only in the words of the Irishwoman: not in mine, or with remark of mine). I forbore to state them.

It will afford me pleasure to see Your Works for myself; and I will give you a few hours notice of my coming, on my return from Ireland, about three weeks hence.

Mr Cumming's letter is not so moderate as yours or so reasonable. He does not sufficiently discriminate between the Irishwoman and her visitor, and surely cannot in reason suppose that the latter, in graphically presenting her exact words, endorses them! If they are presented otherwise than as a piece of character, can he possibly suppose that a writer at all accustomed to read or observe would record that a young woman's brains were coming out at her ears?

Both he and you may rely

on my being perfectly free from any prepossession or prejudice against you, and being more than willing to set you right.

I am Gentlemen

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Messrs. Johnson and Sons.

Petersham Surrey

Monday June 20th. 1839.

Dear Sir.

I have this day paid into Hankey's, a cheque for £30 - deducting from the half year's rent, the sum of £10 paid on the 25th. of april last for ground rent to Mr. Gotobed, whose receipt I have left out in Doughty Street under cover to you.

I am living out of town at present, and so missed your brother, which I trust, however, has not occasioned you any inconvenience.

Yours truly

Charles Dickens

Edward Banks Esquire.

Doughty Street London

November 11th 1839.

Sir.

I have a proposition to make to you relative to leaving your house, which, under the circumstances, I think it very probably may meet your views as well as mine by enabling you to make whatever repairs or alterations you may deem advisable before letting it again, without losing rent or time in the meanwhile. Some repairs I presume you will deem it necessary to make at once, with a view to obtaining a Tenant on good terms. The drains for instance have been a serious annoyance to us, and although we have had the plumbers in the house half a dozen times, we have not been able to make them last one time without often receiving strong notice of their being in the neighbourhood.

The proposition I have to make to you, is this:- I will give you up possession at Christmas (paying the rent to March) if you will take the fixtures off my hands. I purchased them when I came in and have improved and added to them since, and as they stand — excellent blinds being fitted in every window, and many little conveniences here and there — they certainly improve the appearance of the house and give it an air of much greater comfort and accomodation. There is some pattern furniture, namely the drawing-room carpet, the fender and fire-irons, the curtains and fitted cornices, and the oilcloth in the passage — all in the best condition. These I wish to offer you too. If you feel inclined to take them all, I propose they should be valued by any respectable person — Mr. Handisyde for instance who valued for you before — and in consideration of your taking the whole, I would make an abatement in the price of fifteen per cent upon his valuation.

The advantage to you would be that besides having a certain profit on these things from the next tenant, you would have possession for three months, receiving the rent from me meantime, and could do anything you wished to the house without loss of rent, and perhaps let it before the quarter expired. The advantage to me would be that I should dispose of these matters at once (at a sacrifice which I would rather make than keep them) and so have done with them and the house together.

An answer at your convenience will oblige me. Meanwhile I am, Yours very truly,

Charles Dickens

My dear Father,

I received this ~~enclosed~~ Letter this Morning – and, as I intended writing to you by Tonight's Post I forward Mr D's Letter as it will give You and my ~~[illegible]~~ Uncle an opportunity of considering it for an hour before You see me – I intend going to London per Railroad tomorrow (Wednesday) and will be with You between 12 & 1 o'Clock – I shall write to Mr Dickens that my Uncle & I will call there about 2 o'Clock to look over the House, if convenient; – but of course we shall require time to consider Mr Dickens' proposal. – therefore I shall only thank him for it. – If it is not convenient to my Uncle to go to Doughty Street tomorrow it will not signify. – next day will suit me according to my present plans I shall be off before post time tomorrow. – that is to say, if there is room by the Omnibus – Now with love to you all I conclude. – Believe me my dear Father

Your ever dutiful & affectionate Son

Edward

The Revd. J. S. Banks
~~Witham~~ 4 Devonshire Street
~~Essex~~ Portland Place
London

WITHAM

A. Thomas Esqr

Tom

I am quite
ashamed I hav
not returned
your keg but
you shall hav
it by Harry to
morrow. If
you would
like to purchase
my Slave you
shall have it

at a very
reduced price
~~[illegible]~~.
Cheaper in
comparison
than a leg.

Yours &c

Dibdin

P.S. I suppose
all this time
you have had
a wooden
leg. I have
avoided your
very sincerely
[illegible]

Letter from Charles Dickens to his sister "Fanny"

Athenæum

Friday First March 1844

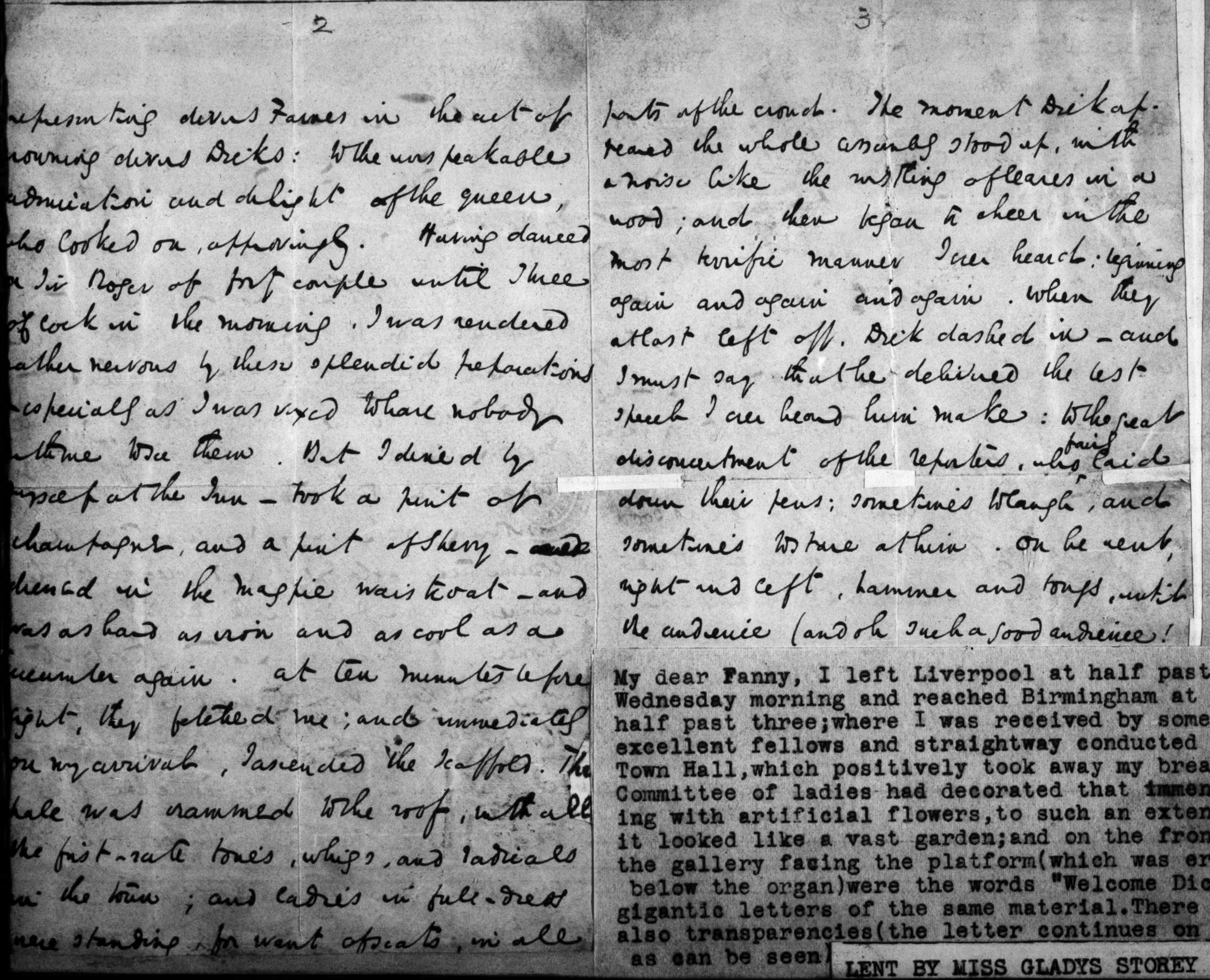
My dear Fanny.

I left Liverpool at half past ten on Wednesday morning, and reached Birmingham at about half past three; where I was received by some most excellent fellows, and straightway conducted to the Town Hall, which positively took away my breath. A committee of ladies had decorated the immense building with artificial flowers, to such an extent that it looked like a vast garden; and on the front of the gallery (facing the platform which was erected below the organ) were the words "Welcome Dickens" in gigantic letters of the same material. There were also transparencies

London by the train at a quarter past one yesterday.

The newspaper with the best report will be out tomorrow. I will not fail to send you one by Monday's Post. Now that the excitement is all over, I am perfectly exhausted, dead, worn-out, and spiritless. The wear and tear since Sunday last – to say nothing of that of the number, which I finished shortly before – has rendered me quite prostrate. and but for the recollection of this week (which has its pleasures too) I don't know but I would as soon be comfortably off, as continue to live in this wearing, tearing, mad, rushing, and most extraordinary world.

LETTER WRITTEN BY CHARLES DICKENS TO HIS SISTER FANNY THE YEAR OF HIS DEPARTURE WITH HIS FAMILY TO ITALY. WRITTEN FROM THE ATHANAEUM CLUB MARCH IST 1844. GIVING A DESCRIPTION OF HIS TAKING THE CHAIR AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION ON 28th FEB. AT THE TOWN HALL BIRMINGHAM.



2

epresenting divers Fairies in the act of
rowning divers Dicks: to the unspeakable
dmiration and delight of the queen,
ho looked on, approvingly. Having danced
n Sir Roger of forty couple until Three
o'clock in the morning. I was rendered
ather nervous by these splendid preparations
– especially as I was vexed to have nobody
ith me there. But I dined by
yself at the Inn – took a pint of
champagne, and a pint of Sherry – ~~and~~
ressed in the magpie waistcoat – and
was as hard as iron and as cool as a
ucumber again. At ten minutes before
ight, they fetched me; and immediately
on my arrival, I ascended the scaffold. The
hall was crammed to the roof, with all
the first-rate tories, whigs, and radicals
in the town; and ladies in full-dress
were standing, for want of seats, in all

3

parts of the crowd. The moment Dick appeared the whole assembly stood up, with a noise like the rustling of leaves in a wood; and then began to cheer in the most terrific manner I ever heard: beginning again and again and again. When they at last left off, Dick dashed in – and I must say that he delivered the best speech I ever heard him make: to the great discomfiture of the reporters, who fairly laid down their pens; sometimes to laugh, and sometimes to stare at him. On he went, right and left, hammer and tongs, until the audience (and oh such a good audience!

My dear Fanny, I left Liverpool at half past ten on Wednesday morning and reached Birmingham at about half past three; where I was received by some most excellent fellows and straightway conducted to the Town Hall, which positively took away my breath. A Committee of ladies had decorated that immense building with artificial flowers, to such an extent that it looked like a vast garden; and on the front of the gallery facing the platform (which was erected below the organ) were the words "Welcome Dick" in gigantic letters of the same material. There were also transparencies (the letter continues on Page 2 as can be seen)

LENT BY MISS GLADYS STOREY O.B.E.

Mr Thomas Hill

---

48 Doughty Street
Monday Morning

My Dear Sir

Will you dine with me on Saturday next at Degex's the Prince of Wales No. 1 Leicester Place Leicester Square — at 5 o'Clock for half past exactly? I shall be truly delighted to see you.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Thomas Hill Esquire

Broadstairs, Kent.

Twentyninth August 1847.

Dear Sir.

I cannot resist the impulse I feel to thank you for the very great pleasure I derived from the representation of Cymbeline at your Theatre on Thursday night. The excellent sense, taste, and feeling, manifested throughout — the great beauty of all the stage arrangements — and the respectful consideration (so to speak) shown by everyone concerned, for the creation of the poet — gave me extraordinary gratification. Nor could I readily express to you, if I were to try, how strong a sense I have of the great service such a Theatre renders to all who visit it, and to the general cause of literature and art.

Even at the risk of seeming to intrude this sense upon you, I really cannot help assuring you of my warm interest and admiration. And perhaps you will receive my note with the greater favor, when I confess to having resisted a similar impulse after two or three former visits to Sadlers Wells.

in my unwillingness to trouble you.

Let me hope that I may have the pleasure of associating my public knowledge of you, with a more private and personal one when I return to town in October. And believe me

Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

— Phelps Esquire.

ES DICKENS to Samuel

My Dear Sirs.

In the slip of Pickwick paged "675" at the 62nd line from the top I think I left uncorrected "Master Baddle" for "Master Bardell". Will you have the goodness to see to this, and by substituting Master Bardell's name, to do justice to the memory of that distinguished child?

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Thursday Morning

Presented by Miss B.A. Goodyer. 1945

Furnival's Inn
Monday Night.

My Dear Sir.

The Strange Gentleman is under weigh, with my Pickwick Publishers. I see it is advertised for Wednesday. I shall be at the Theatre, and will bring the gentleman who illustrates Pickwick with me. If you will leave his name at the Stage Door, he can come round to your dressing room afterwards, and make whatever Sketch he thinks will be best. – It will be a complete scene, with two figures.

The time I lost at the beginning of the month, at the Theatre, has nearly killed me, with work; but I have nearly done, thank God.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

J. P. Harley Esqre

Two Aunts and two uncles, a sister and brother,
Dine with us next Thursday; — will you make another?

Doughty Street
Monday Evening.

My dear Harley.

The above though exquisitely poetical is literally matter-of-fact. The hour is Six. If you are put up for the afterpiece we'll let you go, and if you ain't, why then we won't. Do come; and don't ever leave off believing that I shall ever keep on perpetually remaining

Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Harley Esquire

Tavistock House

Twenty First May, 1856.

Sir.

I have received your letter of yesterday's date, with great interest and pleasure. It is particularly agreeable to me to learn that a Metropolitan Committee has been formed, and that a deputation requests permission to wait upon Lord Palmerston; because I am perfectly sure that the people of this city are only disparaged and placed at a disadvantage, when their moderate desires, their patience good sense and good humour, fail to find adequate expression in high places.

I am inclined to think with you that Lord Palmerston is *really* favorable in this matter; nevertheless he has a famous predecessor in the pages of Shakespeare who did not get on particularly well by letting "I dare not wait upon I would."

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Mr John Kenny

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Friday Third June 1870

Mr Charles Dickens begs Mr Carlin
to have the goodness to send him
down, Four boxes of his usua C
Cigars.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday Tenth January 1866

My Dear Bulwer Lytton.

The book arrived yesterday, and in the evening I had the inexpressible pleasure of reading it through. When I closed it at past midnight, my mind was filled with a crowd of new delights; and to day I have read the book again and the crowd is twice as big.

My ear instantly took the metre. When it changed, I changed as easily and sympathetically. Insomuch that I cannot represent to myself any one of the Tales as told in any other way than your way. I mention this, because I am not usually free from a certain unadaptable obstinacy as to novelties in poetical rhythm, and to this hour am forced to separate some ideas of sound

Dickens 131-1
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friends of ours from the mechanism with which they are associated — altogether to separate the one from the other, and to express the thoughts to _my_ thoughts, in my own manner.

The extraordinary beauty, picturesqueness, and completeness, of The Secret Way, so fascinated me last night, that I returned to my first love before I went to bed, and returned again after breakfast. Argiope holds her place in my heart, against all her rivals. When she is led in by the Priest and takes the Cup, she is peerless against all the world of women. But the narrative itself, the painting in it, the distinctness attained, the glowing force of it, the imagination in it and yet the terseness and closeness of it, these _astonish me_! I declare to you that I have never read any story, whatsoever the manner of its telling, so perfectly amazing to me in these respects, quite apart from its winning tenderness and graces. Of Death and Sisyphus at table — again — I have as clear and vivid a picture as if I had looked in at the window and seen them together: while the last twenty lines of that poem are most magnificent. I suppose the Oread's son wd have been one of the most difficult of the Tales, to tell, because the legend in one form or other is the most familiar of all by far. But for a perfectly different kind of beauty, my pastoral reading cannot match it; and the reed is broken by the master hand that I used to wonder (in the days of the Last Days of Pompeii) whether I should ever make myself famous enough to touch. The sacrifice of the Wife of Miletus, and the picture of the Temple in Cydippe, are the two things most distinctest in the new host ~~[illegible]~~ of which I found myself begirt last night. But if I were to ~~[illegible]~~ go on further I should never have done.

I have not a doubt, my dear friend and beloved Brother in Art, that you will find a great general response to this Labor (I call it Labor, because I see what infinite pains its ease and finish have cost you — to this great work. Unless I am much mistaken, the popular sympathy will be so conquered by The Secret Way, that it will ~~conquer~~ attract readers and students of the rest of the Volume — which without that triumph of Romance you would not have enchained. The farther those advance, the more firmly you will hold them. They may be in their way as true to their first love as I am to mine, but it will lead them on to an appreciation of the amazing variety and wealth of the rest of the Volume which that class would not otherwise have been competent to estimate aright. I am no ~~[illegible]~~ Mage, or that is The Secret Way to unlearned thousands as well as to the souls of accomplished readers.

Ever

Your affectionate and admiring

CD

The Dickens [illegible] 48 Doughty [illegible] London

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Mrs Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately, can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, were ever joined together, who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common.

An attached woman - more a friend to both of us than a servant - who lived with us 16 years, and is now married, and who was, and still is, in Mrs Dickens's confidence and in ment, [illegible] has had the closest & familiar ~~opportunities~~ experience of this unhappiness – in London – in the country – in France – in Italy – wherever we have been – year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day!

an attached woman - more a friend to both of us, than a servant - who lived with

Paris, 49 avenue des Champs Elysées.

Second January 1856

My dear Mrs Gaskell.

In case Household Words should not have spoken for itself in the notice that is now regularly appended to it, or in case you should not have seen that notice, I think I may as well write to let you know that I waited on Madame Mohl very shortly after she called here with your note. She quite explained its subject to me, and, in the next No. we put to Press, I began an announcement that the writers in Household Words reserve the right of translation. On considering the matter it seemed to me to be best and strongest, to make the formality general and ~~[illegible]~~ sweeping. It effectually preserves your right.

I have been going on, hoping to see the end of the story you could not finish (which was not your fault or anybody's) in time for Christmas. When will it be forthcoming, I wonder! You have not deserted it. You cannot be such an unnatural mother.

With kind remembrances from Mrs Dickens and her sister and our united regards to Mr Gaskell,

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

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48, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.

Thursday Fifth January 1860.

My Lord.

In the course of last summer, Lord John Russell did me the favor to communicate with the Duke of Somerset, relative to my wish to obtain a nomination as naval Cadet, for one of my sons (Sydney Smith by name.) Lord John informed me that the Duke had been so kind as to promise him the nomination; and this is the cause of my now troubling you.

My son will be thirteen years of age on the 18th. of next April. As he has been well trained for his profession, his tutor at Portsmouth informs me that he will be quite competent to pass the examination in March, and that he believes

The Duke of Somerset
informed Ld J. Russell
distinctly that he could
not promise a Nomn to
Mr Dickens but his name would
be placed on list & he hoped he might
be able to give him a nomn before he was
over age – but he is still young & many from
Candidates are daily becoming ineligible
age cannot expect an early nomn can be offered
to Mr Dickens JM 5.1.60

Inform'd & desired to
write to the Duke
CF Jan 6

the new regulations will admit of his going up then, instead of waiting until after his thirteenth birthday, and going up in June.

As I do not know what steps the admiralty regulations require me to take towards this end, I asked Lord John Russell a few days ago, if he would direct me. He would not, but recommended that I should address myself to you. I hope, therefore, that you will excuse my doing so. I need scarcely add that I should be happy to wait on you at any time, to save you needless trouble.

I have the honor to be
My Lord
Your faithful Servant
Charles Dickens

The Lord Clarence Paget.

imaginative drawing in his finest day, has nothing in it so ethereal, so gorgeous in fancy, so celestial. We said to one another (Dolby and I) "Let it for evermore remain so;" and shut our eyes, and came away.

God bless you and all dear to you, my dear old friend! I am Ever your affectionate and loving

CD

812
8.12
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Springfield, Mass:
Saturday Twenty First March 1868

My Dearest Macready

(127)

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What with [illegible] reading and travelling, what with "a true american catarrh" (on which I am complimented almost [illegible]), and what with one of the severest winters ever known, your coals of fire received by the last mail did not burn my head so much as they might have done under less excusatory circumstances. But they scorched it too!

You would find the general aspect of America and Americans, decidedly much improved. You would find immensely greater consideration and respect for your privacy, than of old. You would find a steady change for the better, everywhere, except (oddly enough) in the Railways generally: which seem to have stood still, while everything else has moved. But there is an exception Westward. There, the Express trains have now a very delightful carriage called a "Drawing Room Car" – literally, a series of little private drawing rooms, with sofas and a table in each, opening out of a little corridor. In each too, is a large plate glass window, with which you can do as you like. As you pay extra for this luxury, it may be regarded as the first move towards two classes of passengers. When the

Railroad straight away to San Francisco (in 6 days)
shall be opened through, it will not only have these
drawing rooms, but sleeping rooms too, a bath in every
little apartment communicating with a steward's
pantry, a Restaurant, a staff of servants, marble
washing-stands, and a barber's shop! I looked
into one of these cars a day or two ago, and it
was very ingeniously arranged and quite complete.
I left Niagara last Sunday, and
travelled on to Albany through 300 miles of
flood — villages deserted, bridges broken, fences
drifting away, nothing but roaring water, floating
ice, and absolute wreck and ruin. The train
gave in altogether at Utica, and we passengers
were let loose there for the night. As I was due
at Albany, a very active superintendent of works
did all he could to "get Mr Dickens along", and
in the morning we resumed our journey — through the
water — with a hundred men in seven league
boots pushing the ice from before us with long poles.
How we got to Albany, I can't say, but we got
there somehow, just in time for a triumphant
Carol and Trial. All the tickets had been sold
and we found the Albanians in a state of great
excitement. You may imagine what the flood
was, when I tell you that we took the passengers out
of two trains that had had their fires put out
by the water, four and twenty hours before; and
that we released a number of sheep and horned
cattle from trucks that had been in the water — I
don't know how long, but so long that the sheep had
begun to eat each other. It was a horrible spectacle
and the haggard human misery of their faces was
quite a new study. There was a fine breath
of spring in the air concurrently with this great
thaw; but lo and behold! last night it began
to snow again with a strong wind, and today
a snow drift covers this place with all the

desolation of winter once more. I never was so tired of the sight of snow. As to sleighing, I have been sleighing along to that extent, I am sick of the sound of a sleigh bell.

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I have seen all our Boston friends, except Curtis. Hillard is a sad instance of the frenzy of war. Because he was for compromise with the South, and not for bloodshed, he is literally cut at Boston and goes nowhere. Longfellow even, has cut him, and for no other reason. Ticknor is dead. The rest are very little changed, except that Longfellow has a perfectly white flowing beard, and long white hair. But he does not otherwise look old, and is infinitely handsomer than he was. I have been constantly with them all, when in Boston, and they have always talked much about you. It is the established joke that Boston is my "native place", and we hold all sorts of hearty foregatherings. They all come to every Reading, and are always in a most delightful state of enthusiasm. They give me a parting dinner at the Club, on the Thursday before Good Friday. To pass from Boston personally to New York Theatrical, I will mention here that one of the Proprietors of my New York Hotel, is one of the Proprietors of Niblos, and the most active. Consequently I have seen "The Black Crook", and "The White Fawn", in majesty from an armchair in the first entrance P.S. more than once. Of these astonishing dramas, I beg to report (seriously) that I have found no human creature "behind", who has the slightest idea what they are about (—upon my honor, my Dearest Macready!) and that having some amiable small talk with a that little Spanish woman who is the premiere danseuse I asked her, in joke, to let me measure her skirt with my dress glove. Holding the glove by the tip of the forefinger, I found the skirt to be just three gloves long — and yet its length was much in excess of the skirts of 200 other ladies whom the carpenters were at that moment getting into their places for a transformation scene — on revolving columns — on wires and travellers — in iron cradles — up in the flies — down in the cellars — on every impossible description of float that Wilmot gone distracted could imagine.

I have taken my passage for Liverpool from New York in the Cunarder, Russia, on the 22nd of April. I had the second officer's cabin on deck, coming out, and I have the chief steward's cabin on deck, going home, because it will be on the sunny side of the ship. I have experienced nothing here but good humour and cordiality. A very large staff — paid in advance, and paid always weekly — is indispensable to the pressing and peculiar nature of the "business"; but I should not wonder if I came out of it, clear profit in gold, to the tune of £20,000. In the autumn and winter, I have arranged with Chappells to take my farewell of Reading, in the United Kingdom, for ever and ever.

I am delighted to hear of Benvenuta's marriage, and I think her husband a very lucky man. Johnnie has my profoundest sympathy ~~[illegible]~~ under his examinational woes. The noble boy will give me Gavazzi revised and enlarged (I expect) when I next come to Cheltenham. I will give you and Mrs Macready all my American experiences when you come together to London, or, better still, to Gads. Meanwhile I send my loving love to all, not forgetting dear Katie.

Niagara is not ~~at~~ at all spoiled by a very dizzy-looking Suspension Bridge. It is a new one, a mile nearer to the Horse Shoe, opened in Jan. My last sight of that scene (last Sunday) was ~~[illegible]~~ thus:— We went up to the rapids above the Horse Shoe — say 2 miles from it — and stood with our backs to the bright sun, looking at, and through, the great cloud of spray. Everything in the magnificent ~~valley~~ ~~[illegible]~~ buildings, forest, high banks, air, ~~and~~ water — was made of rainbow. Turner's most

1 Devonshire Terrace

Twentieth April 1846.

Dear Sir

I think of going abroad again for a twelvemonth, and once more letting my house during my absence. The halls and staircases have been repainted since we returned home, and the drawing-room very prettily decorated. Besides which, I should be quite willing, for a good tenant, to make any alteration that might be desired in the furnishing and arrangement of the top bedrooms.

Will you have the goodness to cause it to be entered in your books? It can be seen any day after Wednesday, between 2 and 4.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

William Phillips Esquire

Elm Cottage Petersham Surrey.
Friday Evening

Dear Mr Hicks

The copy which precedes that now enclosed has gone to Mr Browne, who will send it to Chapman and Hall who will send it to you. In the first half of slip No 20, "Gray" is written for "Bray", and "Janet" for "Madeline." Perhaps you will alter this, if you remember it, and save your readers some botheration. Please to be careful of the End.

Send me the proof if you please, by the twopenny post. I hope to get on like a house on fire, and will of course come up to town to correct the last chapters, and lose no time in sending copy as I write it.

My Compliments to Mr Evans and ask him *what* will be his feelings whe
he gets the copy on the 10th:

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

W. Hicks

48 Doughty Street.
Wednesday

My Dear Lover.

We christen an infant phaenomenon on Saturday, and expect a few friends in the evening in honor of the occasion. If you will join us at about eight o'Clock, you will give both myself and Mrs. Dickens very sincere pleasure.

Mrs. D begs me to remind you that as

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are very unceremonious people and so forward a very unceremonious and improper message to Mrs. Lover — which is, that if she will set aside all preliminary forms, and ~~[illegible]~~ come with you, she will gladden our hearts the more by being so friendly. Pray enforce this communication with a pair or two of your eloquence and say I am requested to add that Mrs. Dickens would have called on Mrs. Lover and brought her own message, but that she is in delicate health, and the weather keeps her at home.

Believe me, always,
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Samuel Lover Esqre.

Devonshire Terrace.

Christmas Day 1845.

My Dear Miss Kelly.

In addition to my other tickets, will you book (as friends of mine: for good places – a second row in the best boxes would do well for these two) Mr and Mrs Powell.

Will you instruct Charles when he comes on Saturday night to look, between that time and the Play, to all the grooves and so forth, that everything may run smoothly and well? The Gasman too, should see to the Border Battens. Will you also take care, in good time, that the orchestra does us credit? Moreover, will you exert yourself about

the Properties: and also about an intelligent boy to take care of them, and to act as Callboy too?

The Butler in the play — who, in the fourth act says one speech as "Servant". Will you secure the man you spoke of for this — give him his part — and write him to go to Nathan, and be measured for his dress? He should be called for Saturday.

I want everything to be well done; and, the time being short, am getting very nervous.

Faithfully Yours always
Charles Dickens

Miss Kelly.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

5 Hyde Park Place. London W.

Friday Twenty Second April 1870

My Dear Mr Nightingale

Beware of London Correspondents for they lead into ditches! See what comes of my having taken the house of an old friend for a few weeks, and of my daughters having had a party!

Some few weeks ago I ventured to hint that a great novelist had not been invited to Court for nothing. It now transpires that the popular writer in question has taken the Hyde-park mansion of an ex-Cabinet Minister, for a town residence, and that his "at homes" are attended by the leading members of the aristocracy.

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

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[illegible]

148 Kings Road, Brighton

Fourteenth March 1850.

My dear Bradbury

"Positively for this occasion only": I think the proposed change in the Preliminary Words. good. The title now looks excellent.

I really think it is an extraordinary production; and if the Public be not satisfied, I don't know what they would have. I never read such a Number of anything else.

And here's a man for you! – They

P.S. All pieces of plate to be
addressed, 1 Devonshire Terrace.

sent me to day the proposed No 2. in a list of articles. The amazing undersigned then feels a little uncomfortable at a want of Household tenderness in it. So he puts away Copperfield, at which he has been working like a Steam Engine — writes (he thinks) exactly the kind of thing to supply the deficiency — and sends it off, by this post, to Forster!

What an amazing man!

Ever Yours

CD

My love to Evans.

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Tavistock House

Thursday Seventh June 1855.

My Dear Elwin

Forster has told you (I believe) that I hope you will come to us on the evening of the Saturday on which our unfortunate calling is to be beaten by agglomerated Humbug (against which however, I will sustain its just claims please God, for many a year to come), but has not told you why I hope to see you. My reason I enclose in print. It is a freak I have taken into my head to try how picturesque and real we can be in my childrens' Schoolroom.

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The real Theatre is so bad, that I have always a delight in setting up a sham one — besides deriving a pleasure from feigning to be somebody else, which is akin to the pleasure of inventing — with the addition of the odd novelty that this sort of invention is executed in company.

always very cordially Yours

Charles Dickens

The Reverend Whitwell Elwin.

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1 Devonshire Terrace

Thursday Night January 2nd: 1840

My Dear Sir.

I determined not to thank you for the Turkey until it was quite gone, in order that you might have a becoming idea of its astonishing capabilities.

The last remnant of that blessed bird made its appearance at breakfast yesterday — I repeat it, yesterday — the other portions having furnished forth seven grills, one boil, and a cold lunch or two.

Accept my warm thanks (in which Mrs Dickens begs to join) for your annual recollection of us,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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LONDON.

which we value very highly as one
of the pleasant circumstances of a
pleasant season — and couple with
them my hearty wishes for many
~~happy~~ happy years to both of
you and both of yours — and of goo
health and good works and good
feeling to all of us.

always faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Dickens

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LONDON.

Winterbourne, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.

Twenty Eighth July 1849.

My Dear Bradbury.

I received your letter here this morning, and cannot forbear writing by return of post to congratulate you on your "jolly good health." I am perfectly delighted to find you in such good spirits, and getting into such tiptop condition. We will get into such harness one of these days, please God, in connexion with that long-deferred-but-never-sufficiently-to-be-considered-and-never-to-be-approached-

though-not-yet-planned-or-named Periodical,
as shall carry us to chambers-like profits
at a hand gallop. I won't say how long
I intend to give you to grow into full business
feather, but it's clear to me that you are
fledging fast.

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We have taken a very pretty cottage
here until the end of September. Leech
and his wife live close by. A friend of
mine is the Lord of the Manor, and we
have made all visitors in search of
the Picturesque, mad, by putting up an
immense wooden caravan on the Beach,
to shut in a noble waterfall and
convert it into

a Shower-Bath (!)

with some five hundred feet of Fall. which we take every morning, to the unbounded astonishment of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Mrs Dickens and Miss Hogarth unite in best regards to you and Mrs Bradbury. I shall drink confusion to all the complaints you are coming out of, this day at dinner.

Once again let me heartily congratulate you.

Faithfully Your friend

Charles Dickens

William Bradbury Esquire.

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Devonshire Terrace.

Twenty Eighth November 1845.

My Dear Thompson — That seems to me to be the shortest cut through your difficulty.

A thousand thanks for your warm-hearted letter, which came upon me in the pleasantest way, as I was rounding off the few last chirpings of the Cricket on the Hearth. It made me feel the Cricket a hundred times more real than ever.

We play once more — for the benefit of Miss Kelly; and the tickets will be a Guinea each. We have not yet decided when it shall be, what it shall be, or where it shall be. But as soon as these precious morsels of intelligence become known to me (probably next week) I will write to you again.

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I had a most affectionate and delightful letter from Lord Jeffrey not long ago. There are very few things that are so charming to me as the way in which he has lived through all that Blue and Yellow, and remained so tender, true, and earnest. He is the freshest of friends and readers. And God send he may continue so, for as many years as you and I desire!

Kate is quite well, and less

be kindly remembered to Mrs Timpson
and yourself and all the children.
Dolly lives in my memory brightly; but she
must be quite another Dolly by this time.

always Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

W. Timpson Esquire

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OCB

not yet

Devonshire Terrace
Fourth March 1850.

My Dear Taylor

If you ever *should* find it within your inclination and convenient to write anything in my Household Words, I am sure I need not say (though I *do* say, nevertheless) that I should be very sincerely gratified.

Ever Yours
Charles Dickens

Tom Taylor Esquire.

Broadstairs Kent

Seventh August, 1850.

My Dear Mrs Gaskell.

I have been extraordinarily amused by this Sermon, which is the best (of its kind) I ever saw or heard in my life, and infinitely better than any theological discourse whatever.

The fact of its having been reprinted ten years ago, makes me doubt the propriety of putting it in Household Words, or I should have been delighted to do so.

It would be ungrateful to say that anything in your pleasant handwriting could disappoint me. I only thought when I saw it outside the letter, that there might be a tale by you, within. *That*, I immediately keep, you know.

Kate and her sister send their kind loves.

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Mrs Gaskell.

Tavistock House

Tuesday Twenty Ninth June
1852

My Dear Mrs Gaskell.

I have read these papers with a mixed feeling. There is much in them that is very good — much that I think excessively injudicious and too likely to make hypocrites. I cannot say that the impression they leave on me is quite satisfactory. I doubt if Mr Gaskell would teach children in that way.

You have made such an

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impression on me as to the repetition of Bulwer's comedy at Manchester, that I have resolved not to play it. We shall act Used Up, Charles the Twelfth, and Mr Nightingale's Diary. The two former are excellent little pieces — especially the first, which is by far the best thing we have ever done. It is a French story, and the idea of it is quite delightful.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens

Paris, 49 avenue des Champs Elysées.

Second January 1856

Dear Mrs Gaskell.

In case Household Words should not have spoken for itself in the notice that is now regularly appended to it, or in case you should not have seen that notice, I think I may as well write to let you know that I waited on Madame Mohl very shortly after she called here with your note. She fully explained its subject to me, and, in the next No. we put to Press, I began an announcement that the writers in Household Words reserved the right of translation. On considering the matter it seemed to me to be best and strongest, to make the formality general and sweeping. It effectually preserves your right.

I have been going on, hoping to see the end of the story you could not finish (which was not your fault or anybody's)

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in time for Christmas. When will it be forthcoming, I wonder! You have not deserted it. You cannot be such an unnatural mother.

With kind remembrances from Mrs Dickens and her sister and our united regards to Mr Gaskell,

Believe me
Very faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

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All The Year Round

Twenty Second April, 1861.

My Dear Mrs Gaskell.

I will endeavour to get your letter back by Wednesday or Thursday. It is quite likely that it has never been opened, as no human creature can imagine how impossible it is for that lady to keep pace with her correspondents, or anyhow to prevent the accumulation of hundreds of letters. Wills does a great deal of business for her, and is now away, as her representative in some affair of charity, in Devonshire. The letter may be in his hands. If he does not return on Wednesday (when I expect him) I will go to Miss [redacted]. Coutts

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Office of Household Words.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 16, Wellington Street North_Strand.

Saturday Night First August 1857.

My Dearest Georgy.

I write these hasty lines to say that Forster is not coming. Consequently if Fred is (which I suppose you know) he may have the Pump Room.

Affectionately Ever

Charles Dickens

Miss Hogarth.

Hotel de la Ville, Milan.

Tuesday Twenty Fifth October 1853.

My Dear Georgy.

First of all, the main thing I have to tell you is, that the word describing a sparkling wine — the word synonymous with Mousseux — which I myself remembered at Boulogne but could not recall, turned up at Domo D'Ossola the very first Italian place we stopped at, as follows:

Inimitable (to waiter). C'è un vino che vedo scritto sulla carta, ~~[illegible]~~ "Vino d'Asti". C'è il ~~vecchio~~ vino che ho spesso volte bevuto — un vino come champagne — non è vero?

Waiter (To Inimitable) Sì Signore. Un vino bianco, Italiano — un vino *Spumante*

Inimitable (aside) Ecco la parola! L'ho trovato!

The next thing you will be interested in hearing of, is the ~~[illegible]~~ of the Emulative Moustaches of the two other members of the Triumvirate. They are more disheartening, more comic, more sparse and meagre, more straggling, wandering, wiry, stubbly, forlorn — more ~~[illegible]~~ given to wandering into strange places and sprouting up noses and dribbling under chins — than anything in that nature ever produced, as I believe, since the Flood. Collins has taken to wearing his (which are like the [illegible] yellows) at dinner; and Egg's are not near his nose, but begin at the corners of his mouth, like those of the Witches in Macbeth. I have suffered so much from the contemplation of these terrific objects from grey dawn to night in little carriages, that this morning, finding myself with a good looking glass and a good light, I seized my best razor, and, as a great example, shaved off the whole of the Newgate fringe from under my chin! The moustache remains, and now looks enormous. But the beard I have sacrificed as a dread warning to competitors — which I

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I am bound to add does not produce the least effect; the ~~[illegible]~~ observing with complacency that "it looks much better so."

I have walked to what my boots in Switzerland (walked over the Simplon on Sunday), as an addition to the other feats; that one pair of the new strong shoes has gone to be mended this morning, and the other is in but a poor way, the snow having played the mischief with them. I saw the deaf dumb and blind youth at Lausanne on the morning of my departure. Tremendous efforts were made by Hertzel, to impress him with an idea of me and the associations belonging to me. It seemed very ~~[illegible]~~ quite a failure, and I very ~~[illegible]~~ much doubt if he had the least perception of his old acquaintance. Meanwhile he was always (according to his old custom) muttering strange eager sounds like "Town" and "Down" and "Mount" — which Townshend, in a most ludicrous manner, twisted into an irrepressible desire on the poor fellow's part to articulate his name. As he ~~[illegible]~~ evidently had no more idea of Townshend than of any lamp-post in London it was so extraordinarily absurd that I laughed disgracefully and could not be stopped. The interview ~~[illegible]~~ terminated by Townshend's buying every object down in that dismal little place where we used to see the boy at work — he perpetually coming back again for that purpose (when we were called to go away, lest we should lose the boat) and saying, in the oddest French "Combien cette chose là? — Oh! — Voulez-vous donc avoir la bonté d'envoyer cet objet chez — moi — Et cet autre objet — combien? — Oh! — Vrai-ment! — Voulez-vous donc envoyer — cet objet — aussi — chez moi — Mon Loisir?" We forced him out at last, and I left ten francs to be spent in cigars for my old friend. If I had taken one with me, I think I would have established the conversation more successfully than his master. The similarly afflicted child, the little girl, whom we saw there, was discharged after some trial as an Idiot, and was hardly remembered when I asked after her.

On the Swiss side of the Simplon, we slept at the nastiest little town, in the wildest kind of house, where some fifty cats tumbled into the corridor outside our bedrooms all at once in the middle of the night — whether through the roof or not, I don't know; for it was dark when we got up — and made such a terrible and terrific noise that we started up out of our beds in a panic. I strongly objected to opening the door lest they should get into the room and fly at us; but Edward opened his, and laid about him until he dispersed them. At Domo d'Ossola we had three immense bedrooms (Egg's bed twelve feet wide!) and a Sala of imperceptible extent in the dim light of two candles and a wood fire; but were very well and very cheaply entertained. Here, we are, as you know, housed in the greatest comfort.

We continue to get on very well indeed together, though I am rather confirmed in general suspicions I have long entertained that other men in general (and Collins in particular) spit and snort rather more than I have ever found it necessary to do — particularly in the early part of the day. We really do admirably. I lose no opportunity of inculcating the lesson that it is of no use to be out of temper in travelling, and it is very seldom wanted for any of us. Egg is an excellent fellow and full of good qualities — I am sure a generous and staunch man at heart. He is not above the average, intellectually; but I believe he is, in a good and honourable nature.

I shall send Catherine from here a list of the places at which letters will find me. I shall hope to hear from you too, and I shall be very glad indeed to do so. No more at present. Ever most affectionately CD

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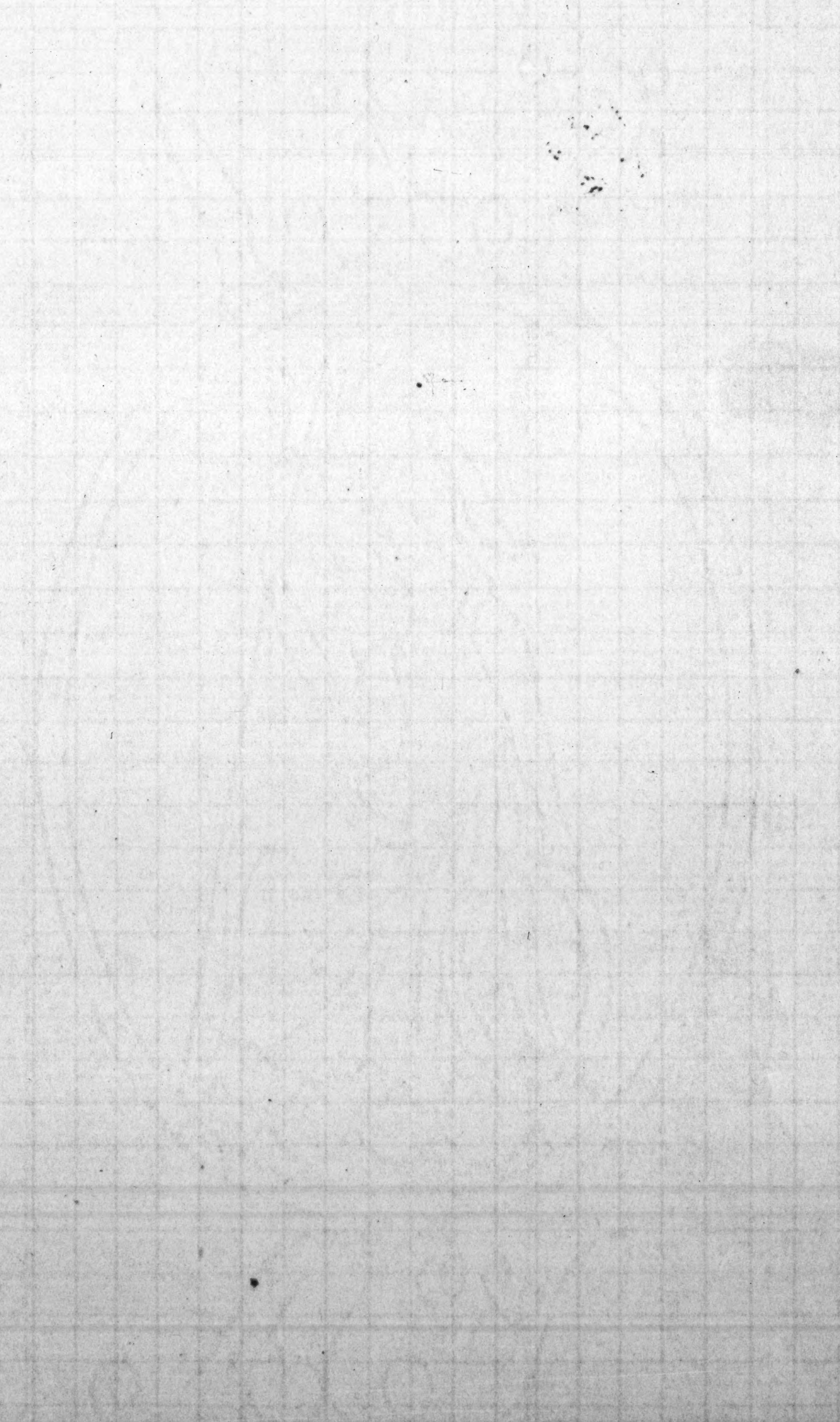

Household Words

Seventh February 1856

(Just after dinner)

My Dear Georgy.

Your letters, both together, have just come to hand. I have but a moment to reply. Take the Pavilion. I have no doubt of its being the best place.

I will write you a real letter tomorrow.

Ever affectionately

CD

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Household Words

Friday Eighth February 1856

My Dearest Georgy. I must write this at Railroad speed, for I have been at it all day, and have numbers of letters to cram into the next half hour. I began the morning in the City for the Theatrical Fund — went on to Shepherds Bush — came back to leave cards for Mr Baring and Mr Bates — ran across Piccadilly to Stratton Street — stayed there an hour — and shot off here. I have been in four cabs today at a cost of Thirteen Shillings. Am going to dine with Mark and Webster at ½ past 4, and finish the evening at the Adelphi.

The dinner was very successful. Charley was in great force, and floored Peter Cunningham and the Audit Office on a question about some bill transaction with Barings. The other guests were B, HL, Shirley Brooks, Forster (in bad spirits I think) — and that's all. The dinner admirable. I never had a better. All the wine, I sent down from Tavistock House. Anne waited and looked well and happy – very much brighter and better altogether. It gave me great pleasure to see her so improved. Just before dinner I got all the letters from home. They could not have arrived more opportunely.

The Godfather Present looks charming now it is engraved, and John is just now going off to take it to Mrs Yates. Tomorrow Wills and I are going to Gad's Hill. It will occupy the whole day, and will just leave me time to get home and dress for dinner. I arranged with Miss Coutts concerning Wills this morning. He is to have Two Hundred a Year – which I think very handsome.

I saw your mother yesterday for the first time. She looks rather better than usual, I think.

And that's about all I have to say, except that I have rescued Mark from a state of the deepest depression, and that the first No of Little Dorrit has gone to 40,000, and the others are fast following.

My best love to Catherine, and Mamey, and Katey, and Walter, and Harry, and the Noble Plorn. I am grieved to hear about his black eye, and fear that I shall find it in the green and purple state on my return.

Ever affectionately

Charles Dickens

H. W. Office

Tuesday, Eleventh March 1856

My Dear Georgy

Madame de Dommengon overlooks a point, which I think you may have overlooked too. She credits herself with the money she paid for the Daughter Family but she does not remember that if the family did not suit us, we should leave when our time is up in April. Therefore I will give her for the one month 300 francs, and not a farthing more if she won't take that.

I have been in bed half the day with my cold: which is excessively violent. Consequently I have to write in a great hurry, to save the Post.

Tell Catherine that I have the most prodigious, overwhelming, crushing, astounding, blinding, deafening

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pulverizing, scarifying secret of which Forster is the hero, ~~was~~ imaginable by the united efforts of the whole British population. It is a thing of that kind, that after I knew it (from himself) this morning, I lay down flat, as if an Engine and Tender had fallen upon me—.

Love to Catherine (not a word of Forster before any one else) and Mamey, Katey, Harry, and the Noble Plorn. Tell Collins with my kind regards that Forster has just pronounced twice that "Collins is a decidedly clever fellow." I hope he is a better fellow in health, too.

Ever affectionately

CD.

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Household Words

Friday Fourteenth March 1856

My dear Georgy.

You did "quite right" in rejecting that horrible old woman's conditions, and in closing the bargain upon absolute terms. I am amazed to hear of the Snow (I don't know why, but it excited Stone this morning beyond measure); though we have had the same East Wind here, and the cold and my cold have both been ~~horribly~~ intense.

Yesterday evening, Webster, Mark, Stanny and I, went to the Olympic, where the Wigans ranged us in a row in a gorgeous and immense Private Box, and where we saw Still Waters run deep. I laughed (in a conspicuous corner) to that extent at times when he received the dinner-company, that the people were more amused by me than by the Piece. I don't think I ever saw anything, meant to be funny, that struck me as so extraordinarily droll. I couldn't get over it at all. After the piece we went round, by Wigan's invitation, to drink with him. It being positively impossible to get Stanny off the stage, we stood in the Wing during the burlesque. Mrs Wigan was great — amazing — in her Court-circular conversation. Seemed really glad, however, to see her old Manager; and the Company overwhelmed him with embraces. They had nearly all been at the Meeting in the morning.

I have seen Charley only twice since I came to London, having regularly been in bed until mid-day. To my amazement my eye fell upon him at the Adelphi yesterday.

This day I have paid the purchase money for Gad's Hill Place. After drawing the cheque, I turned round to give it to Wills (£1,790), and said "Now isn't it an extraordinary thing — Look at the Day — Friday! I have been nearly drawing it half a dozen times when the Lawyers have not been ready, and here it comes round upon a Friday as a matter of course!"

Kiss the Noble Plorn a dozen times for me, and tell him I drank his health yesterday and wished him many happy returns of the day. Also that I hope he will not have broken all his toys before I come back.

Ever affectionately

CD.

This is the day of the Towns banquet — and I wish it was not, with all my heart.

Tavistock House
Monday May Fifth 1856

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My Dear Georgy:

You will not be much surprised to hear that I have done nothing yet (except for H. W.) and have only just settled down into a corner of the Schoolroom. The extent to which John and I wallowed in dust for four hours yesterday morning, getting books and papers put away, and making things neat and comfortable about us, you may faintly imagine. At 4 in the afternoon came Stanfield, to whom I no sooner described the notion of the new play than he immediately upset all my new arrangements by making a Proscenium of the chairs and planning the Scenery with walking-sticks. One of the last things he did, was getting on the top of the long table and hanging over the bar in the middle window where that top sash opens, as if he had got a hinge in the middle of his body. He is immensely excited on the subject. Mark had a Farce ready for the managerial perusal — but it won't do.

Catherine will tell you of a tremendous party that is coming off (with me for the unhappy host) next Thursday at half past ten in the evening.

When I got out of the dust at last yesterday, I went up to Miss Coutts's. She was out, but Mrs Brown was at home in company with Dr Skey. Mrs Brown talking great nonsense about the French people and their immorality. I felt it necessary to defend them; and I said that most reflective persons contemplating the two nations would observe, I thought, one strong leading difference between them; to wit, that in England people dismiss the mention of social evils and vices which do nevertheless exist among them; and that in France people do not dismiss the mention of the same things but habitually recognize their existence. After saying several times "Don't say that! Don't say that! It gives me such pain to hear you say anything that I can't agree in!" (to which I, as many times, replied "Oh! But I must say it, you know, when, according to our national vanity and prejudice, you disparage an unquestionably great nation") she pulled out her pocket handkerchief and burst into showers upon showers of tears. Old Skey looked horribly frightened, and, having as I conceive, caught about a third of the discussion, seemed to be in doubt what I had done. I remained, of course, quite composed and went on (and came off) as if nothing had happened.

I had a good dialogue with Mrs Birmingham at the Ship. Old Baron Brunow was expected over for two days, and both she and Birmingham almost drove me wild by perpetually coming up with all manner of reports about the Baron, and about the was detaining him, and Lord Cowley detaining him, and I don't know who detaining him. When I went into breakfast on Friday morning, I found Mrs Birmingham in the room with my letters, waiting to say "You will be glad to hear Sir, that the Baron left Calais at 7 this morning, and will be here at 9. You will be able to see the Boat Sir from your window." To which I replied with the greatest politeness and in the gentlest accents, "Mrs Birmingham it becomes at last necessary for me to confess that I don't care a damn about the Baron, and that if he were sunk coming over, it would not make the least difference to me." – She said "Indeed Sir?" and went smiling away, ~~[illegible]~~ rubbing her hands.

I went to the Dover Theatre on Friday night, which was a miserable spectacle. The pit is boarded over, and only it is a drinking and smoking place. It was for the Benefit of Mrs A. Green", and the town had been very extensively placarded with "Don't forget Friday." I made out Four and ninepence ([illegible] sovereigns) in the house, when I went in. We may have warmed up in the course of the evening, to twelve shillings. A Jew played the Grand Piano, Mrs A Green sang no end of songs (with not a bad voice, poor creature). Mr Green sang comic songs fearfully, and danced clog hornpipes capitally, and a miserable woman shivering in a shawl and bonnet, sat in the side boxes all the evening, nursing Master A. Green aged 7 months. It was a most forlorn business, and I should have contributed a Sovereign to the Treasury if I had known how.

I walked to Deal and back that day; and on the previous day walked over the Downs towards Canterbury, in a gale of wind. It was better than still weather, after all; being wonderfully fresh and free.

If the Plorn were sitting up at this schoolroom window in the corner, he would see more cats in an hour than he ever saw in his life. I never saw so many, I think, as I have seen since yesterday morning.

There is a painful picture of a great deal of merit (Egg has bought it) in the Exhibition, painted by the man who did those little Interiors of Forster's. It's called the death of Chatterton. The dead figure is a good deal like Arthur Stone, and I was touched on Saturday to see that tender old file standing before it, crying under his spectacles at the idea of seeing his son dead. It was a very tender manifestation of his gentle old loving, bothering heart.

This sums up my news, which is no news at all. Kiss the Plorn for me, and expound to him that I am always looking forward to meeting him again, among the birds and flowers in the garden on the side of the hill at Boulogne.

Ever affecy
CD.

P.S. Yours Boulogne boat will be in the afternoon (somewhere about [illegible]), and you will not get to London before 11.

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Household Words Office

Friday Ninth May 1856.

My Dear Georgy. It appears to me that the whole party will necessarily require a new passport. In case this ~~[illegible]~~ note should not arrive, through bad weather, in time to enable you to get one in Paris on Saturday, you can go to that old a[illegible] a Consul at Boulogne and get it there; but it would be best done in Paris. I don't think the Embassy is the right place, but the Consul's office. The Consul is a Mr Freeborn or Freeman I think, and you can instantly find out where his office is, by asking at Galignani's.

The party came off here, last night, with great success. Cold collation of pigeon pie, collared red partridge, ham, roast fowls, and lobster salads. One hot dish, consisting of a most immense heap of asparagus. Considerable quantities of punch were disposed of, and Charley and I got home at ½ past 2. I went to the Adelphi first, and saw a poor piece enough. On the previous night went to Drury Lane to see Mrs Florence in the Yankee Housekeeper: a very quaint good thing. What was my amazement on coming here that day (Wednesday) to meet Stanfield, Forster, and Maclise;—to find Macready here! He had just come up by railway, bri[illegible]g Katey with him to stay at Fox's. We improvised an admirable dinner here to his great delight, and he went back next day.

I am "going" to work furiously. Am only just respiring after all!

Ever affectionately

CD.

Office of Household Words,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 16. Wellington Street North _ Strand.

~~London~~ 1857

Wednesday Twenty Ninth July

My Dear Georgy.

In the bottom of my bookcase, nearest the window, are ~~two~~ three collections of odd cuttings, pamphlets, and pictures — one referring to Newgate — one to Bartholomew Fair — one to Ludgate Hill. I want the whole of the Newgate collection (that is to say, all that refers to Newgate in any way), made a parcel of, and sent up by Railway to Wilkie Collins, 2 Harley Place, New Road. Will you do this, and send Mitchell without delay to book the parcel at the Higham Station? I write to you (very hurriedly), because you have seen the different packets in my hands, and can no doubt make out the Newgate one, perfectly readily. Just look at the other two, to assure yourself that no Newgate scraps have fallen

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mistake with either.

Love to Catherine and to all.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Monday Tenth May, 1858

My Dearest Georgy.

Mitchell shall not go down tomorrow. Do you arrange with John to take with you, such plate as you and he may agree to be necessary.

He has bought me the wrong flesh-brush. Will you exchange it for mine - which is much harder.

Have you sent that letter to Forster? If not, send it by John today.

Best love to the dear girls and to Plornish.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C

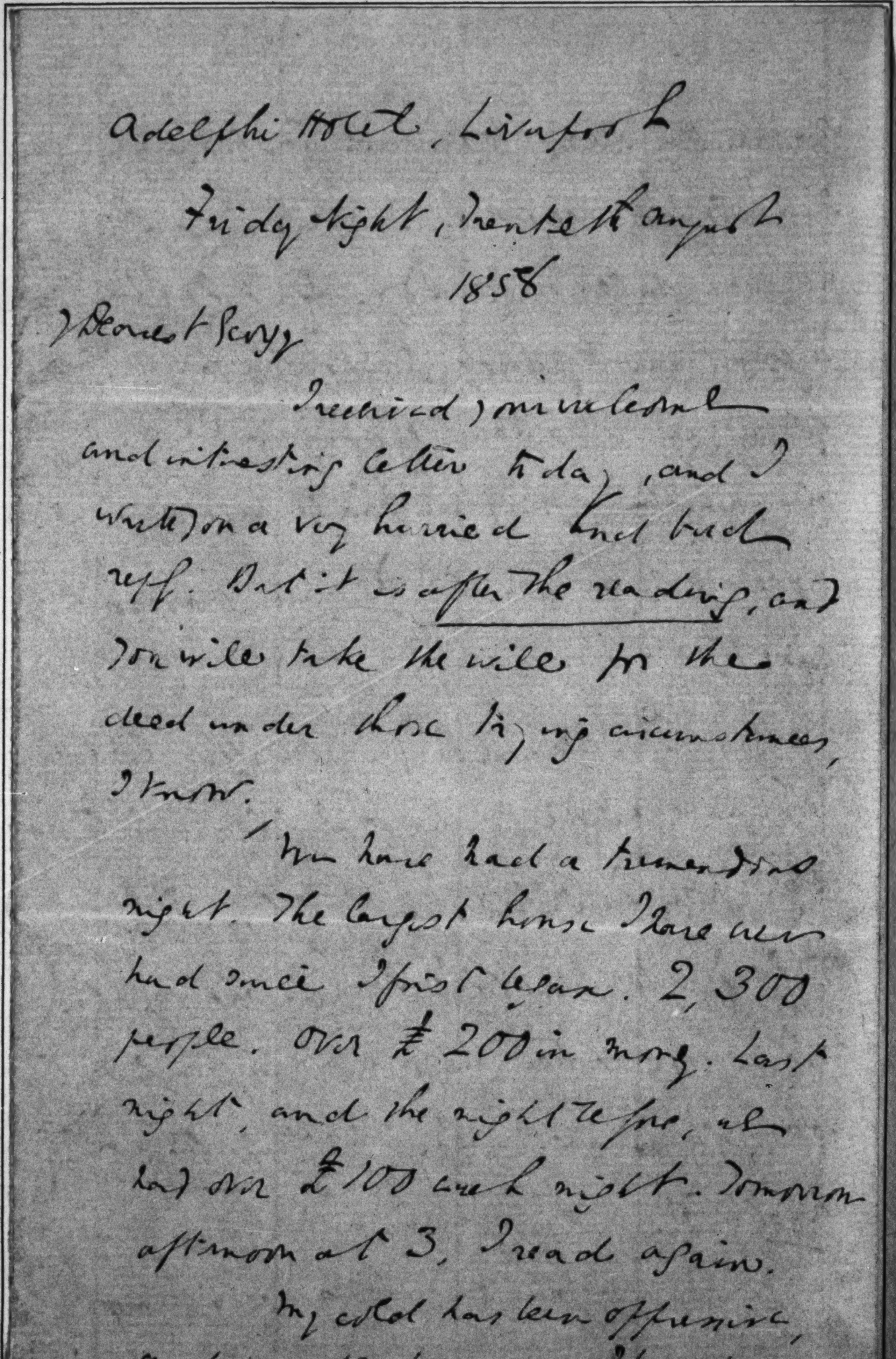
Wednesday Morning Eighteenth August 1858

My Dearest Georgy

I write this hurried line before starting, to report that my cold is decidedly better, thank God (though still bad), and that I hope to be able to stagger through, tonight. After dinner yesterday, I began to recover my voice, and I think I sang half the Irish Melodies to myself as I walked about; to test it. I got home at ½ past 10, and mustard-poulticed and barley-watered myself, tremendously. Love to the dear girls and to all.

Ever affectionately

CD.



Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool

Friday Night, Twentieth August
1858

My Dearest Georgy

I received your welcome and interesting letter today, and I write you a very hurried and bad reply. But it is after the reading, and you will take the will for the deed under these trying circumstances, I know.

We have had a tremendous night. The largest house I have ever had since I first began. 2,300 people. Over £200 in money. Last night, and the night before, we had over £100 each night. Tomorrow afternoon at 3, I read again.

My cold has been oppressive, and is not yet gone. I have been

very hard to sleep too, and last night
I was all but sleepless. This morning I
was very dull and seedy. But I got
a good walk, and picked up
again. It has been blowing all
day, and I fear we shall have a
rough passage over to Dublin tomorrow
night.

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Tell Mamie (with my dear love
to her and Katie), that I will write
to her from Dublin: probably on Sunday.
Tell her too, that the stories she told
me in her letter were not only capital
stories in themselves but *excellently*
told too.

You may say the same to yourself

(if) you like to have a description of Arthur what with this state has been Wright — he, John, Berry, and Boycott, all taking money and going mad together, you cannot imagine. He turned away hundreds, sold all the books, rolled on the ground of my room knee deep in checks, and made a perfect Pandemonium of the whole thing. He has kept quite well, I am happy to say, and sends a hundred loves.

So do I — to the darling Plorn — and to all the boys — and most of all to you. Wills had best be written to, to write to Chambers for the exact [illegible] address. I have not the least remembrance of Mr. Frank's note which Coutts also, had sent to him.

In great haste and fatigue

Ever affly

CD.

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Morrison's Hotel Dublin

Sunday Night Twenty Ninth August 1858

My Dearest Georgy

I am so delighted to find your letter here tonight (11 o'clock), and so afraid that in the wear and tear of this strange life I have written to Katie in the wrong order and have not written to you as I should – that I resolve to ~~[illegible]~~ write this before going to bed. You will find it a wretchedly stupid letter, but you may imagine my dearest girl that I am tired.

For novelty's sake, I will give you some statistics. To understand which, you must be informed that Arthur charges every place with its proportion of the very prospective expenses. For instance, before my profit is declared here, it is debited with the going to Belfast, and before my profit is declared at Belfast, it is debited in its turn with its share of our expenses home to London. After all these deductions and after paying Arthur's share, I made here £210, and at Belfast (in two days) £130. With a good return at

Cork, and nothing very great at Limerick from which we don't expect much (except pretty women, for which it is famous), I shall have made a handsome Thousand Pounds, since I left Gads Hill on our country Tour! That is, as profit; remember; our expenses being necessarily large, and the travelling [illegible] being always first.

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48. DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

The Success at Belfast has been equal to the success here. Enormous. We turned away half the town. I think them a better audience on the whole than Dublin; and the personal affection there, was something overwhelming. I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street — or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after the reading last night to "do me the honor to shake hands Misther Dickens and God bless you sir; not ony for the light you've been to me this night; but for the light you've been in this house Sir (and God love your face!) this many a year." Every night, by the bye, since I have been in Ireland, the ladies have beguiled John out of the bouquet from my coat. And yesterday morning, as I had showered the ~~leaves of~~ leaves from my geranium in reading Little Dombey, they mounted the platform after I was gone, and picked them all up, as keepsakes.

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

I have never seen men go in to cry so undisguisedly as they did at that reading yesterday afternoon. They made no attempt whatever to hide it, and certainly cried more than the women. As to the Boots at night — and Mrs Gamp too — it was just one roar with me and them. For they made me laugh so, that sometimes I could not compose my face to go on.

You must not let the new idea

of poor dear Landor, efface the former image of the fine old man. I would not blot him out, in his tender gallantry, as he sat upon that bed at Forster's that night, for a million of wild mistakes at 80 years of age.

I received at Belfast this morning a very watchful and true and excellent letter from Forster, on a personal matter. I answered it immediately. I asked him if he and Mrs Forster could come to Gad's Hill next Sunday, and stay Monday. If they could, I begged them to write to dear Mamie.

I hope to be at Tavistock House before 5 o'clock next Saturday morning, and to lie in bed half the day, and come home by the 10„50 on Sunday.

Tell the girls that Arthur and I have each ordered at Belfast, a trim, sparkling, slap-up Irish *Jaunting Car*!!! I flatter myself we shall astonish the Kentish people. It is the oddest carriage in the world, and you are always falling off. But it is gay and bright in the highest degree. Wonderfully Neapolitan.

What with a 16 mile ride before we left Belfast, and a sea beach walk, and a 2 o'clock dinner, and a 7 hours' railway ride since, I am – as we say here – "a thrifle weary." But I really am in wonderful force, considering the work. For which I am, as I ought to be, very thankful.

Arthur was exceedingly unwell last night – could not cheer up at all. He was so very unwell that he left the Hall (!) and became invisible after my five minutes rest. I ~~[illegible]~~ found him at the Hotel in a jacket and slippers, with a hot bath just ready. He was in the last stage of prostration. The local agent was with me, and proposed that he (the wretched Arthur) should go to his office and balance the accounts then and there. He went, in the jacket and slippers, and came back, in 20 minutes, perfectly well – in consequence of the admirable balance. (He is now sitting opposite me, on the bags of silver (£40; it must be dreadfully hard), writing to Boulogne.

I suppose it is clear that the

next letter I write, is Katie's. Either from Cork, or from Limerick, it shall report further. At Limerick I read in the Theatre: there being no other place.

Fancy Frederick presenting himself here in this house to me, last Thursday a few minutes before Dinner. I was dead flint hard with him at first; but relented.

Best love to Mamie and Katie, and dear Plorn, and all the boys left when this comes to Gads Hill. Also to my dear good aunt, and ——— her little woman.

Ever affectionately

CD.

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THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

Royal Hotel, Scarborough

Sunday Eleventh September 1858.

My Dearest Georgy. You will be surprised when I begin my letter by telling you that I have had an excellent opportunity of setting Katey quite right in that matter of Andrew. Coming home to the Hotel at York from reading in that city on Friday night, who should I find, established in our room, but — Gordon! He had seen in Household Words where I was, and had come for a holiday, he said, intending to keep company with us as far as Hull, and thence go back by Steamer. Arthur not having yet come up from the room, Gordon and I were alone: and he very soon took the opportunity of saying, with a kind of confidentially mocking satisfaction, that Andrew was uncommonly sweet indeed upon a certain young Lady at Gad's Hill. I immediately turned very grave and said I had been quite uneasy about it, and had not known what to do. Gordon instantly changed and asked "Why?" — "O my good fellow," I said, "why? Only because the difference is so obvious between a boy of 18 and a young ~~girl~~ woman of 19 or 20 — and I like Andrew so very much, and should be so heartily

grieved if he were to make himself unhappy".
It was clear that this dashed Gordon exceedingly. You know how he pooh-poohs, and he came it, but he couldn't carry it off at all. His countenance fell, and he walked up and down the room musing about it, and rubbing his chin with his pocket handkerchief. Then he stopped short, and said "You see it would be such a different thing to speak to another about it". — "Exactly so," I said; "I feel that, or I might have done it myself." Having got it to this point, I felt that all I had to do was to leave it alone, so I said this in an offhand easy way, and said no more.

We had a very fine house indeed at York, and an immense success. All kinds of applications have been made for another reading there, and no doubt it would be exceedingly productive; but it cannot be done. At Harrogate yesterday — the queerest place, with the strangest people in it, leading the oddest lives of dancing, newspaper reading, and tables d'hôte — I made a clean profit of more than £50. The press of York obliges us to leave that place for this at to this morning, and there being no night-train from Harrogate, we had to engage a Special Engine. We got to bed at One, and were up again before five; which, after yesterday's fatigues, leaves me a little worn out at this present.

I have no accounts of this place as yet, nor have I received any letter here. But the Post of this morning is not yet delivered, I believe. We have a charming room, overlooking the sea. Upon the whole I could easily dispense with the London, but I don't care much about it. Leech is here (living within a few doors), with the partner of his bosom, and his young family. I write at 10 in the morning, having been here two hours; and you will readily suppose that I have not seen him.

Of news, I have not the faintest breath. I seem to have been doing nothing all my life, but riding in Railway carriages and reading. The Railway of this morning brought us through Castle-Howard and under the woods of Easthorpe, and then just below Malton Abbey, where I went to poor Smithson's funeral. It was a most lovely morning, and tired as I was, I couldn't sleep for looking out of window.

I don't know whether I told Mamey or Katey—but I think not—that Mr Smith, your sister's legal representative, wrote Ouvry a very good note about that published letter: saying that he was much obliged by the assurance that I had not sanctioned its publication, but that it was quite unnecessary to him, as he had been quite certain of that, from the moment when he saw it. I had a letter from "Meery", at York, which I answered. Very affectionate!—but really sincere and earnest. Yesterday at Harrogate two circumstances occurred which gave Arthur great delight. Firstly, he chafed his leg sore, with his black bag of silver. Secondly, the landlord asked him as a favor, "if he could oblige him with a little silver"! He obliged him, directly, with some forty pounds worth; and I ~~[illegible]~~ suspect the landlord to have repented of having approached the subject. After the reading last night, we walked over the Moor to the Railway—3 miles—leaving our men to follow with the luggage in a light cart. They passed us, just short of the railway, and John was making the night hideous and terrifying the sleeping country by _playing the horn_ in paroxysms of horrible and unmusical blasts.

Gordon is sitting in the sunshine at the bow window, surveying the sea through an opera glass. He is too big for the room, and his collars are too big for him. Arthur, after tousling his head in the most frightful manner in the railway carriage, & sleeping with it rolled up in the window curtain has gone to shave, and freshen himself up a little. This really is the very last and latest scrap of intelligence I have.

It is to be regretted, of course, that that little accident happened at Cobham; but nothing could be more discreet than the course taken to set it right, and nothing could be better than Lord Darnley's quick response. I _think_ I will still write him a note. — I am not sure, but it is no matter.

My dearest love, of course, to the dear girls, and to the noble Boys. Apropos of children, there was one gentleman at the Little Dombey yesterday morning, who exhibited — or rather concealed — the profoundest grief. After crying a good deal without hiding it, he covered his face with both his hands, and laid it down on the back of the seat before him, and really shook with emotion. He was not in mourning, but I supposed him to have lost some child in old time. There was a remarkably good fellow of 30 or so, too, who found something so very ludicrous in Toots that he could not compose himself at all, but laughed until he sat wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, and whenever he felt Toots coming again, he began to laugh and wipe his eyes afresh; and when he came, he gave a kind of cry, as if it were too much for him. It was uncommonly droll, and made me laugh heartily.

I received the key all right. It had escaped my memory that I had changed the place where I keep the bills. I will leave this open for an hour or two, to acknowledge the receipt of any letter if I get one from Gads Hill this morning.

Ever dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

Office of Household Words.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 16. Wellington Street. North. Strand. W.C.

Tuesday Seventh September 1858

My Dearest Georgy.

I have forgotten to pay Gibson and Bewsher's bills, and I cannot remember how much it is — a hundred and forty odd, I think.

Enclosed is the key of my writing table. Sit down at it. The second drawer from the bottom, on your right, will then contain the said bills, with a summary on it, in my writing, of the gross amount for the four boys. Write and tell me what that amount is, and also who are Gibson's bankers. You will see that, stated in print, on the top of one of the sheets of paper whereon the bills are made out.

I am not at all disposed to go away again. — Don't take to the idea at present, in the least. However, the time will go by, pretty quickly, please God.

With my dear love to the darlings

Girls and little solitary Plorn,

Ever your most affectionate

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48, DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

King's Head, Sheffield
Friday Seventeenth September 1858.

My Dearest Georgy.

I write you a few lines to Tavistock House, thinking you may not be sorry to find a note from me there, on your arrival from Gad's Hill.

Halifax was too small for us. I never saw such an audience though. They were really worth reading to for nothing—though I didn't do exactly that. It is as horrible a place as I ever saw, I think. Of course the local agent (a Music Seller) used to play duetts with your father, and told me a lot about him after the reading—in which I was deeply interested.

The run upon the Tickets here is so immense, that Arthur is obliged to get great bills out, signifying that no more can be sold. It will be by no means easy to get into the place the numbers who have already paid. It is the Hall we acted in. Crammed to the roof and the passages. We must come back here towards the end of October, and are again retiring the List, and striking out small places. I suppose I shall get from £60 to £70 profit tonight.

The trains are so strange and so unintelligible in this part of the country that we were obliged to leave Halifax at 8 this morning, and breakfast on the road — at Huddersfield again, where we had an hour's wait. Wills was in attendance on the Platform, and took me (here at Sheffield I mean) out to "Frederick's" house, to see Mrs Wills. She looked pretty much the same as ever, I thought, and was taking care of a very pretty little boy. The house and grounds are as nice as any thing can be, in this smoke.

Gordon is still with us, and shows no signal of departure. His luggage has been left behind at Halifax, and he is sitting disconsolate. A heavy thunder-storm is passing over the town, and it's raining hard too.

If you should have time to go (with the girls or one of them) to Mr Hills at Bell's, will you ask him if he will

Send me in the course of Monday to Tavistock House, a fresh supply of the "Voice Jujubes," and also of the "astringent Lozenges." I have found them both, admirable.

I hope to be at home by 5 on Sunday morning. Will you leave the spirit-stand and a biscuit or two, in the Hall? The door will be left on the latch, of course.

This is a stupid letter my dearest Georgy, but I write in a hurry, and in the thunder and lightning, and with the crowd of Bright before me. My best love to dearest Mamie and Katie, and to the Darling Plorn.

Ever Most affectionately

CD

Wolverhampton

Wednesday Third November 1858.

My dearest Georgy.

This is a very short note, merely to report myself "all right", and to add that I purpose being down on Saturday morning by the chandelier-man train. I shall have (I am sorry to add) to leave Gad's Hill on Sunday, for I must dine with Forster that day. We have to confer about Whitefriars, and he has been so injured by my never accepting any of his many invitations, that I have atoned by proposing this appointment.

Little Leamington came out in the most amazing manner yesterday. We took £130, and turned away hundreds upon hundreds of people. They are represented as the dullest and worst of audiences. I found them very good indeed — even in the morning.

There awaited me at the Hotel, a letter from the Reverend Mr Young, Wentworth Watson's tutor, saying that Mrs Watson wished her boy to shake hands with me, and that he would bring him in the evening. I expected him at the Hotel, before the Reading. But he did not come. He spoke to John about it in the room at night. The crowd and confusion, however, was very great, and I saw nothing of him. In his letter he said that Mrs Watson was at Lausanne on her way home, and would be at Brighton at the end of this week. I suppose I shall see her there, at the end of next week.

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We find a Let of 200 stalls here, which is very large for this place. The evening being fine too, and Blue being to be seen in the sky beyond the smoke, we expect to have a very full Hall. Tell Mamey and Katey that if they had been with us on the Railway to-day between Leamington and this place, they would have seen (though it is only an hour and ten minutes by the Express), Fires and Smoke indeed. We came through a part of the Black country that you know, and it looked at its Blackest. All the furnaces seemed in full blast, and all the coal pits were working.

It's Market Day here, and the Iron Masters are standing out in the street (where they always hold a High Change), making such an iron hum and buzz, that they confuse me horribly. In addition, there is a Bell man announcing something – not the Wedding, I beg to say – and there is an excavation being made in the centre of the open place, for a statue, or a Pump, or a Lamp Post, or something or other, round which all the Wolverhampton boys are yelling and struggling.

And here is another, begging to have dinner at half past 3 instead of 4, because he foresees "a wery trying", in store for him. Under which complication of distractions, to which a waitress with a tray at this moment adds herself, I sink, and leave off —.

My best love to the dear girls, and to the noble Plorn, and to you. Marguerite and Ellen Stone not forgotten. All yesterday and to-day I have been doing everything to the tune of —

"And the day is dark and dreary"

Ever Dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate and faithful

Charles Dickens

The Dickens House Library 48 Doughty St. London

I hope the Brazier is intolerably hot, and half stifles all the family. Then, and not otherwise, I shall think it is satisfactory work.

Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London W C

Monday Eighth November, 1858.

My Dearest Georgy

Knowing that the enclosed from Mrs Watson would refer to me, I opened it, to see if there were any thing that needed answer. Discovering nothing of that kind, I send it on to you to answer for yourself.

I have added Dakeis & Son to the House cheque: making the total £33..11..5. Enclosed is cheque for £33..11..6.

Enclosed also is a cheque in the Blacksmith's favor, for £5.18.7 – the amount of his bill.

I am in no humour for going away again this morning, and

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should be in the worst of humours but for seeing Land so close before me.

Best love to dearest Mammy and Kaley, and the good and gallant Ld Con.

Norwich (Royal Hotel)
Wednesday Evening Twelfth October
1859

Dearest Georgy

Only a word. Delighted to get your letter just now. Composing myself for the Readings. Immense Success last night; everything full of promise for tonight.

No change in our plans

Best love to the dear girls and the Noble Plorn.

Ever affectionately

CD

Eagle Hotel, Cambridge

Monday Seventeenth October 1859

My Dearest Georgy.

I write (agreeably to my promise) with all possible dispatch, to let you know the Oxford Train. We start, by the Great Western Railway at 2 o'Clock on Monday.

Arthur is at the agent's and I don't know how we stand here as to the Let. Pretty tolerably, I suppose, but I don't very much like the look of the place. It seems what Plorn would call "Dirtily" dull.

Best love to the dear girls and to the Noble P.

Ever affecy

CD

Norwich (Royal Hotel)
Wednesday Evening Twelfth October
1859

Dearest Georgy

Only a word. Delighted to get your letter just now. Composing myself for the Readings. Immense Success last night; everything full of promise for tonight.

No change in our plans

Best love to the dear girls and the Noble Plorn.

Ever affectionately

CD

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday New Year's Day 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

I don't feel quite so well today, but I think it is the medicine.

Enclosed is a letter for Sydney from young Bromley. Sir Richard writes that the visit is obliged to be put off, by reason of Lady Bromley being exceedingly ill, and the house in great anxiety and confusion.

Tell Booker that the Green House is to be repaired according to the estimate he has sent me, but that I think the painting had best not be done until he gets his plants planted out in the

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spring.

Wills having Miss Coutts's boy, I went to Drury Lane again last night — read after coming home, and sundry loving New Years to Katie little — and did not get to bed until half past one!

Best love to Mamie
also to the boys and Miss Craufurd
the dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate

CD

Tuesday Evening

(Dining here with Wills)

Twenty First August 1860.

My dearest Georgy

The Tavistock House Deed is signed, and the money Paid! We have a fortnight to clear out in. I have all the Stanfields.

I think I shall run away tomorrow, until Saturday; but am not yet sure. It will mainly depend on seeing a house for Helen. I doubt the Drains in the little one (otherwise eligible) that you saw at the Brecknock. I will write another note tomorrow if I don't come home. We had best come to town I think, the moment we can be done at the office, to arrange the matting.

With dearest love to Mary

Ever affecy

CD

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LONDON.

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late

No. 11. Wellington St. North, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday Night Twenty First August 1860.

My Dearest Georgy

On coming here this evening to work, I find that John has seen some houses of the Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill (you know it) - at the back there - of which, one that has been inhabited four years and from which the people *ran away*, seems quite the thing. His account of it, is exceedingly promising; the situation, excellent. On his telling the landlady who would pay the rent, she brightened considerably and also said that she and her

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48 Doughty St.
London

husband knew an old friend of mine – Dr Elliotson – very well.

Now time presses. Come with Helen, by the express from Gravesend on Thursday morning, and come straight here for John. If I have not gone on my Uncommercial Journey, you will find me here; if I have gone, use your joint senses, and whatever you do (telling John what it is), I will ratify when here on Saturday. Your Journey will not take you long. You can easily return by the 2..20 train. If you find on coming here, that I am Uncommercially absent – then, write me all particulars, which I may find here on Saturday.

Ever affecy
CD.

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late

No. 11. Wellington St. North, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Thirty First October 1860.

My Dearest Georgy. The enclosed letters are in Arthur Smith's "Department." In the envelope drawer on the right hand of my writing table raised-top, immediately under the fighting frogs and the little bronze Trollope, you will find a printed envelope addressed to the said Arthur Smith. Will you put these letters in it — stamp it — and post it there.

With best love to Mamie and Plorn

Ever most affectionately

CD.

Bideford, North Devon
Thursday Night First November 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

Just write (with the most impracticable ink pen on earth) to report our safe arrival here, in a Dreary Hotel. We start tomorrow morning at 9, on a two days posting between this and Liskeard in Cornwall. We are due in ~~Cornwall~~ Liskeard (but nobody seems to know any thing about the roads) on Saturday afternoon and we purpose making an excursion in that neighbourhood on Sunday, and coming up from Liskeard on Monday by Great Western fast train — which will get us to London, please God, in good time on Monday Evening. There I shall hear from you and know whether dear Mamie's leg will move to London too.

We had a pleasant journey down here, and a beautiful day. No adventures whatever. Nothing has happened to Wilkie and he sends love.

We had stinking fish for dinner and have been unable to drink nothing! — though we have ordered wine, beer, and brandy and water. There is nothing in the house but Two Tarts and a pair of snuffers. The Landlady is playing cribbage with the Landlord in the next room (behind a thin partition), and they

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I am quite comfortable.

Dearest love to Mamie, and to the Noble Plorn, and to you.

Ever, Dearest Georgy,

Your most affectionate

CD.

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late

No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Fourteenth November 1860.

My Dearest Georgy. My first impulse yesterday morning was to go to Portsmouth; and I probably should have done so, had I been less busy. On reconsideration, I observed that Captain Harris's letter was dated six days ago, and that Sydney's, not dated at all, was probably written but a day ~~after~~ later. I decided, after reflecting, to write to Captain Harris thanking him for his note, and telling him I had just got it; also to write to Sydney, asking him to let me know by the next post (either by his own hand or somebody else's) how he was, and asking him if he would like me to come and see him. On the intelligence that tomorrow's post will bring, will depend whether I go at once or no. If not, I purpose coming to Gravesend tomorrow, by the 2.20 from London Bridge. If I should not come – either from this cause or from any other: though I foresee no other – I will send an explanatory Telegram in good time. I shall want the basket to meet at Gravesend, as I shall have my portmanteau and so forth.

Elizabeth's illness was certainly alarming, and it is highly desirable to get rid of her. Could it not be done by recommending her, in consequence of the state of her health, to give up at once? It is difficult to judge of Mr Steele's impression without having seen him, but I can imagine it quite possible that he may not at all suspect, or may only in the vaguest and most unconfirmed manner suspect, the truth. For of course she would be very careful about what she told him, and would try to mislead him

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There is no news. [illegible] is still low, though something less low (I think) than before. I have told him to lay his book on my table, but it has not yet appeared. Celeste appears to have made a real success with her new piece. There seems to have been a genuine excitement in the house on the first night. She was here this morning, in great hope. Also, gave me marvellous accounts of an Irishman she has engaged from Dublin, where he has made an unusual hit.

Wilkie brought the beginning of his part of the Xmas No. to dinner yesterday. I hope it will be good. But is it not a most extraordinary thing that it began, "I have undertaken to take pen in hand, to set down in writing" — &c — like the W in W narratives? Of course, I at once pointed out the necessity of cancelling that, "off" as Carlyle would say "for evermore from the face of this teeming Earth where the universal Dayvle stalks at large."

Forster was very restless at dinner on Wednesday, and so overpowered Elliotson that his jaw dropped, and he said he was tired out ~~[illegible]~~ before the first course was done, and never spoke more. Mrs Forster gave me a tremendous narrative, in her feeble and unaccountably triumphant manner, concerning the manner of ~~[illegible]~~ "bringing up the Lord Chief Baron's youngest children to see the Lord Mayor's Show" — of which I comprehended exactly the much and no more. In the previous proceedings at the Bank of England, Forster had amazed and terrified that establishment — but still had impressed it.

With best love to dear Mamie and the Noble Plorn, Ever my dearest Georgy Most affectionately

CD.

Lat

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late
No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. W.C.

Tuesday Twenty Seventh November 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

I get up from dinner to write this to you and send it to Charing Cross, because I have been too busy all day to the last moment, to be able to pen a word in the epistolary way.

I found my mother yesterday, much better than I had supposed. She was not in bed but down stairs. Helen and Letitia were fomenting her poor head, and, the instant she saw me, she plucked up a spirit and asked me for "a pound"!

Frank was here this morning, for a hat, a suit of clothes, and his Volunteer entrance fee. It is curious that Wills asked me just now, whether I had ever thought at all of having him back here —?

Wilkie begs me to send you his love, and expressly to let you know "that he is getting on with his work, as badly as possible". Sorry to say, he is a little behind-hand and has been getting up spasmodically all day and

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looking – in high-shouldered desperation – out at window.

Wills has just been called out to receive (in our drawing room)

Antonio Brady

– announced by Johnson – and we can not imagine who it is. They seem to be wrestling overhead.

I will send another line tomorrow. In the meantime and always, I send my love to the Admiral and Plorn.

Ever most affectionately

CD

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late
No. 11. Wellington St. North, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Twenty Eighth November 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

This is a small report tacked on to yesterdays, that you may know the progress of things.

Wilkie has shot ahead today, and we have made a great advance. But we still have the "Wind Up" to do tomorrow, and also the final putting of it together and seeing that there is not a line too much. The last is my part, before it can go to Press. Therefore I shall not get home until Friday.

Mrs Gaskell being much too long for

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the purpose, I have put Charley Collins into the Xmas No. I have made his the first story too.

I have not seen anything of Mary up to this time (2 o'clock), and therefore I had forgot it now. Celeste has been here today. The Irishman has made a sensible difference in the receipts. While waiting for proofs, we think of going over to see him tonight.

Love to the Admiral and Plorn

Ever Dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate

CD

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late
No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. W.C.

Friday Twenty Eighth December 1860.

My Dearest Georgy.

As I have to see Frank Beard again on Monday Morning, and as I am getting alarmed about my work, it is clear to me that I had best stay here. Besides the loss of time in going backwards and forwards (in itself of the greatest importance as you know), I must not get wet or catch cold. Therefore here I had best remain.

Now understand, both you and Mary, that there is not the least occasion to be anxious about me. I have no kind of pain ~~whatever~~ - scarcely an uneasiness - but I am not rid of the disagreeables that affected me in that hot summer, and they must be put right. I have delivered myself over, to be physicked, and that is the long and the short of it.

If you have the least doubt about me, I am open to inspection. If you would like to come up on Sunday and dine with me (leaving Mamie to look after the boys) do so. But be sure that if I wanted any nursing, I should say so, and should resort to you sooner than to anybody on earth.

I want, by James, the pair of thick trousers out of my drawer, which is not the corduroy pair, nor the pair with the black stripe

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

down the side. Also any clean things that you know or suspect I may require. He brings ~~[illegible]~~ some tongues from Mrs Wills and a bottle of liqueur — a book for you — and a letter for Mamie.

Tell Dowler that as the greenhouse is unfortunately not included in the policy of Insurance, I want, as soon as possible, an Estimate from Couchman for repairing it.

Tell Doute that if Toby is no better, he had best arrange to have him fired, and to keep the Rochester horse on hire. Tell him further, not to drive the said horse too fast.

This I think, is all I have to say, except best love to Gads' Hill in general.

Ever affectionately

CD.

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late
No. 11, Wellington Street North; Strand; London: W.C.

Wednesday Second January 1861

My Dearest Georgy.

This is to wish you many Happy New Years, and to introduce a Postscript (which I will add on returning from Frank Beard's), with the latest Bulletin of my health.

Wilkie and I (secluded in a Cab, as if I were a Crimean Invalid. — I have a Brougham today) went to the Buckleys' last night. They do the most preposterous things, in the way of Violin Solos, Deeply Sentimental Songs, and Lucrezia Borgia music sung by a majestic female in black velvet and Jewels, *with a blackened face!* All that part of it, is intolerably bad. But the real nigger things are very good; and there is one man — the tambourinist — who attempts to do things with chairs, in remembrance of an acrobat he has seen, which is the most genuinely ludicrous thing of its kind I ever beheld. Nor have I ever seen so good a presentation as his, of the real Negro.

I shall be delighted to see you on Sunday if Marguerite does not come. But I predict that she *will* come — and of course I shall turn out right.

Ever affectionately

CD

P.S.

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LONDON.

P.S. Frank Beard thinks me decidedly better today. He says the local irritation (arising from the natural temperament of the beast) is so extreme, that it is difficult to deal with; but that he has a strong belief I am much better. He soothes me in divers ways today – leaves off the strong medicine – and I go to him again tomorrow.

P.S. Enclosed for the Tax collector

Office of All the Year Round.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Saturday Fifth January 1861.

My Dearest Georgy. Frank Beard is in spirits about me this morning, and expresses himself accordingly.

I have not the heart to open the enclosed. Will you make me out a list of that affectionate contribution towards my ruin.

With love to Mamie and to all
Ever most affecy

CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Monday Seventh January 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I quite approve of the theatrical arrangements, and have taken 6 places in the centre of the Dress circle — 4 on the front row, and 2 on the second — for next Saturday. I shall, of course, expect you on Friday.

Frank Beard was again in spirits about me this morning. I have not taken the objectionable medicine since last Friday. I go to him again tomorrow. I begin to have real hopes of getting out of it before many days are over.

Tell Marguerite with my love, that

I very much delighted Frank Beard by telling him what an impressive healthful appearance made at Gad's Hill. He was not at all well (taken last night with a sudden chill), and the account acted like a cordial on him.

I write very hastily, having been busy the whole day, and having just time left for the Post.

Ever most affectionately,
With best love to Mamie and all,

CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Ninth January 1861

My dearest Georgy. This is a sequel to another note of mine, posted earlier today. ~~Laura~~ Laura wants us to dine there on Sunday at 6 1/2. Family dinner, she expressly says. No one there. No particular Dress. Shall we go? Perhaps it might be well to take the opportunity. Anyway, bring with you my dress coat (the one *without* the velvet collar) and black trousers.

Ever affecy

CD

20, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late
No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. W.C.

Thursday Seventeenth January 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

When I was calculating yesterday about coming down, I was under an unaccountable impression that there was a day less in the week than there is. It seems to me that I cannot do better than come down at once, and get my Number done at Gad's. Will you meet me, therefore, at Gravesend tomorrow (Friday), and I will come by the 2..20 Train. I think the best thing I can do, will be to take possession of the best Spare Room, if you will have its fire lighted and will put my odds and ends there.

I have had my Vapour Bath and have had the very utmost of it — and, strange to add, have positively enjoyed it!!!

Best love to dear Mamie and to all.

Ever affecy

CD

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Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Saturday Second February 1861.

Dearest Georgy. I enclose you ~~a cheque~~ bank notes for £~~[illegible]~~10..0..0. I write to Mary concerning the horses.

You are quite right in your final discovery and decision touching Boswell.

Some envelope-cases should be bought, I think, for the Library Table in the back dining room. Perhaps you have thought of this, as you think of everything.

I will be at Hanover Terrace to receive you. A van will come to London Bridge – not a little cart – and will call here on its way up, to take in the things that are to come from here. I will

go through the rooms myself, and make a list
of them.

Surely I put the key of the cupboard
where Kate's silver is, in the cupboard itself.
I seem to have a perfect remembrance thereof,
and it is not on my bunch.

Frank will bring, in a parcel, an
Uncommercial for the Landlord of the Falcon.
I hope John or Mary may be able to take the
Basket and one of the horses, over with
it tomorrow. He only needs to be told that
I should have come myself but for being in
London until the Summer.

John is taking the Inventory
this morning, and will find it (I should
imagine) a pretty tough job. My intention
was, that the two boys, Alfred and

Harry, should be left *here* until the shades of Evening. I myself think their arrival with the Caravan — while the Housekeeper is there and when Head is sure to be backwards and forwards — would have an alarming and not quite truthful aspect. Let them come here, and I will release Frank to take charge of them. They can come up with him, at 5 or 6 o'clock, 5 Hanover Terrace

a business letter, and no more at present.

Ever affecly
Dearest Georgy
CD

Lord Warden Hotel Dover
Sunday Twenty Sixth May, 1861.

My Dearest Georgy.

I send you enclosed, cheque for £10..3..0. That is to say:

House	5..0..0
Waiters	4..0..0
coal bill	1..3..0
	£10..3..0

I hope I am still better. My face aches at times, but very little. I work well, walk well, eat and drink well, and sleep well.

— A short note, because I have been at work five hours, and am now going out.

Your account of the Fechter Private Boxes, looks as if money were not strong in that part of the Theatre.

With love to Mamey and Flora
Ever My Dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Seventeenth July 1861.

My dear Georgy

I think you had better bring me up a white Dress Shirt, or I may run aground.

I'll give you a Pound where Duff Gordon marries Marguerite

I am sick to death of the faintest reference to Chauncey's "party".

I have a horrible idea upon me at times, that Bartlett will not turn out grateful. I don't know what it is that whispers the suspicion to me — something in her cheek bone, I think — but it comes over me occasionally, like the

THE DICK
LIBRA
48.DOUGHTY
LONDON

whiff of some disagreeable Factory.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Love to all.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Twenty First Aug 1861.

My Dearest Georgy. I send this down, to ask you to give Frank to bring here to me — and to give him, tomorrow morning at breakfast, so that he may not forget it — my small umbrella with the Ivory handle!

Edward — I mean Frederick — Chapman will come down with me by the 10¼ Train on Saturday morning. We had better have the basket to meet us, as he will no doubt bring a portmanteau. And as we will go to his room straight, to introduce him to it, will you take care that it is in a state of perfect (and airy) neatness!

Don't forget the waiter.

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LONDON

Edmund Yates asks if he could come down on Friday in next week? Can he? Take counsel with Mary and advise me herein. And if he is to come, it will be best to tell Katie not to appear until Saturday. As I have not yet answered his note, send me a line with the umbrella.

The dear admiral went off in perfect equanimity. Our dear Cubitt (I am happy to find) failed in his election.

With love to all
Ever affecy

CD.

26, WELLINGTON STREET, W.C.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Late No. 11, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. W.C.

Thursday Nineteenth September 1861.

Dearest Georgy.

I thought it, on consideration, best to order 3 belts and 3 red flannel waistcoats.

There is some mistake about the winter trowsers. They are all at Gad's Hill. Nothing here but boots.

Animal magnetism — or something else — sent Headland here on Tuesday evening (when I spoke of him), and he repeated his visit yesterday at noon. I have engaged him. But we cannot stir without poor Arthur's papers referring to the Readings. This morning I have written Mr Cover shewing the urgent necessity of my having them, and begging him to get them. John is now gone with the letter.

Love to Mary — and kiss do.

Ever affectionately

CD.

Office of All the Year Round,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

Wednesday Ninth October 1861

Dearest Georgy. When I went down to Ealing yesterday evening, Henry Austin had fallen into a doze and was supposed to have taken a decidedly favorable turn. The Doctor (who was to remain all night) was dining, and all was as cheerful as might be. I came away again; and when John came into my room this morning at 8 o'Clock, he said a messenger had just been, to say that Henry was dead.

Of course I have been out there again. His disease was inflammation

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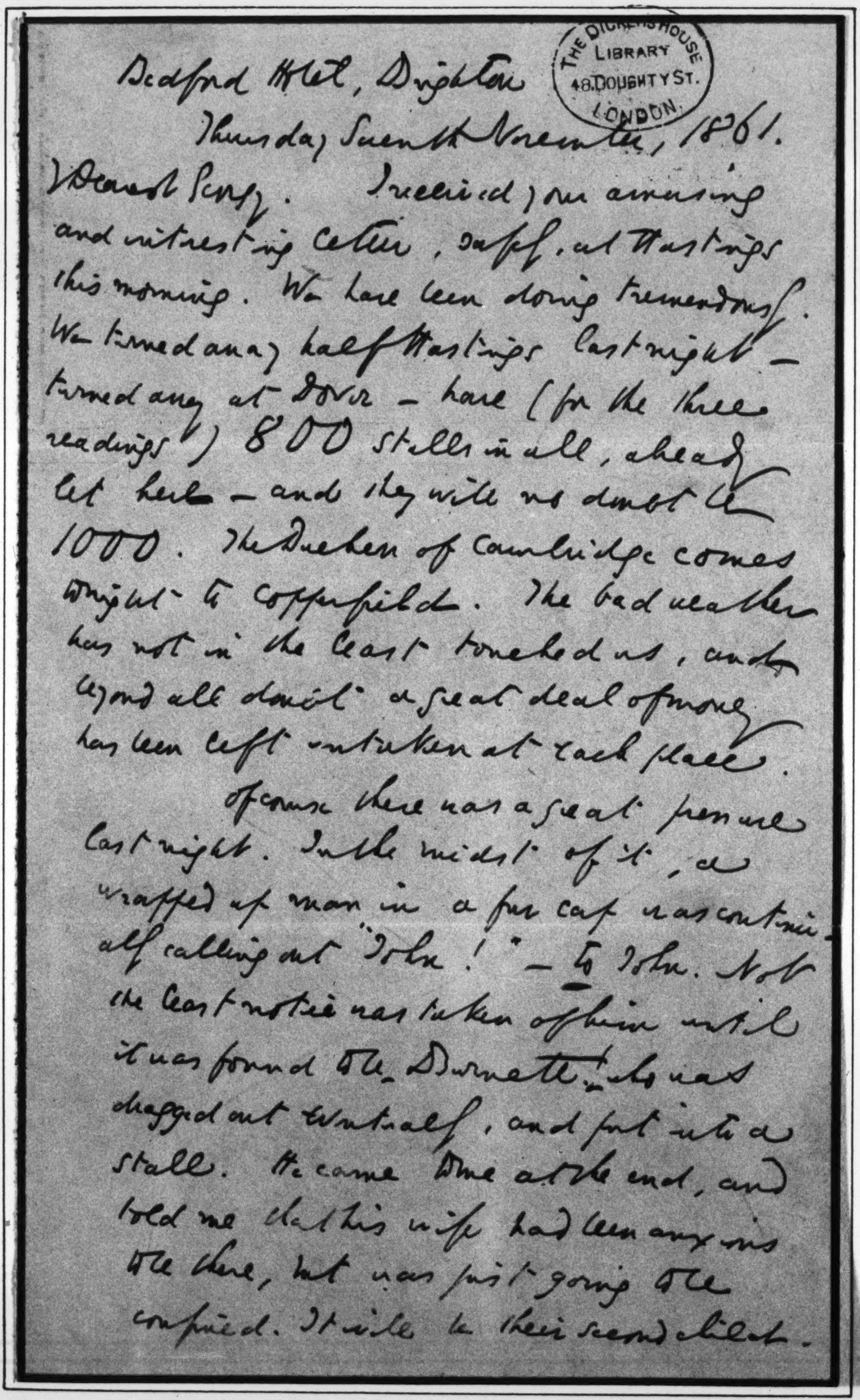
48.DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

of the windpipe — if I understood right, he had always a weakness about his chest and throat — and he died very quietly: apparently supposing himself better. You can imagine Letitia under the circumstances but she certainly came out better to day than I had expected. I must honestly confess to you that I had a dread of going near her. God forgive me!

Will you send me by Frank in the morning two or three white shirts (packed so as that he can't tumble them, or he certainly will), and some stockings. On Friday morning, I think you had best come here. I have ordered the funeral for Monday, and I am not yet quite clear whether we shall go down — whether on Friday or Saturday.

Ever affectionately CD



THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

Bedford Hotel, Brighton
Thursday Seventh November, 1861.

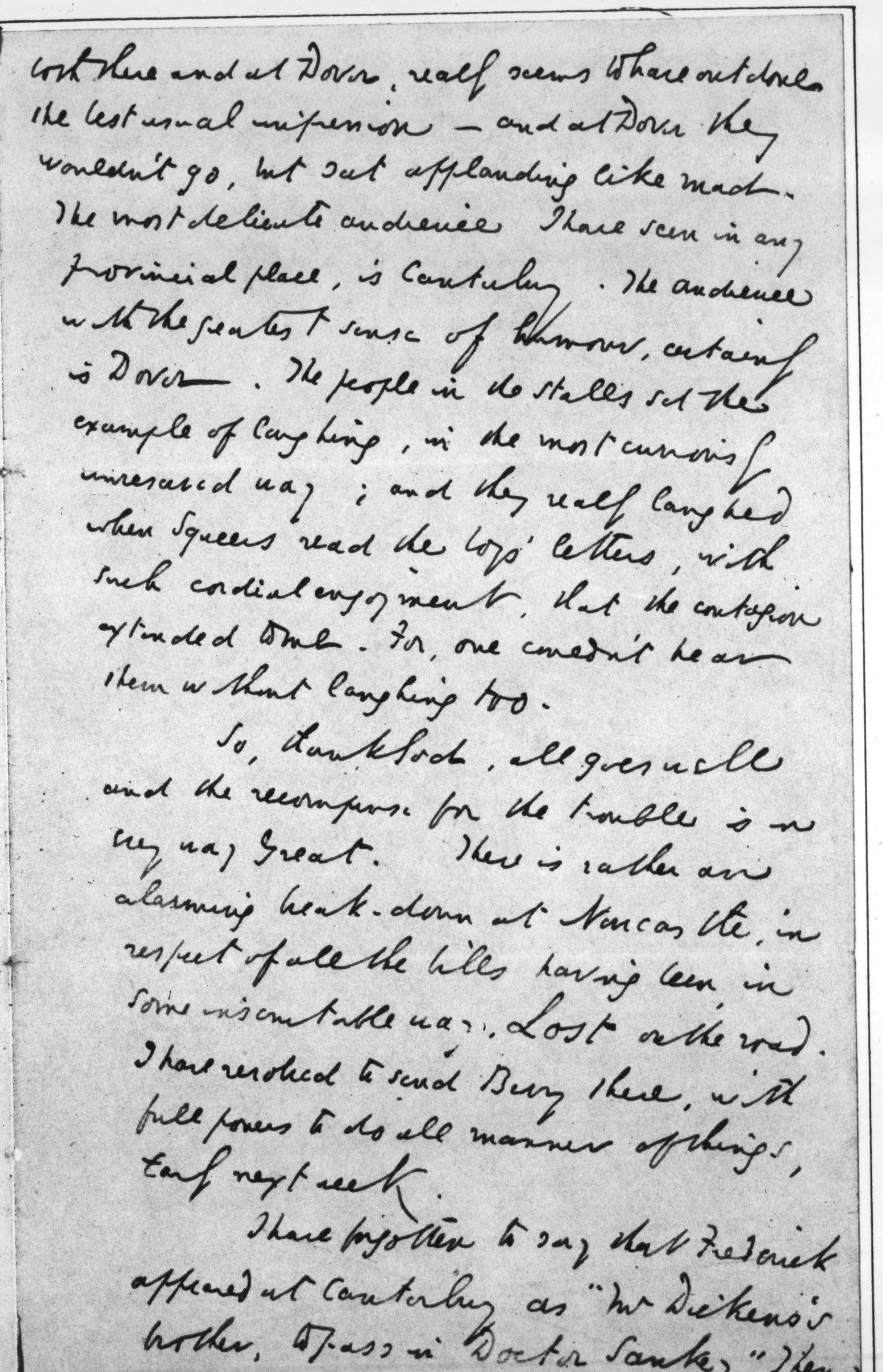
My Dearest Georgy. I received your amusing and interesting letter, safely, at Hastings this morning. We have been doing tremendously. We turned away half Hastings last night — turned away at Dover — have (for the three readings) 800 stalls in all, already let here — and they will no doubt be 1000. The Duchess of Cambridge comes tonight to Copperfield. The bad weather has not in the least touched us, and beyond all doubt a great deal of money has been left untaken at each place.

Of course there was a great pressure last night. In the midst of it, a wrapped up man in a fur cap was continually calling out "John!" — to John. Not the least notice was taken of him until it was found to be Burnett! who was dragged out bodily, and put into a stall. He came home at the end, and told me that his wife had been anxious to be there, but was just going to be confined. It will be their second child.

His imbecility was overwhelming

The storm was most magnificent at Dover. All the great side of the Lord Warden next the sea, had to be emptied; the break of the sea was so prodigious, and the noise was so utterly confounding. The sea came in like a great sky of immense clouds, for ever breaking suddenly into furious rain; all kinds of wreck were washed in; Miss Birmingham and I saw, among other things, a very pretty brass-bound chest being thrown about like a feather. On Tuesday night, the unhappy Ostend Packet could not get in; neither could she go back; and she beat about the channel until noon yesterday. I saw her come in then, with five men at the wheel — such a picture of misery as to the crew (of passengers, there were no signs), as you can scarcely imagine.

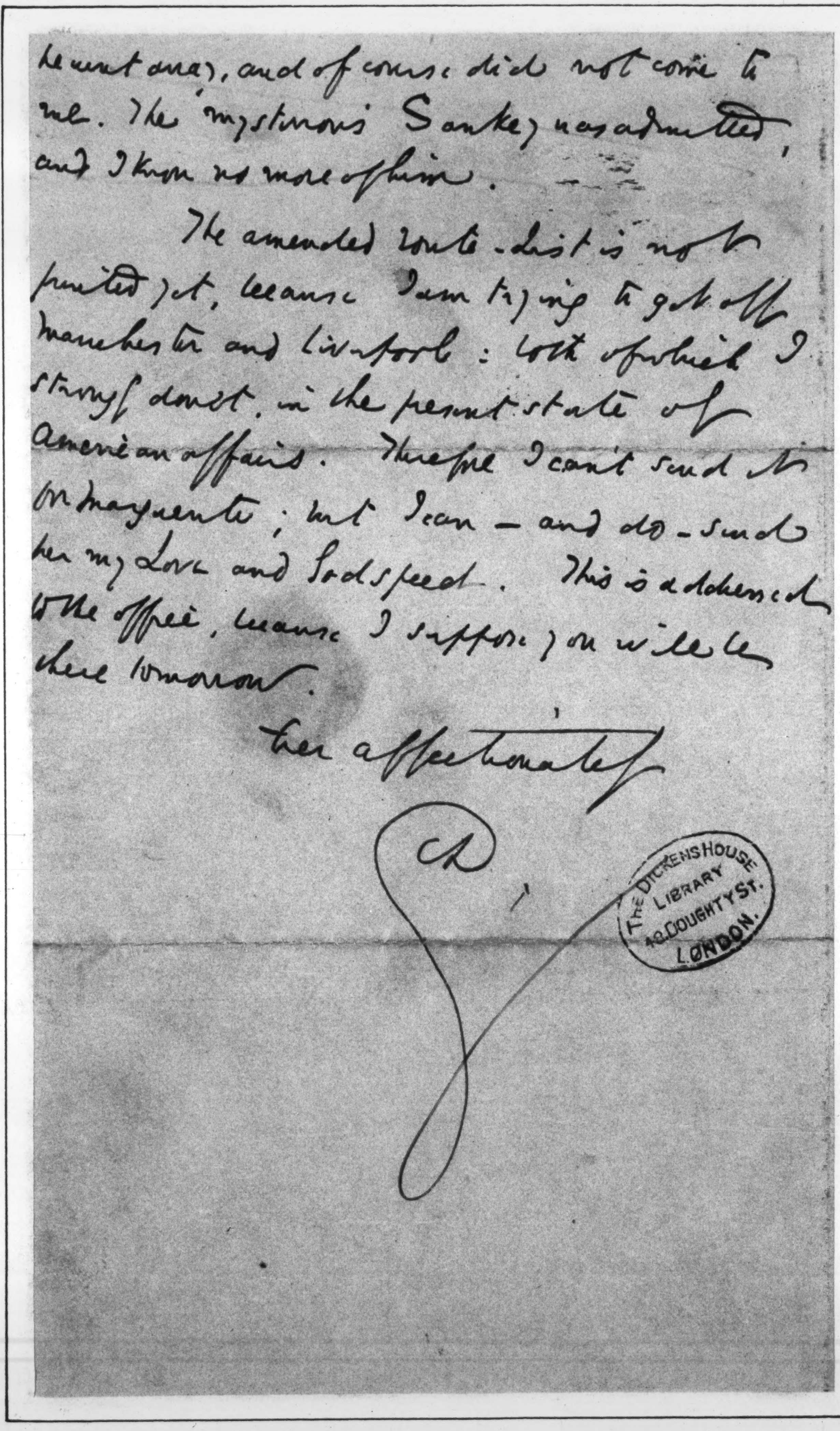
The room at Hastings belongs to Lockey, who is really a very gentlemanly fellow with an extremely good manner. I saw Mrs Lockey this morning — grown very coarse and red indeed. The effect



both there and at Dover, really seems to have outdone the best usual impression — and at Dover they wouldn't go, but sat applauding like mad. The most delicate audience I have seen in any provincial place, is Canterbury. The audience with the greatest sense of humour, certainly is Dover. The people in the stalls set the example of laughing, in the most curiously unreserved way; and they really laughed when Squeers read the boys' letters, with such cordial enjoyment, that the contagion extended to me. For, one couldn't hear them without laughing too.

So, thank God, all goes well and the recompense for the trouble is in every way Great. There is rather an alarming break-down at Newcastle, in respect of all the bills having been in some inscrutable way, Lost on the road. I have resolved to send Berry there, with full powers to do all manner of things, early next week.

I have forgotten to say that Frederick appeared at Canterbury as "Mr Dickens's brother, to pass in Doctor Sankey." Then



he went away, and of course did not come to me. The 'mysterious' Sankey was admitted, and I know no more of him.

The amended route-list is not printed yet, because I am trying to get off Manchester and Liverpool: both of which I strongly doubt, in the present state of American affairs. Therefore I can't send it to Marguerite; but I can — and do — send her my Love and Godspeed. This is addressed to the office, because I suppose you will be there tomorrow.

Ever affectionately

CD

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48.DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

Queen's Head, Newcastle

Friday Twenty Second November, 1861.

My Dearest Georgy. I received your letter this morning, and grieve to report that the unlucky Headland has broken down most awfully! —

First, as perhaps you remember, this is the place where the Bills were "lost" for a week or two. The consequence has been that the agent could not announce all through the Jenny Lind time (the most important for announcing), and could only stand still and stare, when people came to ask what I was going to read. Last night I read Copperfield — to the most enthusiastic and appreciative audience imaginable — but in numbers about half what they might have been. To night we shall have a famous house, but we might have had it last night too. Tomorrow (knowing by this time what can, of a certainty, be done with Copperfield), I had of course given out Copperfield to be read again. Conceive my amazement and dismay when I find the Printer to have announced Little Dombey!!! This, I declare, I had no more intention of reading, than I had of reading an account of the Solar System. And this, after a sensation last night, of a really extraordinary nature in its intensity and delight!

Says the unlucky Headland to this fresh head of misery – "Johnson's mistake." (Johnson being the printer.)

Second. I read at Edinburgh for the first time – observe the day – next Wednesday. Jenny Lind's concert at Edinburgh is tonight. This morning comes a frantic letter from the Edinburgh agent – "I have no bills, no tickets, I lose all the announcement I could have made to hundreds upon hundreds of people tonight all of the most desirable class to be well informed beforehand. I can't announce what Mr Dickens is going to read, I can answer no question, I have upon my responsibility put a dreary advertisement into the papers, announcing that he is going to read so many times, and that particulars will 'shortly' be ready, and so I stand bound hand and foot." – "Johnson's mistake" says the unlucky Headland –.

Of course I know that the man who never made a mistake in poor Arthur's time is not likely to be always making mistakes now. But I have written by this post to Wills, to go there, and investigate. I have also detached Berry from here, and have sent him on by train

at a few minutes notice to Edinburgh, and then
to Glasgow (where I have no doubt everything is
wrong too). Glasgow we may save; Edinburgh
I hold to be irretrievably damaged. If it can
be patched up at all, it can only be at the
loss of the two first nights, and by the
expenditure of no end of spirits and force.
And this is the harder, because it is impossible not to see that the last Readings
polished and prepared the audiences in
general, and that I have not to work them
up in any place where I have been before, but
that they start with a London intelligence
and with a respect and preparation for
what they are going to hear.

I hope by the time you and
Mamie come home, we shall have got into
some good method. I must take the
thing more into my own hands and look
after it from hour to hour. If such a
thing as this Edinburgh business could
have happened under poor Arthur, I really
believe he would have fallen into a
fit or gone distracted. No one can
ever know what he was, but I who have
been with him and without him. Headland
is so anxious and so good tempered that I
cannot be very stormy with him; but it

is the simple fact that he has no notion of the requirements of such work as this. Without him and with a larger salary to Berry (though there are objections to the latter as first man), I could have done a hundred times better.

As Forster will have a strong interest in knowing all about the proceedings, perhaps you will send him this letter to read. There is no very tremendous harm — mind — done as yet. This place unquestionably has been damaged in money; but the impression effected is scarcely to be over-stated. At Edinburgh I know what I can do with Copperfield. I think it is not too much to say that for every one who does come to hear it on the first night, I can get back fifty on the second. And whatever can be worked up there, will tell on Glasgow. Berry I shall continue to send on ahead. And I shall take nothing on trust any more, as being done——.

On Sunday morning at 8, I have to start for Berwick. From Berwick in the course of that day, I will write again — to Mamie next time.

With best love to her and Mrs B
to dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.

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48.DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday First August 1866

My Dearest Percy.

I find the enclosed at the office here.

If you have no objection on your own part, I wish you would reply to it that I have asked you to answer it, and that you think it well to tell her at once that you are absolutely certain that I never will go to her house, and that it is my fixed purpose (without any abatement of kindness otherwise), to hold as little personal communication with her as I possibly can. You may add—as you like—either that you do, or that you do not know the reason of this; but that you are perfectly sure that no effort will ever elicit a word from me on the subject.

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LONDON.

about the house, I can give no opinion. She must decide the question out of her own daily experience of it and domestic knowledge of it. If she has any question to ask me about her boy, she can either write it to me or to Wills.

This last paragraph marked with a bracket, will be all you have to say for me, if you don't like to say the rest.

It is pretty clear to me that she very well knows what is amiss, and has been put up by somebody to trying to get hold of it —.

Ever affecy

CD

Love to all.

Office of All the Year Round,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London. W.C.

44

Friday Tenth May 1867

My Dearest Georgy,

I send you the cheque. Also an order for a Hat that Marsh wants. Tell him to give Wilson, to bring up for Wills, Coachman's estimate for the stable gate.

This is a very hasty note, for I am so hurried that it is with great difficulty I can find time to get up Dombey. Between the New Edition, correspondence, A Y R, and all other cares, I have as much to do as I can manage. Last night I was so tired, that I could hardly undress for bed.

— And expenses are so enormous,

that I begin to feel myself drawn towards America, as Darnay in the Tale of Two Cities was attracted to the Loadstone Rock, Paris.

Ever my dearest Percy

Most affectionately

CD

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Thursday Twenty Ninth October 1868

My dearest Georgy

I think the necessary stores had best be ordered at once from Strood.

Wilkie's affairs defy all prediction. For anything one knows, the whole matrimonial pretence may be a lie of that woman's, intended to make him marry her, and (failing other expectations) breaking down at last.

In the matter of poor Stephen, of course the mother of the murderer would have a strong feeling against the man who did her the great injury of getting murdered. Any such story is utterly good for nothing and is to be discountenanced severely.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
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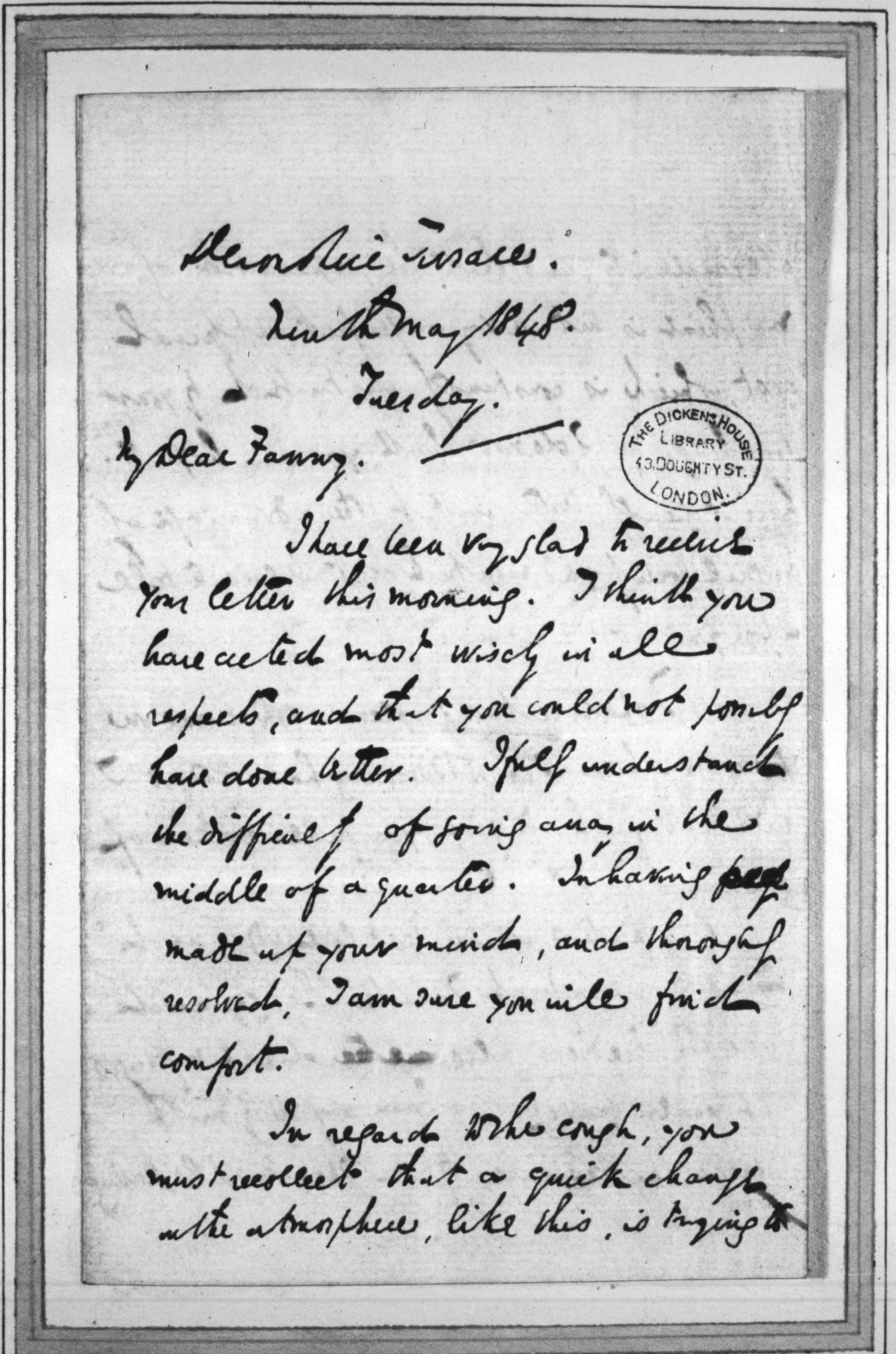
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

I am truly glad to hear that you are really getting better. I cannot get right internally, and have begun to be as sleepless as sick.

Writing to Ellis for one cask of wine, and remembering Christmas, I altered my intention and ordered two. Perhaps their arrival may have already astonished you.

Very squally here, with driving showers of large hail.

Ever My Dearest Georgy
Your most affectionate
CD.



Devonshire Terrace.
Tenth May 1848.
Tuesday.

My Dear Fanny.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
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43, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

I have been very glad to receive your letter this morning. I think you have acted most wisely in all respects, and that you could not possibly have done better. I fully understand the difficulty of going away in the middle of a quarter. In having ~~[illegible]~~ made up your mind, and thoroughly resolved, I am sure you will find comfort.

In regard to the cough, you must recollect that a quick change in the atmosphere, like this, is trying to all complaints, and that the preparation of morphia is but a very imperfect artificial rest, which is constantly disturbed by your teaching. I do not think you can hope to have it greatly better, until the advantages of actual bodily and mental rest, begin to tell upon you.

I shall certainly, please God, come on to see you, when I go to Birmingham. And I will not fail to give you full notice of the day.

Kate sends her best love to you and Burnett, in which I unite. Georgy and all the children also ~~unite~~ desire messages of remembrance. I am very busy with these Shakespeare House Theatricals, having extracted a promise from the Government that Knowles (who is very poor indeed) shall be made the Keeper of the House. When I find myself at the Haymarket all day, and at Miss Kelly's half the night, I begin to wonder why one does such things for nothing.

The weather in London is most delightful. Love to Harry.

Ever My Dear Fanny
Affectionately Yours
Charles Dickens

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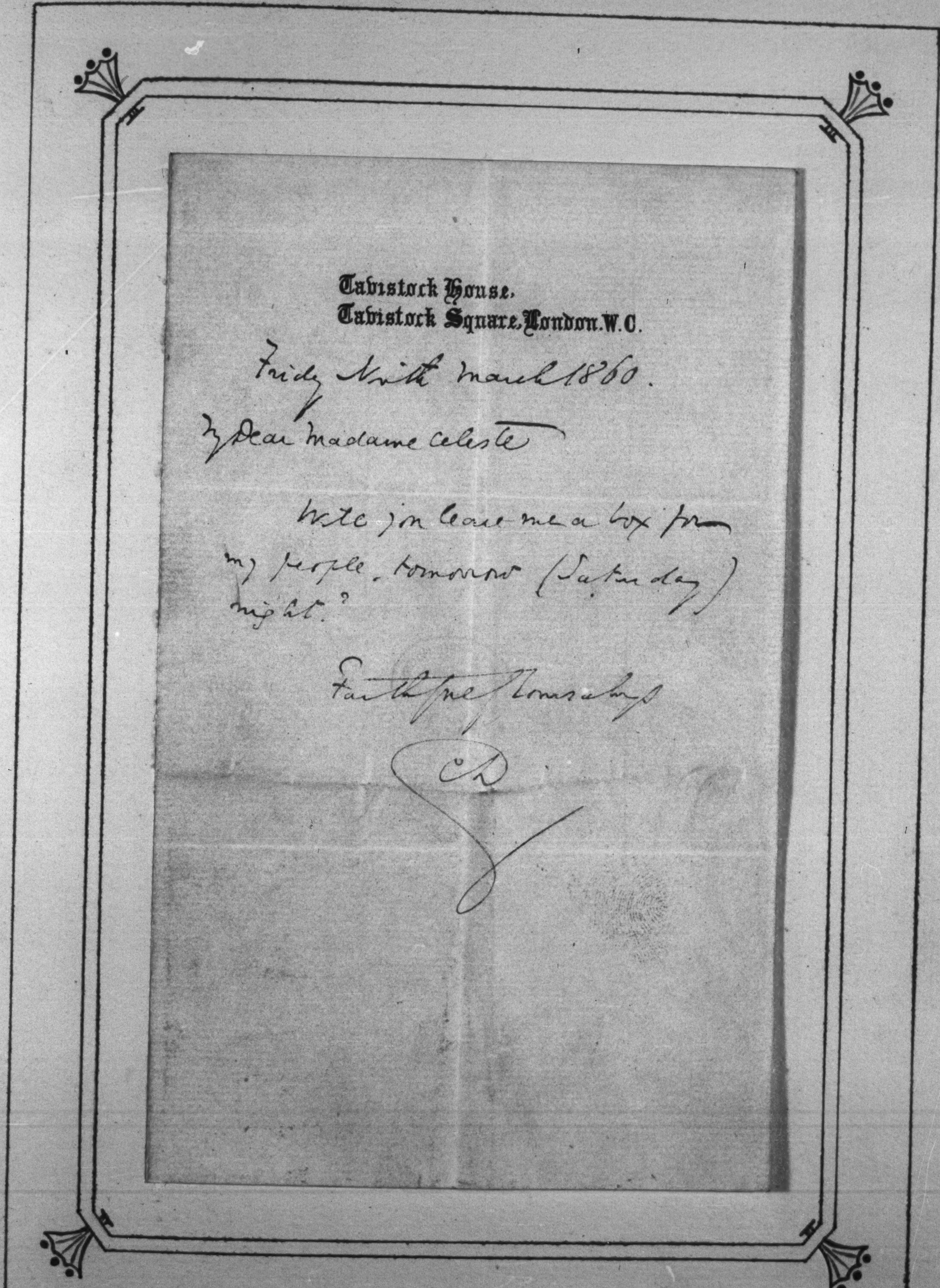


**Tavistock House,
Tavistock Square, London. W.C.**

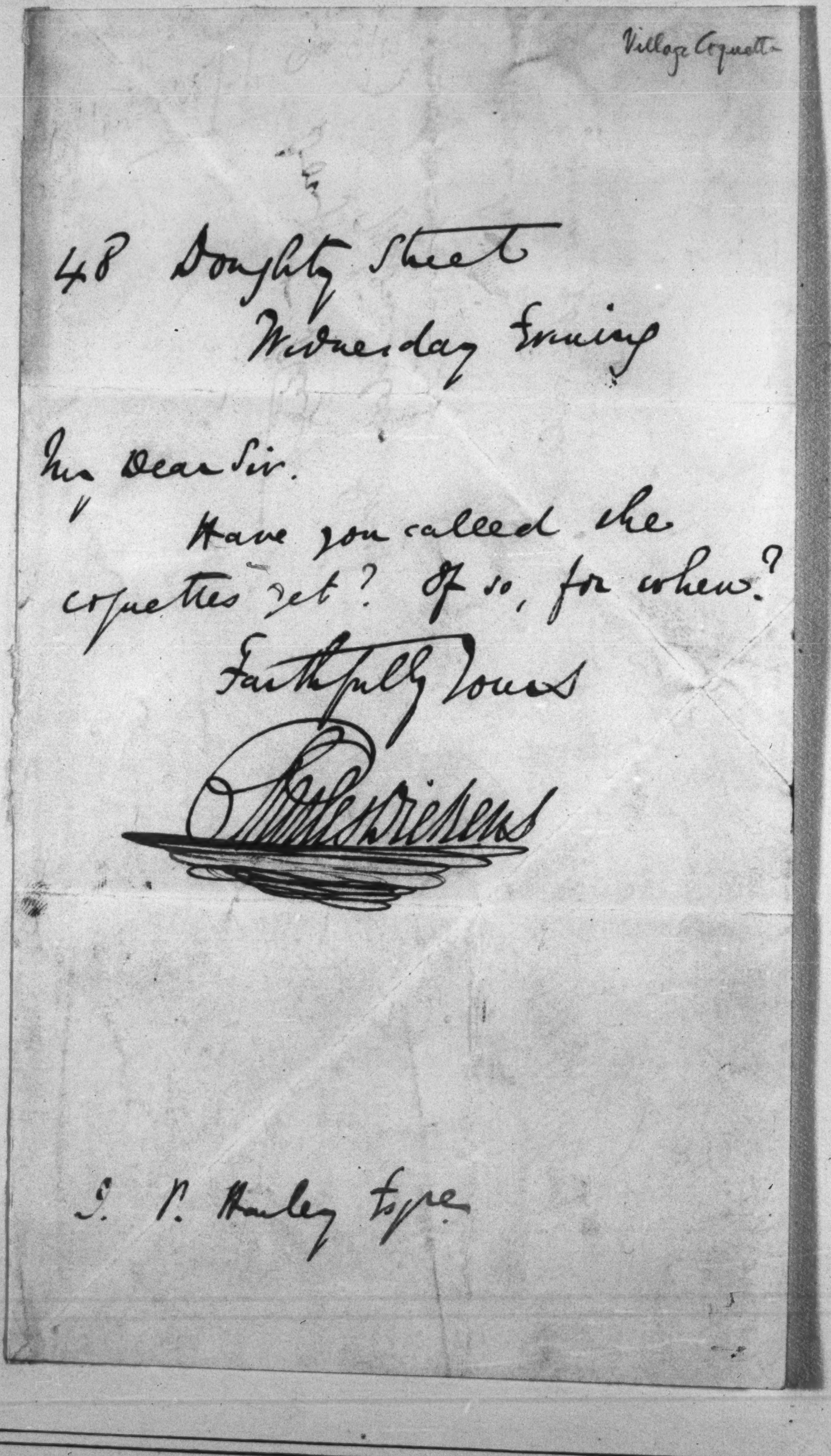
Friday Ninth March 1860.

My Dear Madame Celeste

Will you leave me a box for my people, tomorrow (Saturday) night?

Faithfully Yours always

CD



Village Coquettes

48 Doughty Street
Wednesday Evening

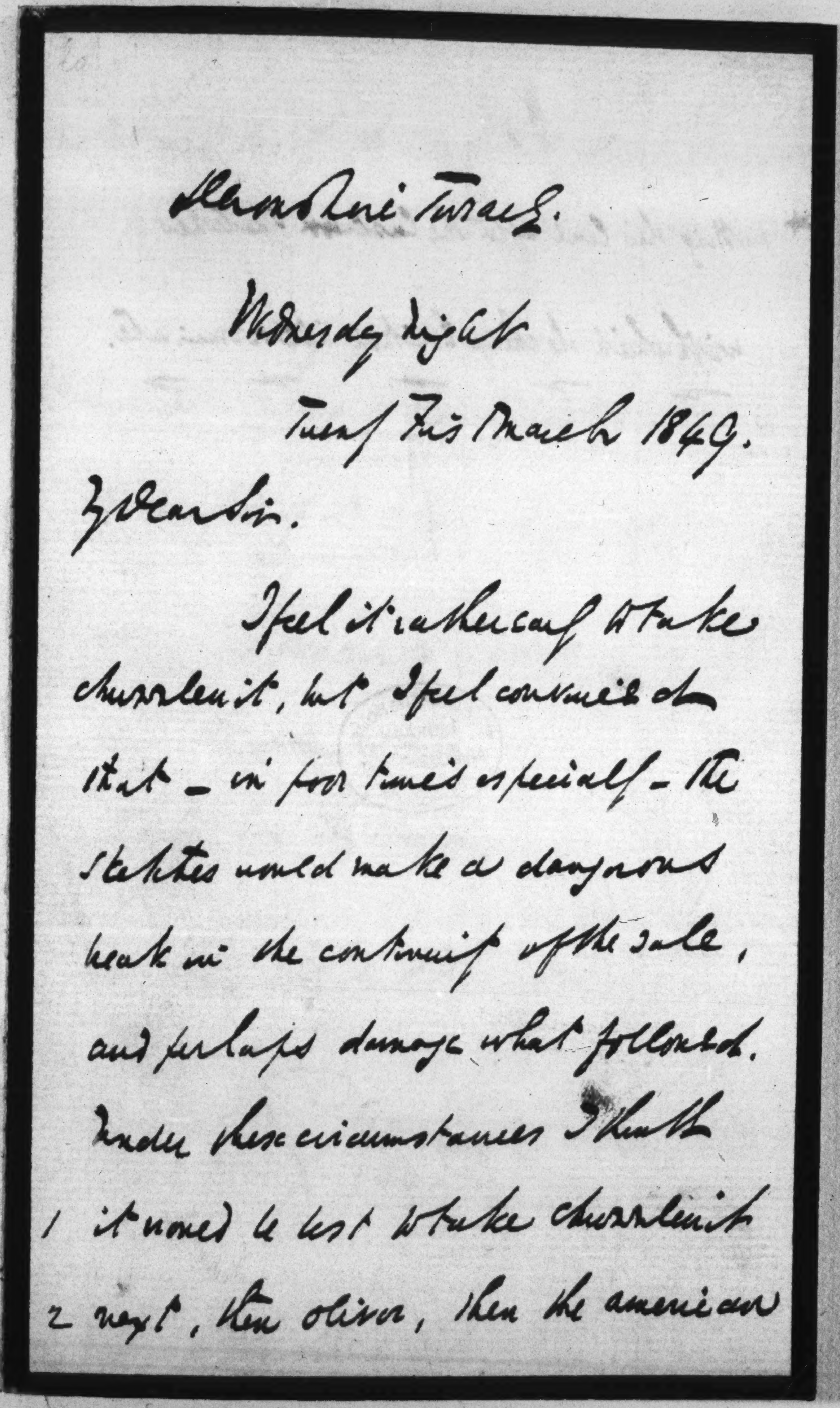
My Dear Sir.

Have you called the Coquettes yet? If so, for when?

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

J. P. Harley Esquire



Devonshire Terrace.

Wednesday Night

Twenty First March 1849.

My Dear Sir.

I feel it rather early to take
Chuzzlewit, but I feel convinced that
that — in poor times especially — the
Sketches would make a dangerous
break in the continuity of the sale,
and perhaps damage what followed.
Under these circumstances I think
1 it would be best to take Chuzzlewit
2 next, then Oliver, then the American

DICKENS TO EDWARD CHAPMAN.

* putting this line after the Castleton Sketches

with which the cheap Edition will terminate.

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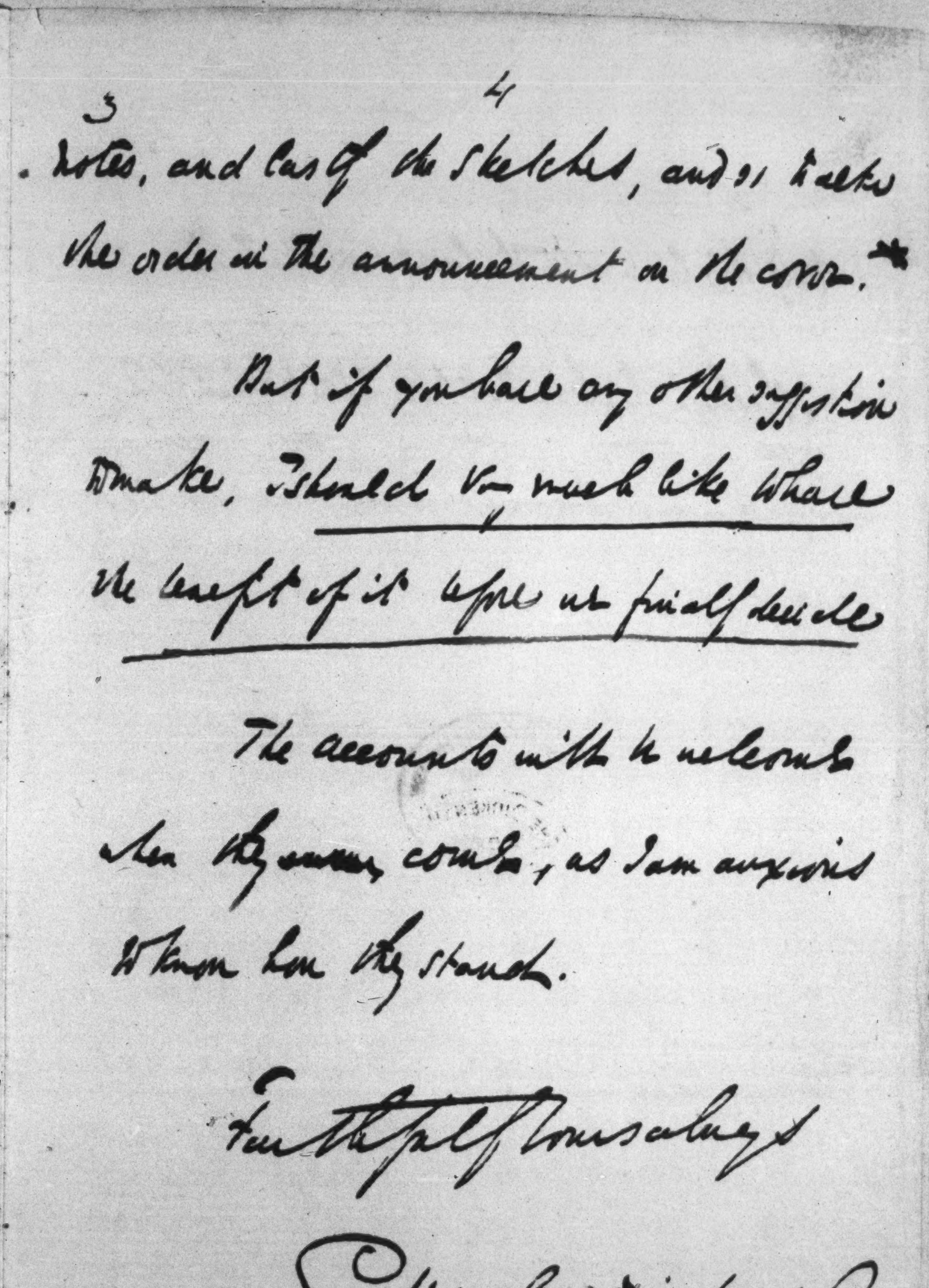

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notes, and last of the Sketches, and so to settle the order in the announcement on the cover.*

But if you have any other suggestion to make, I should very much like to have the benefit of it before we finally decide.

The accounts will be welcome when they come, as I am anxious to know how they stand.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

Edward Chapman Esquire

DICKENS TO EDWARD CHAPMAN.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Eighth November 1850.

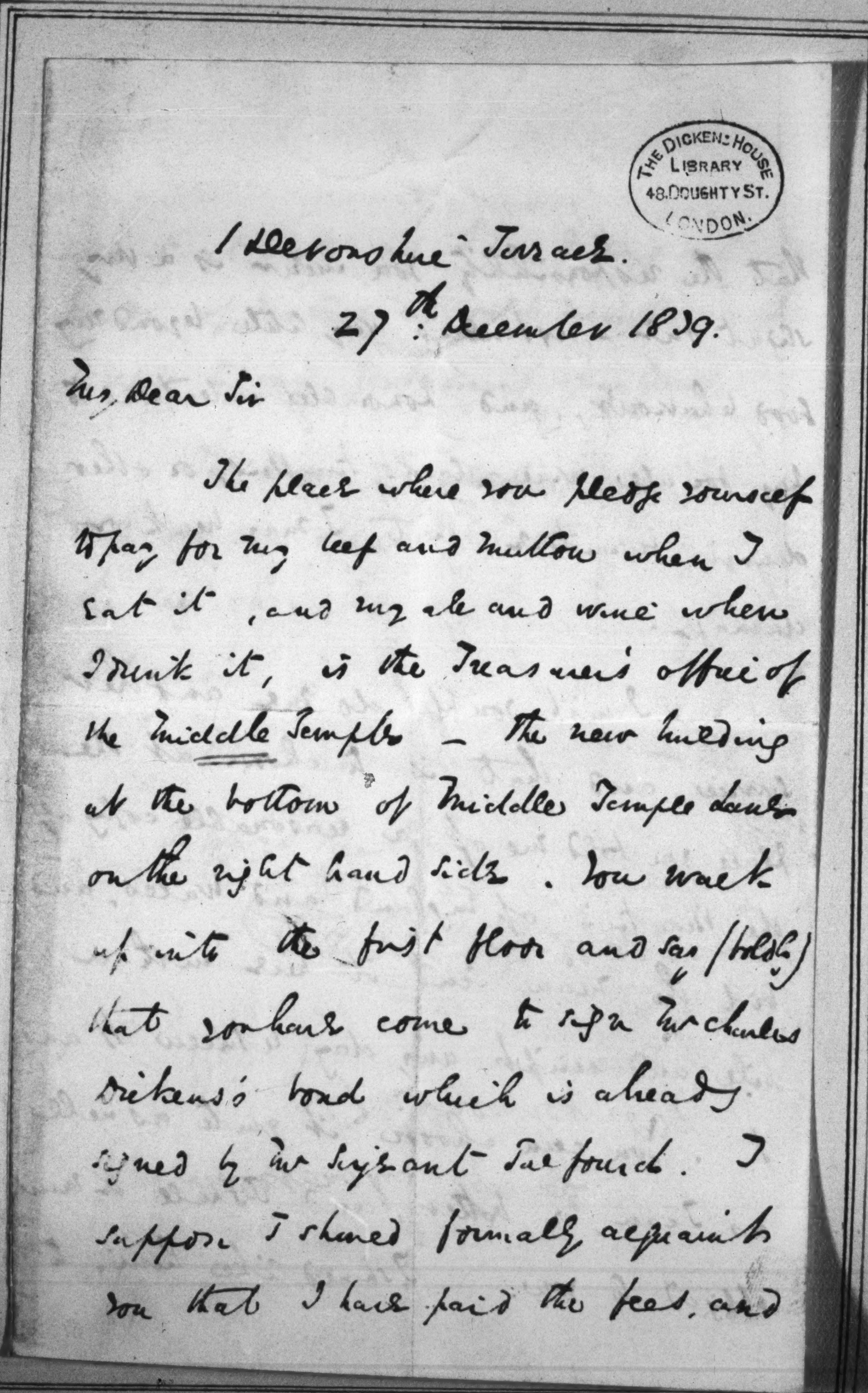
Thursday Night

My Dear Fred.

What is the nature of the security that I should be required to give Mrs Manning (a very unpromising name)? What the instrument, and what its provisions?

Affecy always

CD



THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48.DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

1 Devonshire Terrace.
27th. December 1839.

My Dear Sir

The place where you pledge yourself to pay for my beef and mutton when I eat it, and my ale and wine when I drink it, is the Treasurer's office of the *Middle* Temple – the new building at the bottom of Middle Temple Lane on the right hand side. You walk up into the first floor and say (boldly) that you have come to sign Mr Charles Dickens's bond which is already signed by Mr Serjeant Talfourd. I suppose I should formally acquaint you that I have paid the fees, and that the responsibility you mean is a very slight one - extending very little beyond my good behaviour, and honourable intentions to pay for all wine-glasses, tumblers, or other dinner furniture, that I may break or damage.

I wish you'd do me another service, and that is to choose at the place you told me of a reasonable copy of the Beauties of England and Wales, and bid the man send it here with a bill and receipt any day between 11 and 1. You can choose it quite as well as I can, or better, and I shall be much obliged to you. I should like him to send it at once as I am diving into all kinds of matters at odd minutes with a view to our forthcoming operations.

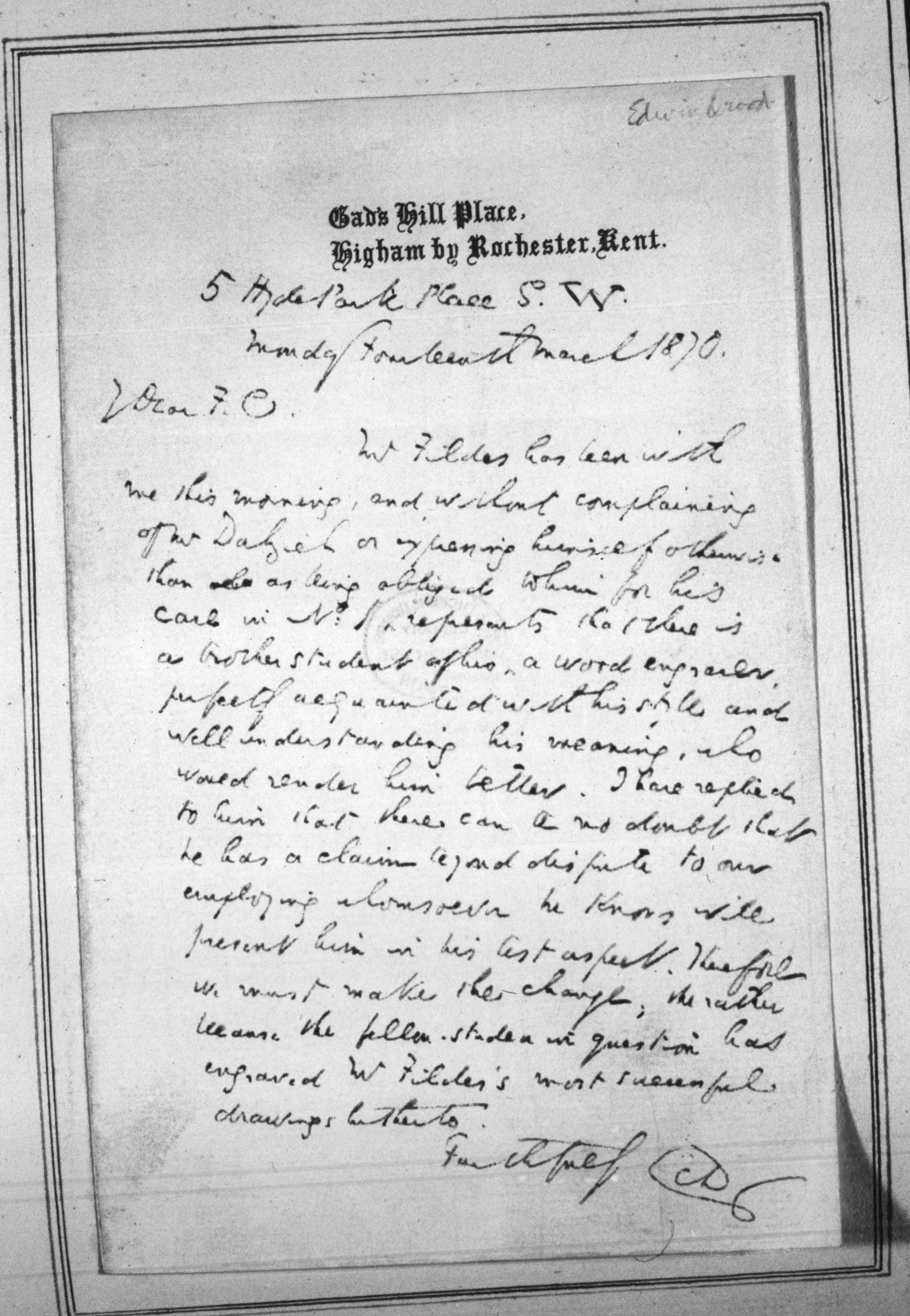
The Brigand is sleeping, but I suspect with one eye open. Whether he is ogling the vice chancellor with it, or not, time will show.

Best remembrances to Mr Hall

always faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Edward Chapman Esquire.



Edwin Drood

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

5 Hyde Park Place S.W.
Monday Fourteenth March 1870.

Dear F. C.

Mr Fildes has been with me this morning, and without complaining of Mr Dalziel or expressing himself otherwise than as being obliged to him for his care in No. 1, represents that there is a brother student of his, a wood engraver, perfectly acquainted with his style and well understanding his meaning, who would render him better. I have replied to him that there can be no doubt that he has a claim beyond dispute to our employing whomsoever he knows will present him in his best aspect. Therefore we must make the change; the rather because the fellow-student in question has engraved Mr Fildes's most successful drawings hitherto.

Faithfully yours
CD

11
THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48 DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.

Devonshire Terrace.

Thirty First January 1849.

My Dear Burnett.

As I am setting out to Lewisham to see my father who, my mother writes me, is exceedingly unwell there, I receive your sad letter. I cannot go out without sending you a few words of most affectionate condolence and sympathy.

My dear fellow, I cannot but believe that the mercy of God has removed your poor dear by. I cannot but think, though his death reopens that wound within you which has been so recently and imperfectly closed, that a few hours will reconcile you to his loss. A child so afflicted, even with the inestimable blessing of a mother's care to support him, must, if he lived, be inevitably doomed to great mental anguish, to a weary struggle with the difficulties of life, to many years of secret comparison in his own heart between himself and more healthy and more fortunate children

Thackeray   Wynne

I hope that if I were you, I could — when
the first burst of my love and grief was past —
thankfully confide him to that other
Father to whom he has passed, and to
that enduring world where we may inherit.
He has rejoined his mother, and for
infirmities
ever cast away his earthly sorrows and

Devonshire Terrace.

Twenty fifth June 1849.

Monday

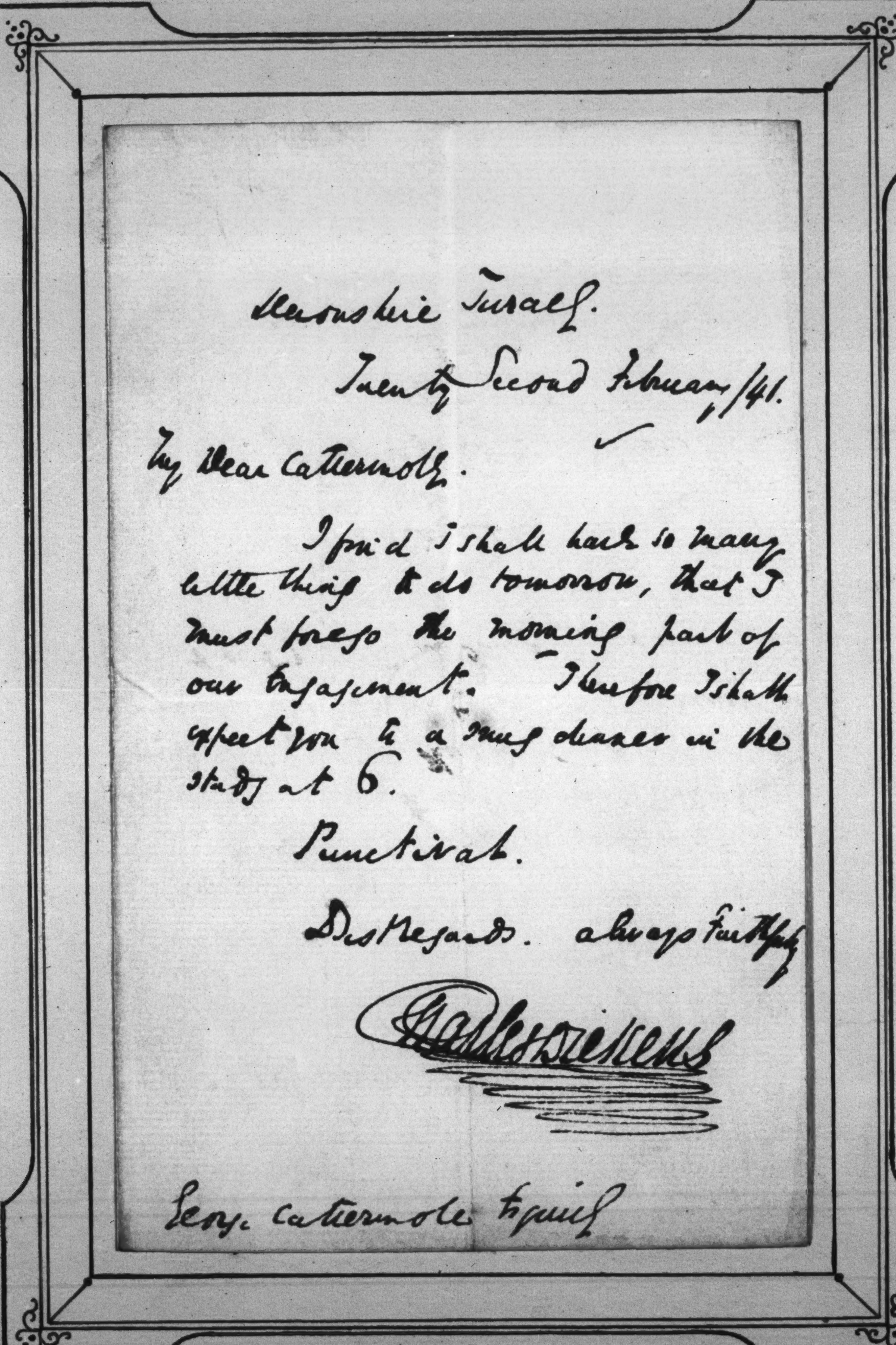
My Dear Horne:

Will the afternoon do? at half past 4? Either Wednesday – or Thursday – or tomorrow? –

Ever Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

R. H. Horne Esquire.



Devonshire Terrace.

Twenty Second February /41.

My Dear Cattermole.

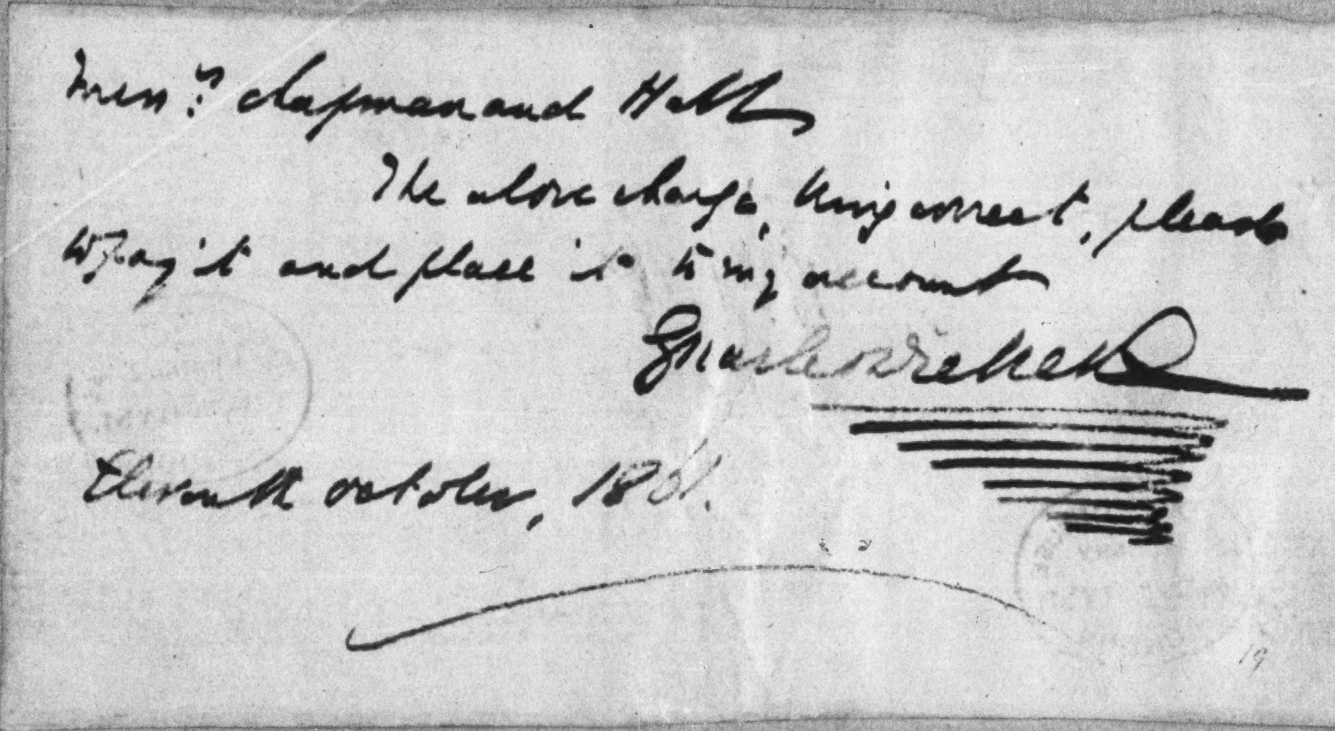
I find I shall have so many little things to do tomorrow, that I must forego the morning part of our engagement. Therefore I shall expect you to a snug dinner in the study at 6.

Punctival.

Best Regards. always Faithfully

Charles Dickens

George Cattermole Esquire

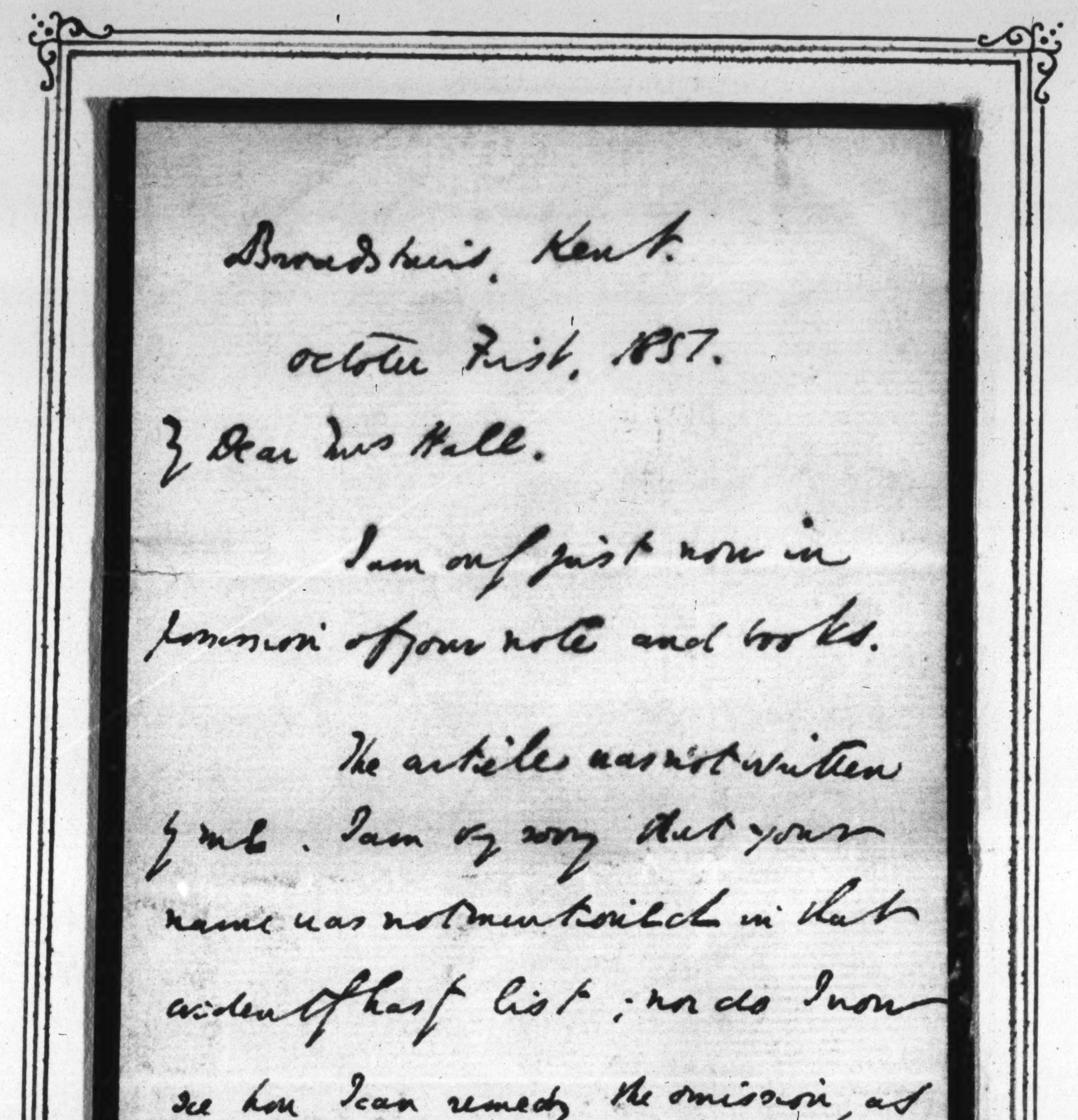


Mess.rs Chapman and Hall

The above charge, being correct, please to pay it and place it to my account

Charles Dickens

Eleventh October, 1861.



Broadstairs. Kent.

October First, 1857.

My Dear Mrs Hall.

I am only just now in possession of your note and books.

The article was not written by me. I am very sorry that your name was not mentioned in that evidently hasty list; nor do I now see how I can remedy the omission, as the subject is (for the present at all events) closed. If I had seen that part of the Article in proof, I think it would have struck me that

would be much concerned if he knew of
your note. As you have marked it
Private, however, I do not feel
myself justified in shewing it to him
without your permission.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

Mrs Dickens and Georgina
unite in kind remembrances to yourself
and Hall. Believe me always
Very faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

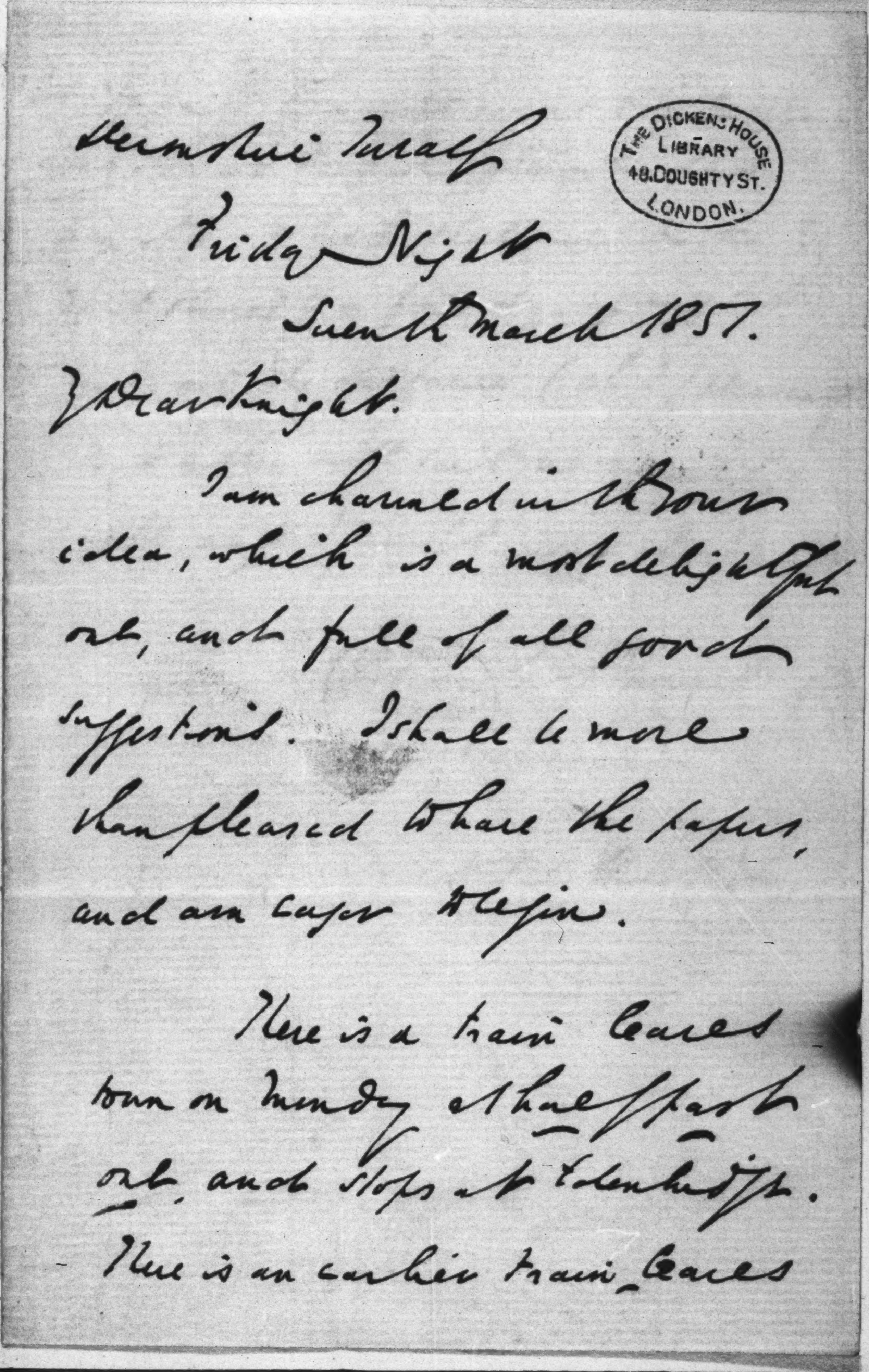
I will not lose an opportunity of
repairing the fault.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

In 1878, Nov 1,
I cannot recall — neither
can Mrs Hall — the subject
matter of this letter.

S. C. Hall

which I present to Mr Ed Collings



Devonshire Terrace

Friday Night

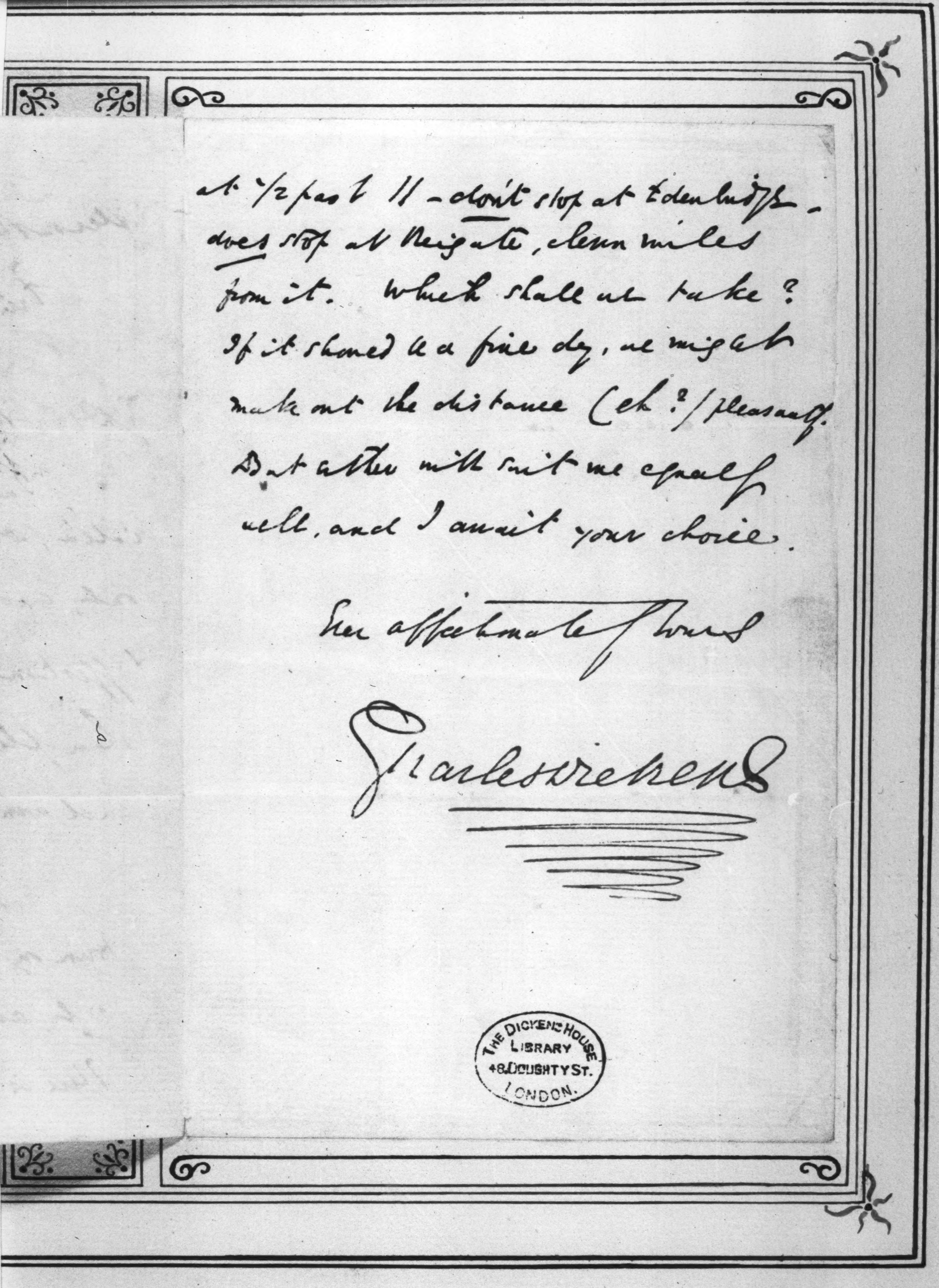
Seventh March 1851.

My Dear Knight.

I am charmed with the Tour idea, which is a most delightful one, and full of all good suggestions. I shall be more than pleased to have the papers, and am eager to begin.

There is a train leaves town on Monday at half past one, and stops at Edenbridge. There is an earlier train leaves

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

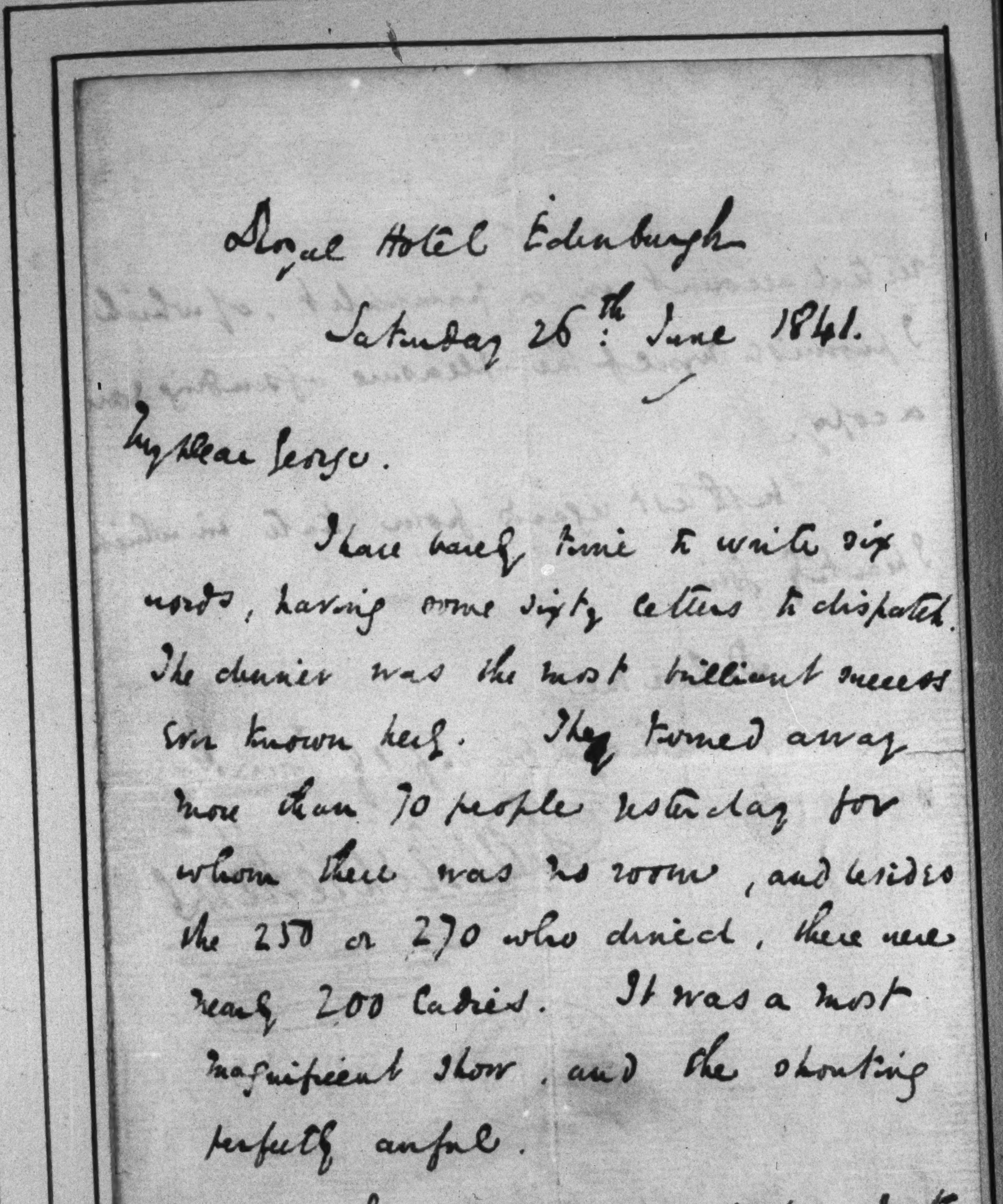


at 1/2 past 11 – don't stop at Edenbridge – does stop at Reigate, eleven miles from it. Which shall we take? If it should be a fine day, we might make out the distance (eh?) pleasantly. But either will suit me equally well, and I await your choice.

Ever affectionately Yours

Charles Dickens

THE DICKENS HOUSE LIBRARY 48, DOUGHTY ST. LONDON.



Royal Hotel Edinburgh
Saturday 26th June 1841.

My dear George.

I have barely time to write six words, having some sixty letters to dispatch. The dinner was the most brilliant success ever known here. They turned away more than 70 people yesterday for whom there was no room, and besides the 250 or 270 who dined, there were nearly 200 Ladies. It was a most magnificent show, and the shouting perfectly awful.

I send you a newspaper, but the report is villainously dismal. Blackwoods have been here this morning to tell me that they mean to publish a cor-

DICKENS TO CATTERMOLE

rected account in a pamphlet, of which
I promise myself the pleasure of sending you
a copy.

With best regards from Kate in which
I heartily join,

Believe me
always Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48 DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

George Cattermole Esquire

His wife

Devonshire Terrace.

Thursday afternoon

My dear George.

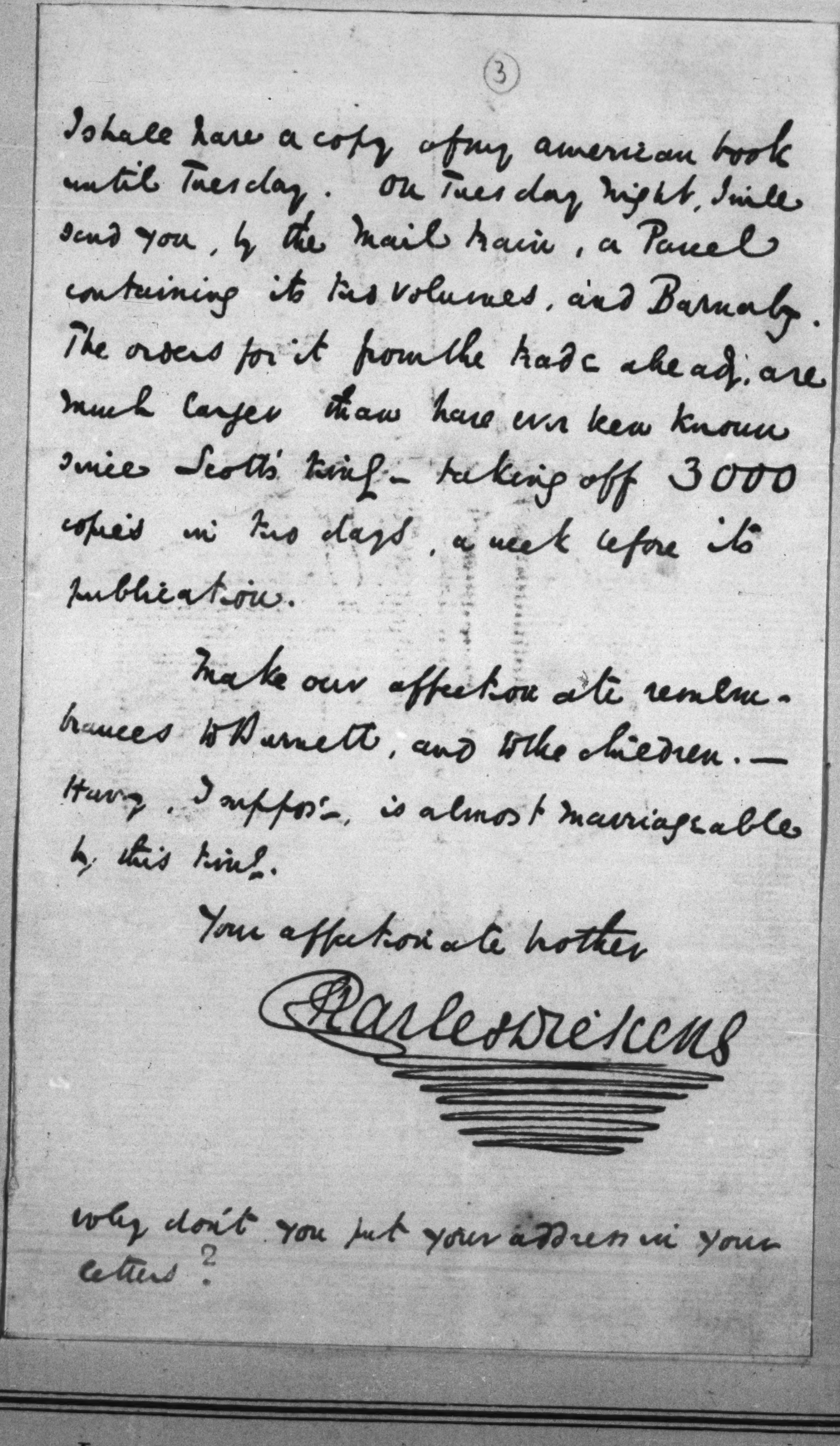
As this business of Kate's is not yet over, and don't seem to advance at all / My mind begins to run very much on Joanna Southcote / I should like, if it will not inconvenience you, to postpone our Athenæum dinner until Saturday __week__. Will this suit you?

Always faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

George Cattermole Esquire

Letter incomplete



③

I shall have a copy of my american book until Tuesday. On Tuesday night, I will send you, by the Mail train, a Parcel containing its two volumes, and Barnaby. The orders for it from the trade already, are much larger than have ever been known since Scott's time — taking off 3000 copies in two days, a week before its publication.

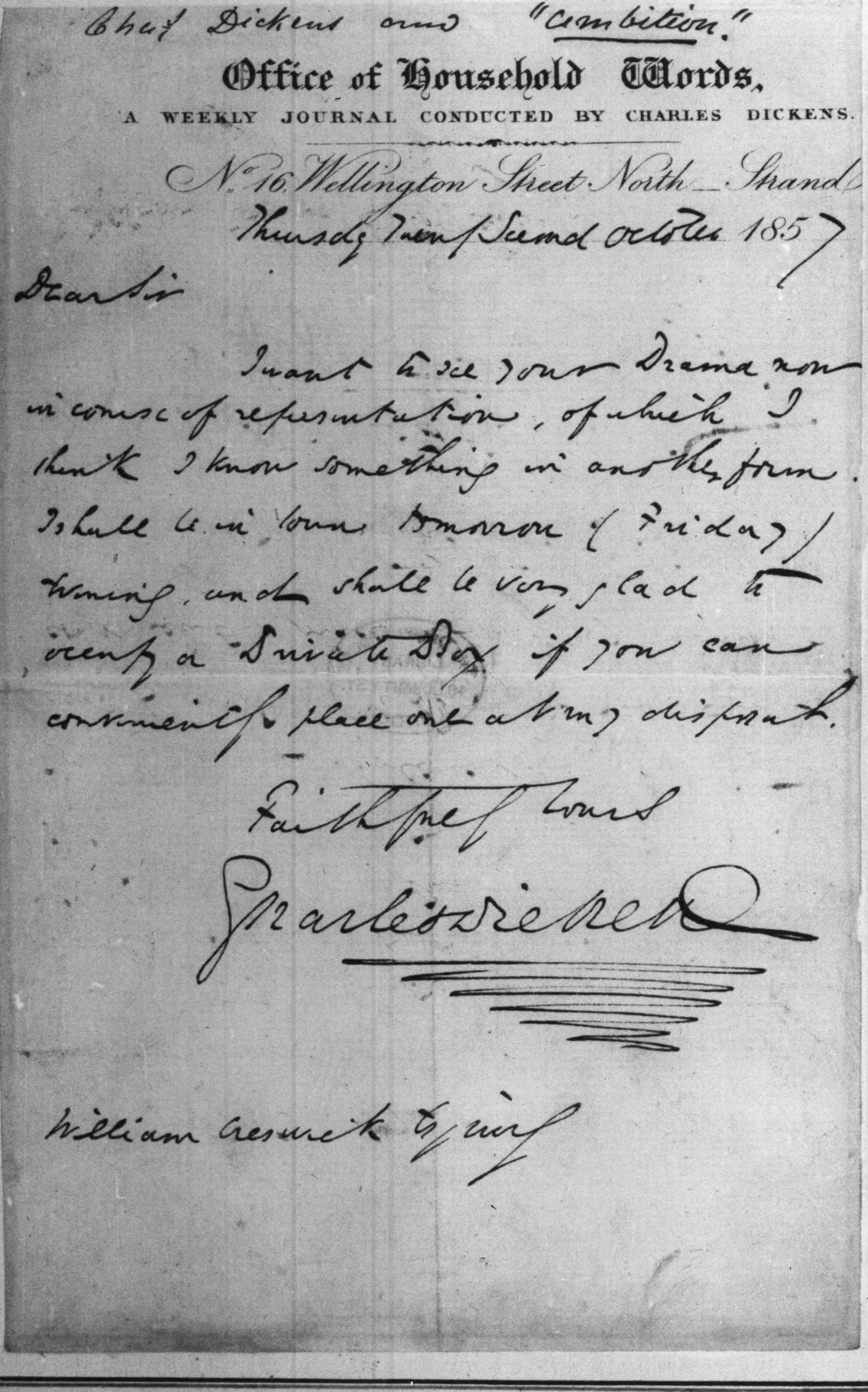
Make our affectionate remembrances to Burnett, and to the children. — Harry, I suppose, is almost marriageable by this time.

Your affectionate brother

Charles Dickens

Why don't you put your address in your letters?

Letter from Dickens to his sister Fanny.



Chas Dickens and "Ambition."

Office of Household Words,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 16, Wellington Street North — Strand

Thursday Twenty Second October 1857

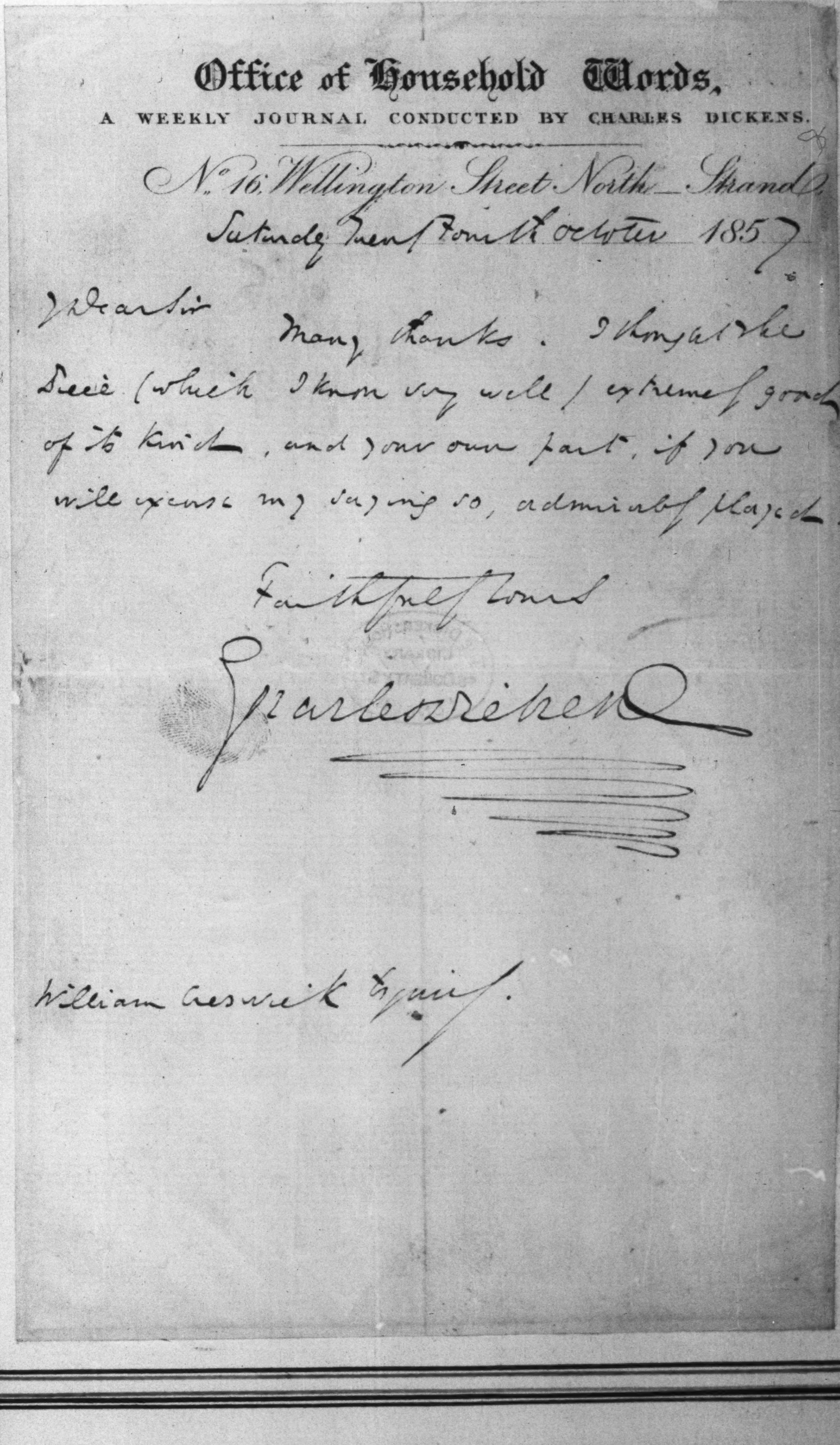
Dear Sir

I want to see your Drama now in course of representation, of which I think I know something in another form. I shall be in town tomorrow (Friday) evening, and shall be very glad to occupy a Private Box if you can conveniently place one at my disposal.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

William Creswick Esquire



Office of Household Words,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand.

Saturday Twenty fourth October 1857.

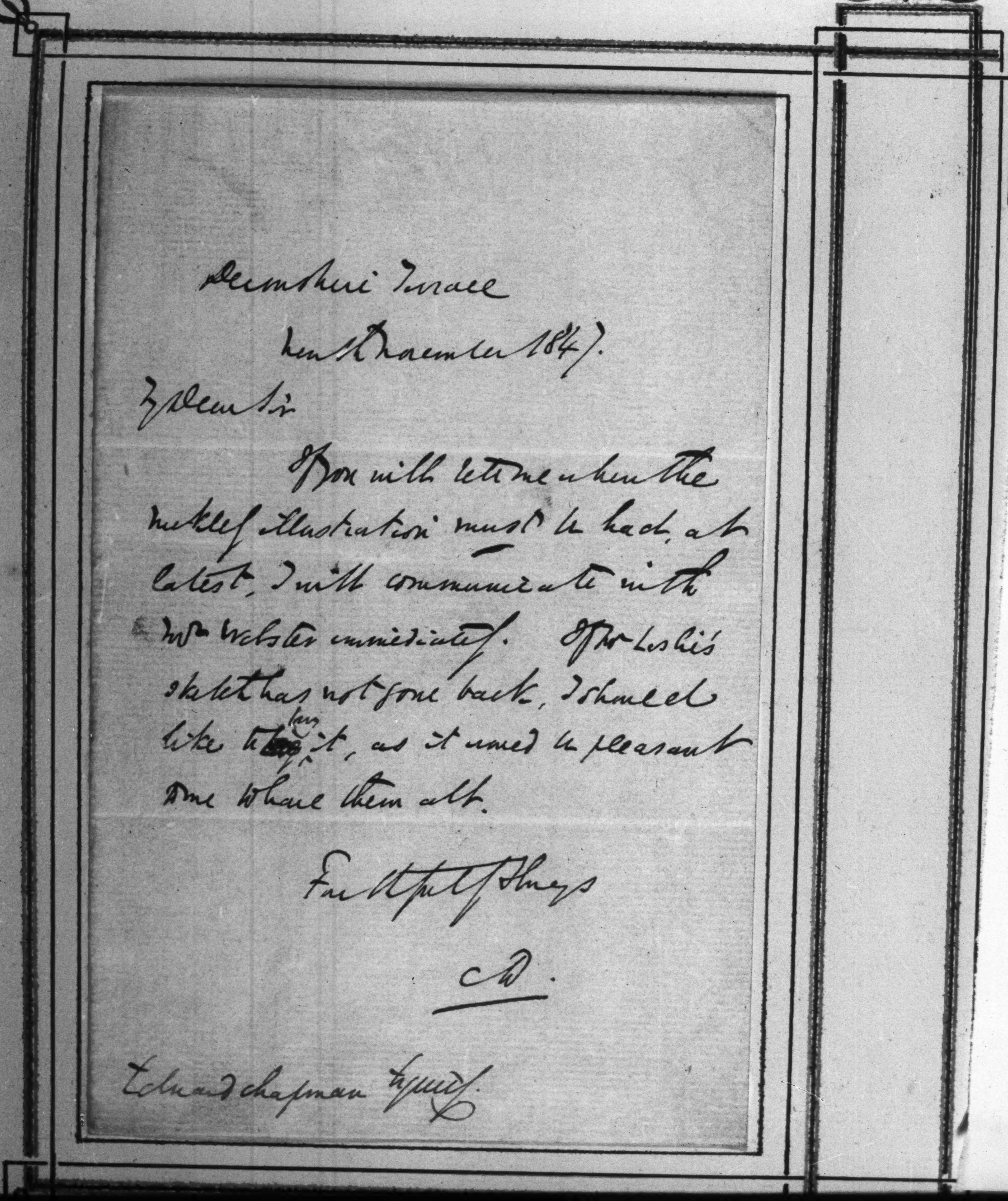
My Dear Sir

Many thanks. I thought the Piece (which I know very well) extremely good of its kind, and your own part, if you will excuse my saying so, admirably played.

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

William Creswick Esquire.



Devonshire Terrace

Tenth December 1847.

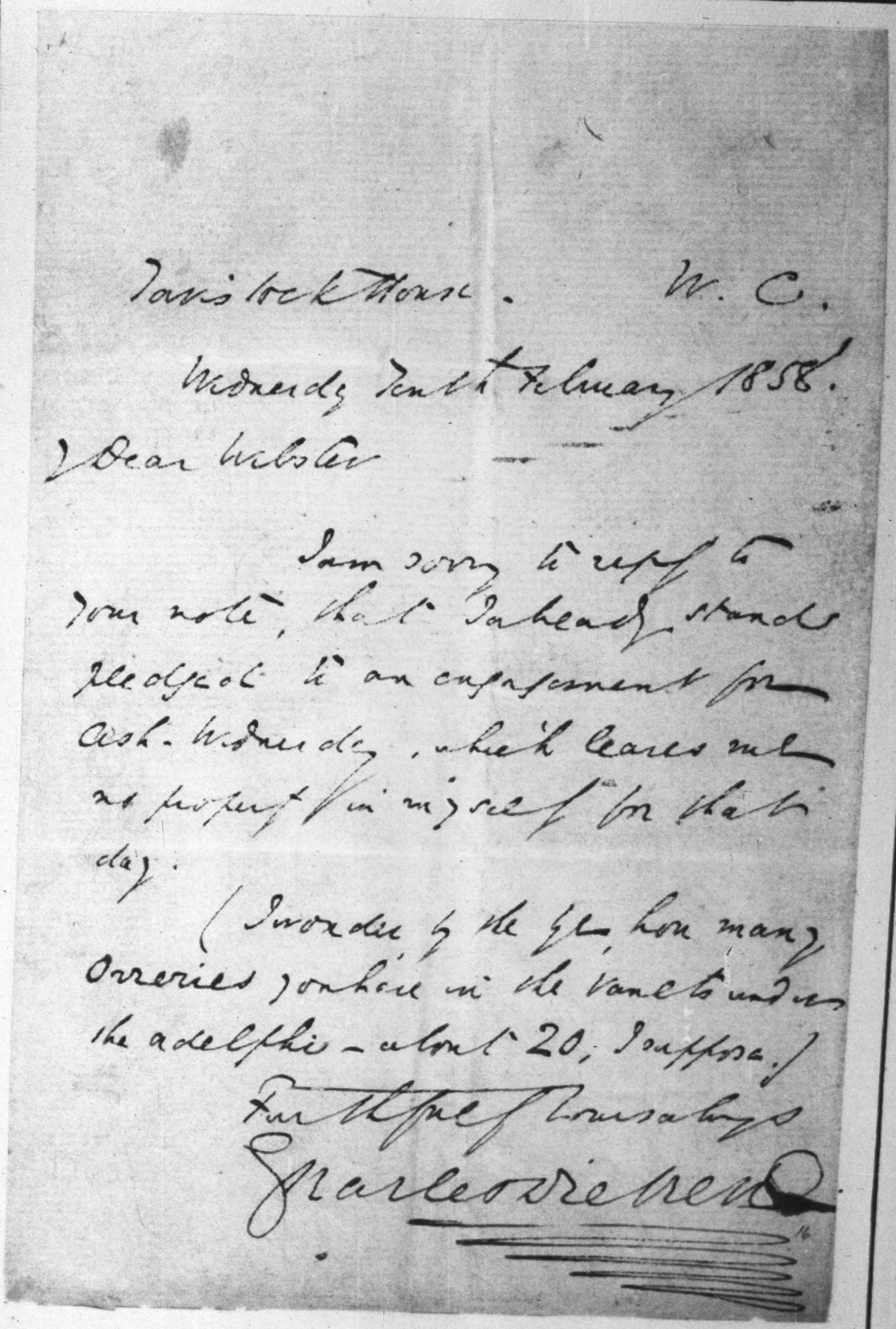
My Dear Sir

If you will let me know when the Nickleby Illustrations must be back, at latest, I will communicate with Mr. Webster immediately. If Mr. Leslie's sketch has not gone back, I should like to keep it, as it would be pleasant to me to have them all.

Faithfully Always

CD.

Edward Chapman Esquire



Tavistock House. W.C.

Wednesday Tenth February 1858.

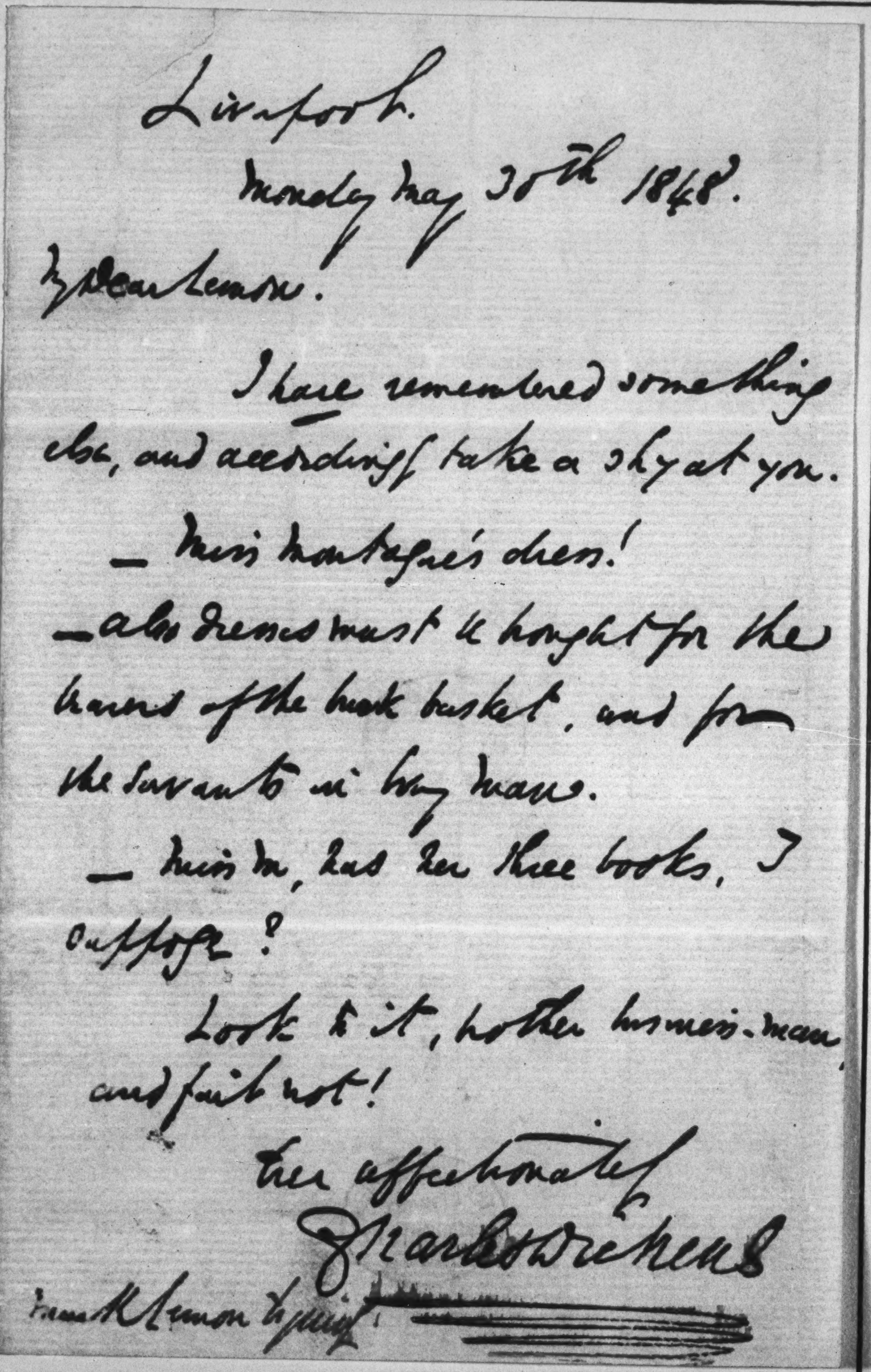
My Dear Webster —

I am sorry to reply to your note, that I already stand pledged to an engagement for Ash-Wednesday, which leaves me no property in myself for that day.

(I wonder by the bye, how many Soirees you have in the vaults under the Adelphi — about 20, I suppose.)

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens



Liverpool.

Monday May 30th 1848.

My Dear Lemon.

I have remembered something else, and accordingly take a shy at you.

— Miss Montague's dress!

— also dresses must be bought for the bearers of the buck basket, and for the Servants in Every Man.

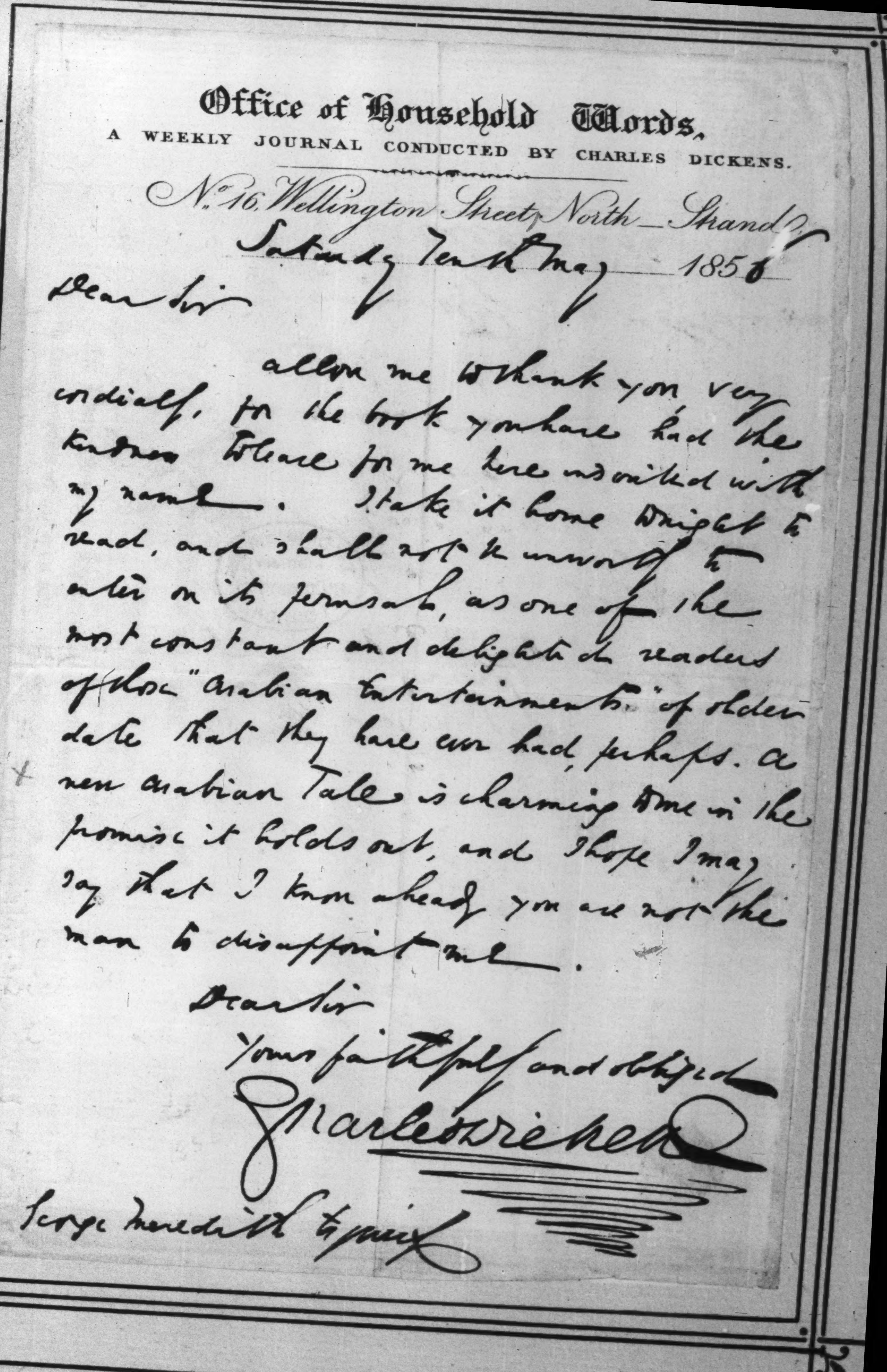
— Miss M. has her three books, I suppose?

Look to it, brother business-man, and fail not!

Ever affectionately

Charles Dickens

Mark Lemon Esquire



Office of Household Words.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 16, Wellington Street, North, Strand,

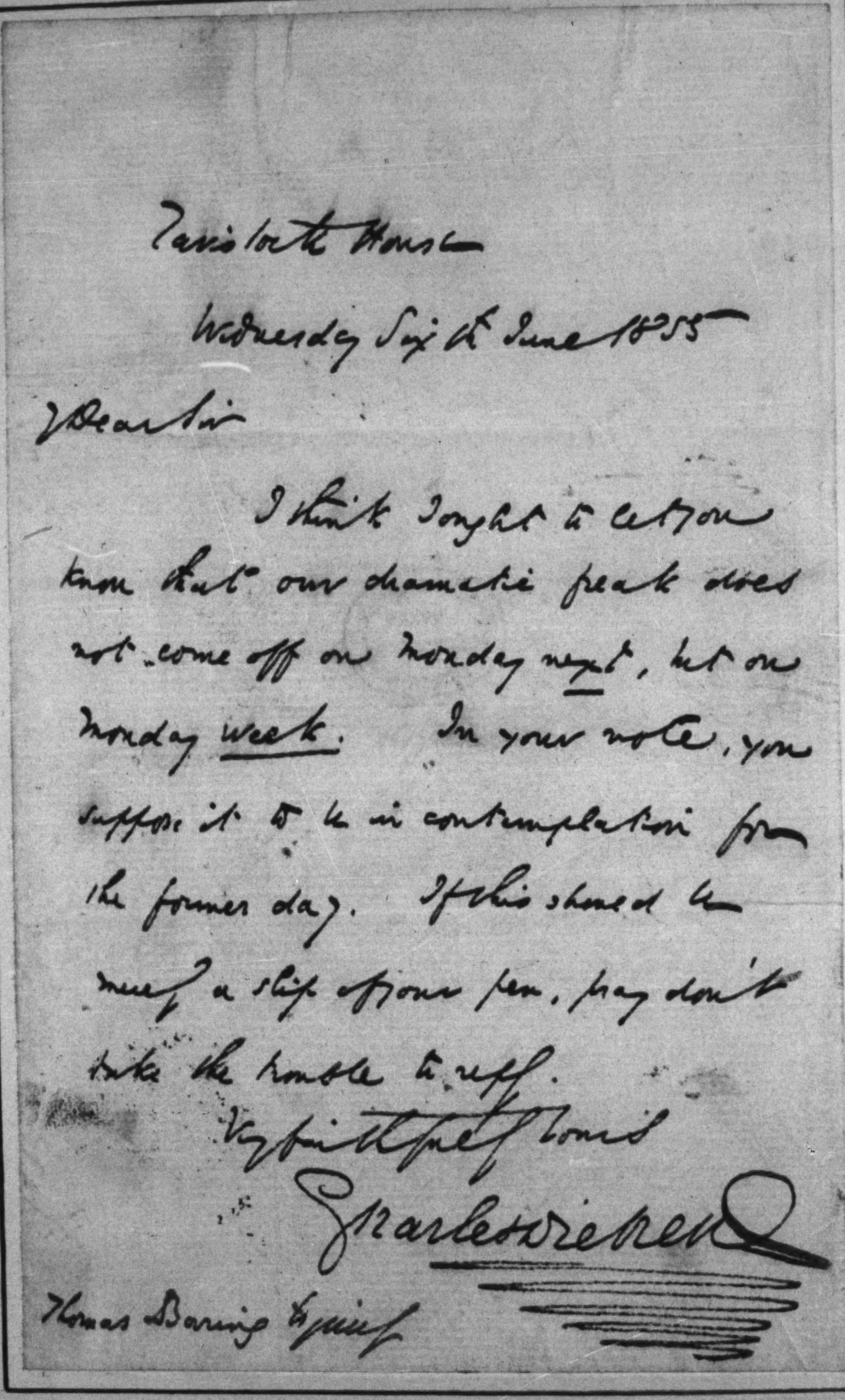
Saturday Tenth May 1856

Dear Sir

Allow me to thank you very cordially for the book you have had the kindness to leave for me here, inscribed with my name. I take it home to night to read, and shall not be unworthy to enter on its perusal, as one of the most constant and delighted readers of those "Arabian Entertainments" of older date that they have ever had, perhaps. A new Arabian Tale is charming to me in the promise it holds out, and I hope I may say that I know already you are not the man to disappoint me.

Dear Sir
Yours faithfully and obliged
Charles Dickens

George Meredith Esquire



Tavistock House

Wednesday Sixth June 1855

My Dear Sir

I think I ought to let you know that our dramatic freak does not come off on Monday *next*, but on Monday *week*. In your note, you suppose it to be in contemplation for the former day. If this should be merely a slip of your pen, pray don't take the trouble to reply.

Very faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Thomas Baring Esquire

In Remembrance OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

COMMITTEE'S OFFICE, GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION,
REGENT STREET.

Saturday 18th July 1857.

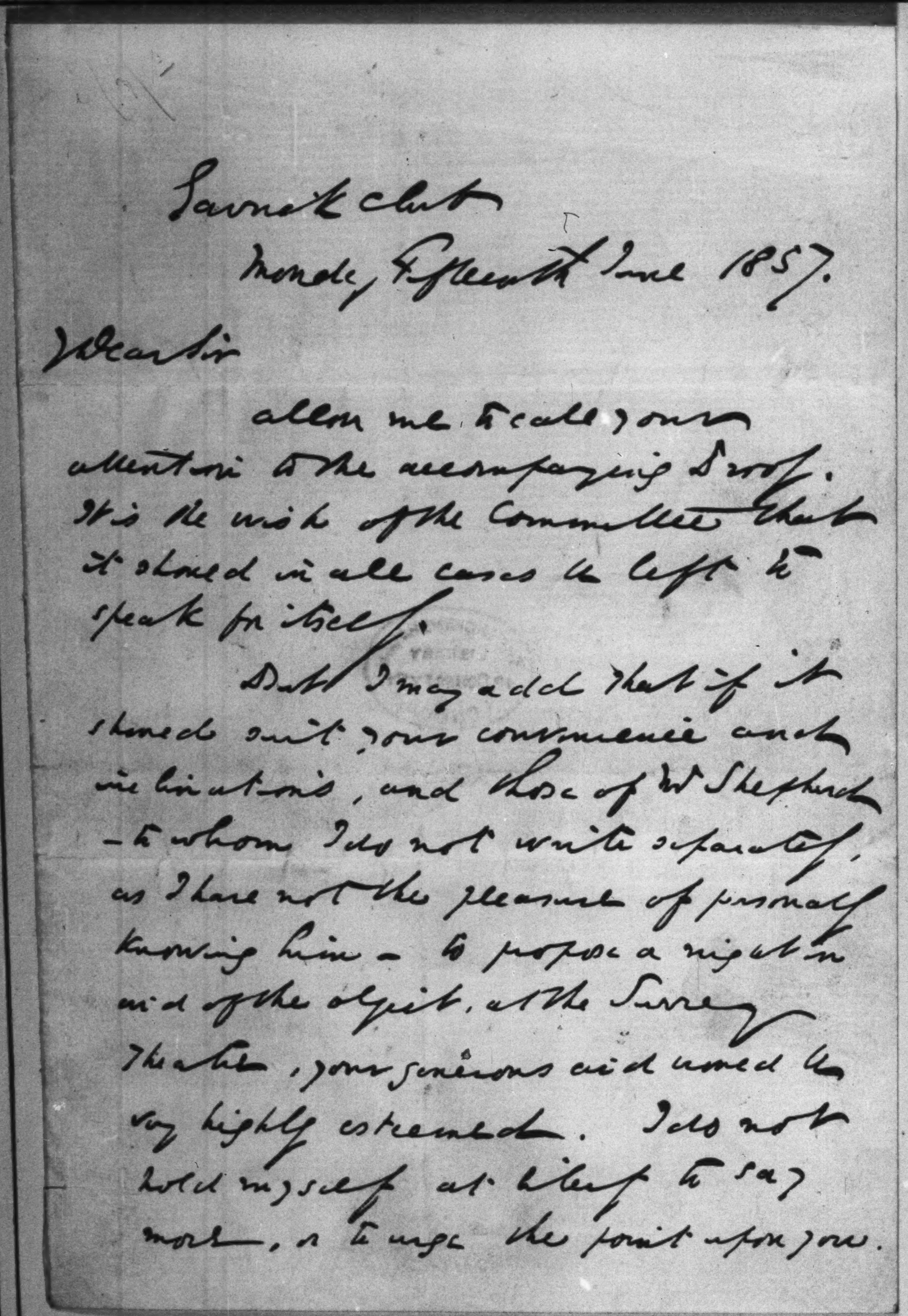
My Dear Webster

Allen will sing Black Eyed Susan on your night.

Faithfully Yours always

Charles Dickens

Benjamin Webster Esquire.



Garrick Club

Monday, Fifteenth June 1857.

My dear Sir

Allow me to call your attention to the accompanying Proof. It is the wish of the Committee that it should in all cases be left to speak for itself.

But I may add that if it should suit your convenience and inclinations, and those of Mr Shepherd — to whom I do not write separately, as I have not the pleasure of personally knowing him — to propose a night in aid of the object, at the Surrey Theatre, your generous aid would be very highly esteemed. I do not hold myself at liberty to say more, or to urge the point upon you.

W. CRE

I will only add that in such a case, I am sure Mr and Mrs Keeley would readily strengthen your Company for the occasion.

My Dear Sir

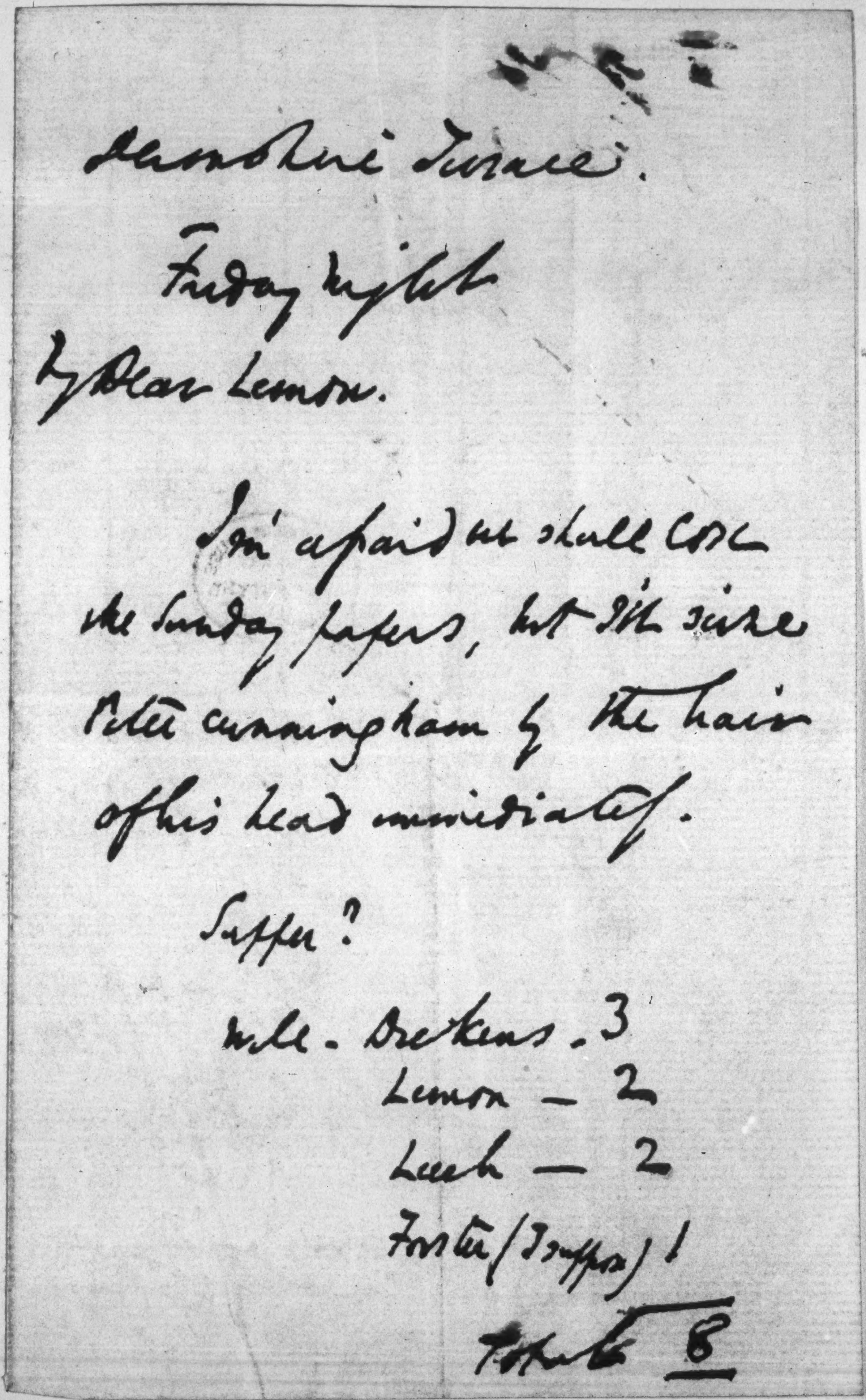
Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

W. Creswick Esquire

I am in town this evening, and would drive round to you at the theatre after half past 9.

W. CRE



Devonshire Terrace.

Friday Night

My Dear Lemon.

I'm afraid we shall lose the Sunday papers, but I'll seize Peter Cunningham by the hair of his head immediately.

Supper?

Mrs. Dickens – 3
Lemon – 2
Leech – 2
Forster (I suppose) 1
Total 8

DICKENS TO LEMON.

If we showed the one month — as 699 or so — it'll be elastic enough for that, I dare say.

Ever affectionately

CD.

THE DICKENS HOUSE
LIBRARY
48, DOUGHTY ST.
LONDON.

DICKENS TO LEMON.